





THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF

California State Library

SEC. 15. Books may be taken from the Library by the members of the Legislature and its officers during the session of the same, and at any time by the Governor and the officers of the Executive Department of this State, who are required to keep their offices at the seat of government, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General and the Trustees of the Library













**New Books**  
AND NEW EDITIONS,  
BY THE  
AUTHOR OF "RUTLEDGE."

---

- 1.—RUTLEDGE.
  - 2.—THE SUTHERLANDS.
  - 3.—LOUIE'S LAST TERM.
  - 4.—FRANK WARRINGTON.
  - 5.—ST. PHILIP'S.
  - 6.—ROUNDHEARTS.
  - 7.—RICHARD VANDERMARCK.
  - 8.—A PERFECT ADONIS.—(*Just Ready.*)
- 

"The Stories by the author of 'Rutledge' are told with real dramatic power, and a genuine dramatic pathos, which combine to make them universally read with thorough satisfaction and pleasure."

---

All issued uniform with this volume. Price \$1.50 each, and sent *free* by mail, on receipt of price.

BY  
G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers,  
New York.

# MARGUERITE'S JOURNAL

81

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

*Ms Harris*

WITH AN EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Rutledge," "Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's,"*  
*etc., etc., etc.*



NY 1898

NEW YORK:

*G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers,*

LONDON: LOW & CO.

MDCCCLXXV.

COPYRIGHT, 1875, BY  
G. W. CARLETON & CO.

JOHN F. TROW & SON,  
STEREOTYPERS AND PRINTERS,  
205-213 *East 12th Street,*  
NEW YORK.

PS  
1819  
H17m

## CONTENTS.

---

I. MARGUERITE IN FRANCE .....	11
II. MARGUERITE AT SEA.....	129
III. MARGUERITE AT BOURBON.....	213







## INTRODUCTION.

---

**A**MONG the many reasons which have influenced those who have been interested in the reproduction of this little book, may be mentioned the following:

First, the story has seemed a singularly fine illustration of development of character. But too often in books, characters stand still. We have them in this stage of development, or in that; good photographs. But here, little Marguerite grows before our eyes from a passionate, every-day child to a thoughtful, self-controlled, devout young soul, whom all might emulate.

Secondly, it contains so easy and unintentional a picture of French life and customs. It is so pleasant a way of teaching a child, how French children live, and in how small a part of the world his or her nursery rules prevail. The sea voyage and the life in the tropics, without apparent effort at instruction, give so much and such excellent instruction.

And thirdly, there is a tone of high breeding and refinement in the story, that is perhaps the least easy of all

things to define, and yet which is something we could wish more often graced the books we put before our children. It is not enough that a book has no coarseness of sentiment; it should have a flavor of good breeding, an aroma of culture, if we wish it to help our children to good manners and the graces of life.

One pauses with a little awe before putting a book into the eager young hands stretched out for it. How great its influence may be. Before you have well thought it over, it may be assimilated and a part of your child's very being. It was with a thought of those "who watch as they that must give account," that this has been prepared. And it is offered in the strong hope that it may do a beneficent office to some mother's heart. Some one, perhaps, reading it with watchful eyes, lest a poisonous flower should reach her child's hands unawares, may find in its deep teaching renewed assurance of an already precious faith, or a development of principles, which, if unfamiliar, may be to her as a gate of hope.

What a watch it is, from the day in which the mother first lifts her heart towards God and implores that He "bless this child also," unto the day when the babe, grown into full womanhood, goes forth from her father's home, to become in her turn a watcher also! What discouragement comes over her as, one by one, the dreary number of the Deadly Seven is told before her eyes, and she sees that not one root is wanting from which to look for the sad fruit. How hotly anger kindles in the baby eyes, how fiercely are the soft fingers clenched, how madly is the toy dashed to the ground, before one articulate word can give utterance to the passion. How soon does the little brow cloud with envy, if it be but of a mother's smile or a father's caress. How incessantly the coveted possession

of brother or sister causes heart-burnings and strife; in how many nurseries is the constant desire for what has been seen elsewhere a weariness and pain. How early does the dainty promised mouthful become a source of influence. With what marvellous celerity do pride of birth and station, and vanity, growing with the food of fine clothes and pretty looks, show their power. How soon, when industry is matter of obedience, and for a distasteful object, does sloth appear. And with the inevitable knowledge of good and evil, how soon is the list completed! Here stands the "old Adam" perfected. With what a cry, day and night, do faithful mothers entreat the mercy of God for their little ones; how do they compass sea and land to build about their children a defense on the right hand and on the left against the enemy.

This little story is that of a successful combat. It is the story of our dear Lord's life in the soul of a child. It would woo all the grave sisterhood of those who walk forward, clasping little hands in theirs, to see the ever new miracle of the indwelling Christ driving the Evil One from a human heart. We stand in speechless awe and thankfulness at the manger of Bethlehem, in vain striving to realize the wonder of an incarnate God; looking down upon our children we might see an ever new incarnation, the divine growth of the Lord JESUS in the heart.

This story shows the wonder-working of faith and obedience. It is the demonstration of the Catholic faith; not Roman faith—though happily we see here that Rome teaches it to her children—but the true and only faith taught by the Master Himself, the heritage of His little ones.

It is the setting forth of the actual result of faithful

obedience and obedient faith. No waiting for some possible harvest at the end of life. No doubtful hope that the precious soul may one day be accepted at the hands of JESUS. It is the exhibition, in this child's life, of what it means to become—a real, yet unconscious member of Christ; of what a verity it is to be born again of water and the Holy Ghost; of how the “old Adam” being dead and buried under the still depths of the holy water, the new man grows apace in the heart of the child incorporated into Him. How, lead and taught by believing, humble guidance, it begins early to tread down Satan under foot, and breathe forth in every act the Spirit of Holy Peace, showing the cross-mark in every thought, “as wine tastes of its own grapes,” through unity of substance.

The act being of faith, and the life being of faith, it is the manifestation, according to Him who cannot err, and according to that witness who is “the pillar and ground of the truth,” of what must be the result: “that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit.”

Under the influence of the “Sacrament of Promise,” as it has been called—the white dove of the regenerating Spirit, hovering and brooding over the young heart—it expands into readiness for the “Sacrament of Realization,” and the child we have learned to love is left at the opening of her woman's life armed indeed, for hers is the armor of the Holy Ghost, and fearless for her journey, since the “new wine and the corn” are her food; and she may speak to Him whose insignia she has worn from her birth, for she bears Him in her heart.

If one who has thought differently, or not at all, on this subject should be moved by this little book to look upon the sacramental life in her child's soul as more *real* than

the perishing life of its body; if one mother should through it be constrained to declare to her little one its inheritance, and to accept our Lord's own words as He spake them, casting aside the torturing interpretation of man, the humble little messenger will be blessed indeed.

· M. C. H. ·

NEW YORK, *October 11, 1875.*



MARGUERITE IN FRANCE.







## MARGUERITE'S JOURNAL.

---

PARIS, *October 7th, 18—.* *Tuesday.*

**I** AM ten years old to-day! Mamma has kissed me more affectionately than usual. Papa gave me a beautiful five-franc piece—quite new—and he too kissed me kindly. I am so happy! My little sisters, and Gustave also, came to offer me kisses, while, laughing and bowing, they saluted me as a great personage, who would certainly not tease them any more. However, it is they who usually tease me, at least Gustave. But I did not want to get angry so soon after papa and mamma had embraced me, so I laughed too, and told them that I really felt I was getting very large, and I hoped the little ones would respect me, and Gustave too. It is true that I do feel larger to-day, and that seems so funny to me, for the feeling came quite suddenly after I had been talking to Mademoiselle. Her manner was so grave, and she was so good in trying to make me understand things. I am going to write down our conversation, for she advised me to try and remember always what she said. She still held me in her arms to-day, after I had given her my “Good-morning” kiss, and said to me:

“Well, Marguerite, and now you are ten years old! You have long wished for this day to come. What impression does it make upon you?”

I replied at once, for I always tell her just what I think:

“Oh, I am so happy, for I shall have a holiday! Mamma, and you have promised it to me, and I shall enjoy it so much! Then I shall have a present, everybody will pet me, and that is very pleasant!” “That is all true, my child,” replied Mademoiselle. “But have you no other thoughts? You are ten years old now, Marguerite. I think now you can understand me if I speak more seriously to you than I have done as yet.” “Yes, indeed, Mademoiselle!” I cried. “Listen to me, then, attentively. Ten years have passed, my dear child, during which God has given you life, and to-day He begins for you a new year. You have been overwhelmed by His benefits ever since you were born. He has protected you unceasingly, and has preserved your dear parents, your brothers and sisters. He has surrounded you with kind and tender friends.” “Ah, yes!” I cried, “He has given me you.” Mademoiselle kissed me while she continued: “Yes, my child, He has given me to you, and you know how much I love you. Well, then, for all these gifts which He has made you, for the tenderness with which He has watched over you, what return have you made? Tell me, Marguerite, have you done anything for Him?” I dropped my head and I think I grew very red, but I said softly, “I was too little.” “How, then,” said Mademoiselle, “have you found means, little as you are, of offending God seriously?” She waited for an answer, but as I said nothing she continued: “You know it, Marguerite; your conscience tells you of it. You have already committed many sins. You are too quick-tempered and are often angry. It is true that God has given you a good heart and enough intelligence to understand the language of reason, but too often you follow only your bad inclinations, and you do almost always what is wrong, instead of what is right. It is so with

your behavior to Gustave, for although you love him dearly, you are always quarrelling with him, and at such moments you are so violent that afterwards you are thoroughly ashamed of yourself." "But, Mademoiselle," I cried, "you know that it is always *he* who begins." "No, not *always*, my child; but admitting that he is wrong, is that a reason why you should be so? If he offends God, do you wish to offend Him also? Besides, will you tell me that your sweet little sister Stephanie teases and troubles you? Is not she always ready to do whatever pleases you? And yet do you not constantly get angry with her? Is it not the same thing with dear little Berthe, who is only four years old? Have you not even once or twice' stamped your feet, and grown red with anger, because Baby cried when you tried to amuse him? Were you then more reasonable than he?" "No, Mademoiselle," I replied, very much ashamed, "but—" "You must see, Marguerite," continued Mademoiselle, "that I only speak to you now of your principal fault. But I do not wish to trouble you to-day, my child. I only want to remind you that what you have left undone before now, you can do in the future, and that now is the time to undertake it. Your tenth birthday should make a mark in your life, and you should try to prove to God your gratitude for His benefits, as well as your repentance for your faults, by resolving firmly to try and conquer yourself, and become a better child. From this moment set yourself to the task. Pray, and God will help you. Now go and amuse yourself. This day is yours, although it belongs *first* to God; do not forget that. Remember, too, my child, that this year you take your place in the Catechism Class, to be prepared for your first communion. Oh, my child, tell me, is not this thought alone enough to make you earnestly desire to do better?" These words troubled me

greatly, and I began to cry, but still I was happy, because I had determined to be good and try to correct my faults. The idea of preparing for my first communion—it was that which made me feel that I had grown so much.

After embracing Mademoiselle, and making her a thousand promises, I was running away, when she said to me. “Marguerite, I have one favor to ask of you, and as this day belongs to you, it is for you to grant what I wish. In setting aside all your other duties to-day, do not neglect your journal; on the contrary, write it more carefully than usual. You will soon forget all I have said to you; if you do not write it down at once, and it will be well for you to remember it. You know how much you gain by this good habit of relating faithfully the history of every day. You like to read it over from time to time, and the more serious thoughts you will find the most interesting. Do not think the time is lost which is spent in writing down what concerns this day especially, and do it conscientiously.” I promised, and I think I have succeeded. Besides, I have begged Mademoiselle to read over my journal. It is rather long, although I have written as quickly as possible. But now I am going to play. I trust that with God’s help I shall not get angry to-day. I hear Gustave already, who is calling me because I do not hurry enough. I shall take my hoop, which I would not lend him yesterday, and will let him carry it for the walk. Since I am ten years old I must be more amiable. I am sure that Mademoiselle would say so.

*Wednesday, October 8th.*

Ah well! how can I ever count upon my good resolutions? I had actually a quarrel with Gustave yesterday—my tenth birthday! To be sure it was not quite as bad a

quarrel as usual ; and then I did not get angry with Stephanie, nor with Berthe, although they did play wrong in the goose-game. And Gustave did get very angry, and made them both cry ; but I must not write about it, for Mademoiselle says I am writing a journal of only my own actions. I had, then, a quarrel with Gustave, which was not all my own fault ; but I lost my patience so much that I felt greatly ashamed of myself. One thing that consoled me a little was that I felt so sorry about it, and Mademoiselle said my ten years served at least to make me understand how wrong I had been. I asked pardon of God, and I kissed Gustave without any ill-temper. What a pity that I lost my temper ! My day would have been otherwise so nice. Mamma took us all in a carriage for a lovely drive in the Bois de Boulogne, for the weather was soft and beautiful. One might almost have thought that the sky was smiling because it was my birthday. Then I went with my maid to see Clara, where I had a very pleasant visit. In the evening I played with Gustave and my little sisters, and it was then that I had this tiresome quarrel. To-day I have begun to work again, and I mean to be very diligent. I had only eight faults in my "dictée," although it was long, and I said my verb well. My exercise in grammar was only tolerably good, but I knew my other lessons, because I went over them this morning as soon as I was dressed.

*Thursday, October 9th.*

I am not quite dissatisfied with my day yesterday, for I committed no very great faults, although there were some little ones. I began to get angry with Stephanie, but when I saw the tears in her eyes I stopped at once. I only made Berthe cry twice, and mamma thinks I am

more gentle with Baby. Nurse even called me to come and make him laugh. Little darling, he smiles like a little angel! Gustave was at college all day, as the term has begun; that was the reason we had no quarrels. In the evening, he talked with papa and mamma about his studies and his professors, while I sewed with Mademoiselle; then I read history with her and mamma. I said my prayers earnestly. I learned in the morning my first lesson in the catechism, for in a few days I shall take my seat in the class. I have known for some time the smaller catechism and part of the other; but yet I feel sure that I shall be frightened when they question me.

*Wednesday, October 15th.*

Yesterday was the great day! Oh! how I trembled! Mademoiselle took me to the Catechism Class, and mamma went also, which made me doubly happy. My heart beat so hard, and I felt so shy when I had to go forward all alone amongst the other little girls! I kept looking behind me to see where mamma and Mademoiselle were, so that I did not see a priest who was beckoning to me to come forward. Then he was kind enough to take my hand, and lead me to a seat. I found myself next to two little girls in deep mourning; it troubled me to look at them. The eldest was so pale, and seemed very sad. The second was quite rosy, and did not seem to think of her mourning; but then she was very young. I wanted to speak to them, especially to the eldest, and to know their names, so I listened carefully to the priest who was arranging the children on the benches. When he said "*Marie and Jeanne de Laval*," they rose to go to the seat he pointed out to them, and I resolved not to forget their



names. I was just feeling sorry at being separated from them, when the priest called out "Marguerite Guyon." I got up quickly, and they placed me beside the two little girls. I looked at them and they smiled. I think we shall be good friends. The priest did not ask us any questions to-day, as it took so long to give us our places. But M. l'Abbé Martin, who superintended the class, made us a very nice address. He said, I think, that the class was like a vestibule, which we entered in order to reach the sanctuary—that is, the altar—where we were to receive our first communion. It was beautiful, but I cannot repeat it well. I prayed more earnestly to God afterwards, and it seemed to me that He would surely bless us all. I joined mamma and Mademoiselle in going out. Marie and Jeanne went away with an old gentleman who seemed to be their grandfather; his beard and hair were quite white. He gave his arm to Marie, while Jeanne followed them. Everybody looked at them. I do not know why. The priest recommended us to love our companions in the class, which I should not find difficult for these little girls. One thing annoyed me very much, and that was that Gustave made fun of me in the evening, when I was telling about it all. He asked if the grandfather did not look like a "mummy." Mademoiselle could not but say that it was very wrong to speak so of an old person, and I told Gustave that it was hardly worth while for him to study history if it were only to teach him how to make rude comparisons. Certainly Gustave is very naughty, but Mademoiselle says I ought not to say so. She reproved Gustave for his bad manners, as I thought, too gently; but what she said checked him. I was not able to do a great deal yesterday, on account of the catechism, and, besides, I have been playing; but to-morrow I shall do better.

*Thursday, October 16th.*

I worked all day yesterday steadily, for Mademoiselle said so herself; and my dear mamma kissed me for it. It is strange how happy I am when mamma kisses me as a reward. And when papa looks at me smiling, and says, "Thou art a good girl," it is just as if he had given me a "Cross of Honor" like his own. Yesterday evening he was all dressed in full uniform as captain of a vessel, for he was going to the King. I was proud enough to look at him! I wonder if the father of Marie and Jeanne had a cross of honor too? Clara's father has not any, and I said so one day to Clara, when she declared that her mother was richer than mine. We were very angry that day, but since then we have made friends; and I like Clara very much. She is very nice. Mademoiselle told me, too, that such disputes were very foolish. When papa had gone I saw that mamma seemed very sad, but she would not tell me the reason; and Mademoiselle called me to read history. I am not sad when I see papa in uniform. Perhaps mamma wanted to go to the Tuileries also, but she has often been there. I will not, however, try to find out why mamma was different from usual yesterday, for that would be showing curiosity. But I do not like to see mamma sad; it troubles me.

*Friday, October 17th.*

Papa too has seemed to be preoccupied for several days, but we do not any of us understand it. Mamma and Mademoiselle have constantly such long conversations, and my lessons are interrupted, which is very strange. What can be the matter? Clara came to see me yesterday, and they let us go out to walk with her maid. We met a poor woman with three little children, but unfortunately I had no money. Clara, who was just going to buy some cakes



for us both, asked me if it would not be better to give the money to the poor woman. I said, "Oh! much better," and I thought it very good in her. The little children were so happy that we were quite delighted. In the evening at dinner, when I was telling this, my good little Berthe took the biscuit from her mouth to give to the poor woman, although we do not know where she lives, and Stephanie searched for four sous, all her fortune, which she gave to Mademoiselle for these poor people. Gustave made some jests about it; but he is generous, too, for he gives all he has, and so is often obliged to borrow from me, which does not please me very much, as he does not always pay me back.

*Saturday, October 18th.*

Now it is explained why they have been talking so much. How surprised I was, for there have never been any events in my life, and this may certainly be called an event, and a great one too. Papa is appointed Governor of Pondichéry, in India, and as he will have to stay several years, we are to go with him. What happiness! I never expected to know India except through my geography, and it seems astonishing to me to think that I shall see that country, that I shall go myself to *Asia*. And then *Governor*, that is a great word! Gustave declares that over there it is like a *king*. It is funny to find myself suddenly the daughter of an *almost king*. Oh! I shall ask many favors of papa, and I do not think he will be very severe. What will Clara think of all this? But why does mamma cry? As for me, I am enchanted! If we were obliged to see papa go away without us, as he has done before, I should cry too; but since mamma will go with him, and take us too, there is nothing but pleasure. To travel with papa for perhaps six months, and at sea, too, when I have

always longed to know something of the sea! To see other countries, new trees, new fruits, the creoles, and any number of negroes!—I who have never seen any but the little negro boy belonging to Madame Balde! I am wild with joy, and I do like events so much. Gustave feels as I do, and for the time we are good friends, and we talk together of all our plans. Mademoiselle is grave, and yet a voyage need not make one grave. Oh! if she were not to go! And I never thought to ask her! But it is impossible. Could she ever part from us, or we from her? However, she is not obliged to go, as I am, who follow my father and mother. I must go and ask her at once. I have nothing else to say in my journal, as I hardly worked at all yesterday. The whole house was turned upside down, and mamma kept Mademoiselle with her the greater part of the day. To-day it has been the same.

*Sunday, October 19th.*

I cried a great deal yesterday. After closing my journal I went at once to Mademoiselle, to ask her if she was to go with us but I was so afraid lest she should say "No," that, after entering the room, I stood quite still for several moments without speaking—only looking at her. Then I rushed away and ran to mamma, who was in her own room, lying on the sofa with a headache, and there I had a long talk with her. How good mamma is! She talked with me, as she said herself, as if I were fifteen years old. I will try to write down all she said. In the first place mamma thought I looked strangely, so she asked me at once what was the matter. Then I began to cry, and she drew me close to her, saying that I should only make her head ache worse. I tried to stop, and whispered softly in her ear,

“Will Mademoiselle Valmy go with us?” Mamma smiled, and answered while she kissed me :

“Certainly. Is that the cause of your great sorrow?”

“Yes, dear mamma, for otherwise it was all pleasure.”

“Well, my child,” replied mamma, “you need not be uneasy. You know what I should suffer if I had to part from Caroline, whom I have loved from childhood. I have already told you many times that we were schoolmates, and always warm friends, although she was younger than myself. I was more fortunate than she in the world, for she lost all her fortune after the death of her parents, and found herself obliged to make use of her education in order to support herself. She went at first as governess into a family where she was not appreciated, and where she was not allowed to guide the children as she desired. But soon afterwards, when your father was about to start again upon a long voyage, as he perceived my sadness and loneliness, he yielded to my entreaties, and allowed me to send for Caroline, to come to me and be at once my companion and the second mother of my children. You can remember, my little Marguerite, how happy you and I have been since that day. Caroline loves us, as we love her, and as no duty keeps her in France, she will follow us wherever we go. Notwithstanding my earnest wish to go with your father, I do not think you would see me so brave if Caroline were not to accompany us.”

“Still, mamma, you are sad. Why is it? You see now that *I* am happy, since you have reassured me.”

“You are a child, Marguerite, and cannot understand all that disturbs the mind and heart of a mother at the prospect of such a great change. However, my greatest sorrow you would soon share, if you knew the cause of it.”

“Ah! mamma, you frighten me! You seem so dis-

tressed. But you forget if you say I am only a *child*, that I am ten years old! I am ten years and twelve days old!" Mamma smiled, but sadly, and replied:

"No, I do not forget it, my darling; and in order to prove that it is so, I am going to open my heart to you, and show you my greatest sorrow. You know that Gustave, if he does not always satisfy us by his behavior, makes us very happy as far as his studies are concerned. His masters are delighted with his intelligence and studious habits. They say Gustave has great promise, and we rejoice in this, as he is the eldest, who will some day have to protect you and the little ones. Well, if we interrupt his studies now, we shall do him much harm, for we do not even know if he can resume them in India, as the creoles all send their sons to France to be educated."

"But, mamma, take a tutor for him such as Cecile's brother has."

"Your father does not wish it, and I feel he is right, for Gustave needs emulation, and a firm discipline, which I should not be strong enough to have properly enforced."

"Mamma, mamma, what are you going to say?" Mamma took me in her arms, and laying her cheek against mine, said softly:

"It will be necessary to leave him in France." I gave a cry as I tore myself from mamma's arms, so that I could look in her face. She was crying. Then I began to cry, too, exclaiming:

"No, Gustave shall not stay. I will not have it; mamma, say no. It is true that he teases me, but no matter. I would rather have him tease me always. Poor Gustave! to leave him here all alone, where he could not see you, or papa, or Baby, whom he loves so dearly; and

he will not have the pleasant voyage! Mamma, mamma, I beg you to let him come with us."

"Marguerite, you distress me very, very much," replied mamma; "do you not think that I suffer even more than you?" I ran to kiss her while I tried to stop crying. Then she said to me:

"I talk to you as if you were fifteen years old, and you trouble your mother instead of consoling her." Ah! how unhappy I was at being so naughty, and when I loved mamma so much, too. I felt angry with myself, and said:

"Let me go and bring Mademoiselle, my own little mamma. She will know how to comfort you." But mamma took my hand and held me back.

"No, my child, it is you that I want. When a mother is unhappy about one of her children, she can only be comforted by another child." I was much struck by these words. Then in future I shall always be the one to comfort mamma about poor Gustave. I turned to mamma, but she was so pale, and looked at me with such a sad face, that I did not know what to do, I felt so unhappy; but I climbed upon the sofa beside her, and kissing her over and over again, I said:

"But think, dear little mamma: you have still other children. You have me, then Stephanie and Berthe, and, last of all, Baby; and you leave only one behind. We will all take such good care of you: at least Baby cannot just yet, but he will by and by."

"Ah, my child," exclaimed mamma, "you do not know what fears I have for all of you. The long voyage, that terrible climate—God help me!" She stopped as if she were praying. I longed to go and call Mademoiselle, but I said:

“Oh, mamma. I am sure we shall do very well. See how strong I have grown this year. I love the heat, and Baby does too; for you know how he laughs whenever he sees the sun. As for Stephanie and Berthe, they are never sick. It is only about Gustave that we need be troubled; and he will write to us. Yes, I did not think of that: and how happy you will be to get his letters.”

“Yes, my darling; but we shall not see him—and if he were to be ill.”

“But, mamma, will not God be with Gustave, as well as with us? Mademoiselle always tells me that He is Father to all of us. You would not be troubled to leave Gustave with papa, and yet papa cannot prevent Gustave from being ill, and God can. We will pray to Him so earnestly. Listen, good little mamma, instead of crying here together, let us both pray to God, and tell him that we put Gustave in His care. You know when you give me anything to keep what good care I take of it, and God is so much better than I am.” Mamma knelt down, and we prayed together. She did not cry any more; but after we had finished she took me in her arms, saying:

“Dear little preacher! God has taught you how to comfort me, for I really feel better.”

“Well then, mamma, whenever you feel sad, send for me and we will pray together a little; it makes me so happy to think I can comfort you.” Mamma kissed me again, and then sent me to Mademoiselle, saying she would try to sleep. I did not play all day yesterday. I felt like crying in the evening whenever I looked at Gustave. Yet I must not tell him—but I think he already begins to have some idea of it. Poor Gustave! Fortunately I had plenty of time to-day to write this long journal, because it was Sun-



day. I went to Mass this morning. It's is strange how much more earnestly one prays when one is unhappy!

*Wednesday, October 22d.*

Yesterday Mademoiselle took me to the Catechism Class. I was so glad to see Marie and Jeanne de Laval again, and they too seemed pleased. The priest did not ask us any questions either to-day; he only gave us the lesson we were to learn. I was not sorry, for although I had gone over the first chapter again, I did not know it well. I have had so much to think of lately! What good words M. l'Abbé Martin said to us. When he spoke of the mothers who would be made so happy by the first communion of their children, Marie burst into tears, and Jeanne whispered a few words to her with a sad face. Can they have lost their mother? Ah! that would be too terrible. Poor little girls, I hardly dared to look at them! They were very grave all the rest of the time, which suited my feelings too—for I have felt very grave myself since I have been so troubled about Gustave. Until now, the greatest sorrow I ever had was when I broke my beautiful wax doll. Ah! I remember it as if it had happened yesterday! Poor Nina! I had put her in my little chair, and was jumping around the room like a little goose, when suddenly I fell on the chair, upsetting it and myself at the same time. But I thought only of Nina. I picked her up at once, but alas! in the place of her pretty face there was only an enormous hole! In my horror I stood looking at her—my nurse said with my mouth opened as large as the hole—and then how I cried! I shall never forget that day, and I am glad I have written this in my journal as a remembrance of Nina. At that time I was too small to keep a journal. I was only seven, and I did not begin my journal un-

til I was eight years old. How funny that first journal was! I just put down: "I got up at 7 o'clock. I played—we took breakfast at 11½ o'clock;" then again, "I have read and written a little—I went to walk—Gustave struck me," or "I struck Gustave." (I am happy to say I do not do so now.) There was nothing very nice, in this first book, except the day when I went to confession for the first time, and then I did not write down how I *felt*. Oh! that confession, how well I remember it! Mademoiselle had reminded me of all my faults—and how many I had! After my examination I did not dare to look at any one, and I should have been afraid of God, too, if Mademoiselle had not told me that that would be another sin, and instead of feeling so, I ought to ask for pardon and be brave.

When I went into the confessional I was so frightened that I ran out at once, telling Mademoiselle that I was sure I could not say a word. And the good curé waited for me all the time without being angry with me. Mademoiselle encouraged me, so, after begging her to sit in a chair quite close to me, I was able to tell everything. I was very glad when I had finished, and felt more easy to listen to M. the curé, who gave me excellent advice, and before I came away I felt much better. Since that day whenever I have been to confession it has always done me good, and I often think of what mamma told me once about a little boy who said to his mother: "Mamma, the confessional is the washbowl of sinners." It is very true, for we wash our conscience there.

*Friday, October 24th.*

I have some terrible things to tell! I could really get angry with myself for being so bad, only that I have been angry too often already. Yesterday I was very naughty.



When I have but little to do, somehow I always get naughty, and yet I do not care to work more than I do now. In the morning I had plenty of good marks for my lessons, so in the afternoon, as the weather was beautiful, Mademoiselle allowed me to go for a long walk with my maid and the little ones. As we came in quite late we met Gustave, who comes home from college earlier on Thursday. As soon as he saw me he began to tease me, because I had torn my dress while I was jumping rope in the gardens of the Tuileries. This put me out of temper at once, for I was already fretted by the accident. I answered him angrily, and began teasing him about a spot of ink on his shirt. We both grew angry, and, notwithstanding what Josephine said, we went on quarrelling until we came to the staircase. As I went up Gustave wanted to pass me, but I clung to the baluster, and would not let him pass. He tried to make me come down, and in doing so his foot caught in my dress and tore out the whole piece. I got horribly angry. I seized Gustave's vest and tried to tear it. Gustave squeezed my hands to make me loosen my grasp, but I stooped down and bit his hand so sharply that it brought the tears into his eyes, although he tried hard not to cry. He left me at last, to go and tell Mademoiselle that I was acting like a little fury. This excited me still more; I stamped my feet, and screamed and cried with rage. Stephanie began to cry, and Berthe to scream. Such an uproar! But I did not care; I went on as if I did not know what I was doing. I felt in my heart, however, how naughty I was—it seemed as if some one were pushing me on. Mamma came in at this moment and tried to quiet me, but in vain; at last she exclaimed, "What! is this the little girl to whom I talked the other day as if she were fifteen years old?" All this did me

no good ; the more ashamed I felt the more I stamped my feet, for I was really afraid to stop and think of my naughtiness. At last Mademoiselle came. Ah, when I think that she should have seen me in such a state ! She stood looking at me for several minutes without saying a word, which made me very uncomfortable. Mamina had gone, and Mademoiselle had that severe, cold look which always troubles me so much. She said to Gustave :

“ I beg you to go to your room.” I felt glad to hear this, for as long as he was there I knew I could not get good again. Then Mademoiselle said to Josephine :

“ Take the little ones away, that they may no longer see this sad sight.” I was so astonished at these words that I was somewhat checked, but I wanted some one to make me angry again, for I really felt afraid of being quiet. If Mademoiselle had scolded me, I know I should have answered improperly ; but she only asked, very coldly :

“ Do you wish to remain here, or go to your room ? ” I followed her without reply, slamming the doors as hard as I could, to keep up my excitement. She took me to my room, and sat down without speaking. I did not know what to do. I took off my hat and flung it on the bed ; it fell to the ground, when I gave it a great kick ; then I tossed my mantilla to the other end of the room. After all this, I stood still, looking out of the window, although in reality I saw only Mademoiselle. At last she said :

“ Has your attack passed ? ”

“ What attack ? ” I cried, angrily.

“ I see it is not over yet,” she replied. “ Very well, I will leave you ; you will call me when you have recovered.” She went away slowly. My good angel told me to run after her and beg her pardon, but I was too much ashamed, and besides I had listened too long to the devil within me

—he was still stronger than I was. I fastened my door, and flinging myself on the floor, began to cry as if my heart would break. Stephanie came and called through the door :

“Do not cry so, Marguerite.” But I cried, “Go away !” and went on crying for at least an hour. All at once I heard the dinner-bell ; this stopped me at once. I exclaimed :

“What shall I do ? I am not dressed,” and I started up to call Josephine, when I thought :

“How can I go down to dinner ? I shall never dare to show myself to them all. Suppose they were to send me away ! What shall I do ?” I stopped and did not dare to move. I heard Stephanie and Berthe, who passed laughing and singing. Stephanie stopped by my door, and when Berthe called out, “Are you angry now, Maguitte ?” she told her not to speak so to me, and then they went away. What should I do ? I would have given up all my prettiest toys, and even my nicest books, not to have been so very naughty. At last I heard some one coming, and I ran to unfasten my door, for it was Mademoiselle ; then I sat down in a corner of my room, feeling glad that it was so dark that no one could see my face. Mademoiselle said :

“Marguerite, they are going to dinner ; if you think you deserve to come amongst us all, come down : if not, they will bring up your dinner.” Then she left me. I understood what she meant, and stayed in my room. How ashamed I felt when François brought me my dinner and a light ! He said to me, “Now, now Manzelle Marguerite, don’t mind. It is no great matter when children get angry. You will outgrow it.” I felt more ashamed still, and said nothing. What a miserable evening it was !

They only let Stephanie come to kiss me, as she had never gone to sleep without doing so, but neither mamma nor Mademoiselle came to bid me good-night. I am sure that was the reason I slept badly. And when I said my prayers and made my examination for the day—which made me look back—I begged God to pardon me, but I fear He will not. Ah, suppose I had died that night! This morning Mademoiselle sent me word to stay in my room and write my journal very conscientiously, until she came to see me. I want to see her, and yet I feel afraid.

*Saturday, October 25th.*

It is very unfortunate that Mademoiselle makes such a point of my writing my journal, for now that I have to tell of so many faults I am obliged to write volumes. I want to remember, too, what Mademoiselle says to me when she corrects me, and I have asked her to look over my journal sometimes, to see if I have written it properly.

To think of my being in a rage at ten years old! I am too ashamed! Yesterday morning, just as I was wiping my pen after finishing my journal, Mademoiselle came in. I got up, but did not dare to run and kiss her as usual. She came to me and said:

“Are you Marguerite again to-day?” Then she took my hands, and sitting down, drew me towards her.

“Poor child,” she said, “poor little Marguerite, how unhappy you are!” It was true enough, and I began to sob. Mademoiselle continued: “So in one moment you knocked down and destroyed the beautiful building you had made of your good resolutions! Nothing remains; the gust of anger has carried everything away—your mother, whom you love—Gustave, from whom you are soon to be separated—but above all, God, whom you are preparing to

approach at your first communion. Nothing could stop you; you have pained your mother, irritated Gustave, shocked your little sisters and the servants, and sadly surprised and troubled me. Ah, Marguerite, this is very sad! You seemed to have lost your reason too, for I need hardly ask you, Marguerite, if it was a reasonable being that I saw yesterday—a little girl with flashing eyes, clenched fists, and angry brow, who was threatening all who approached her! Ah, Marguerite, the remembrance of that sad sight was with me all through the night. Yes, you cry, as indeed you should, but I, my child, weep *for you* when I ask what will be your future life, if you do not restrain the violence of your temper.”

To think that Mademoiselle should cry for such a naughty girl as I am! I hid my face in her lap, and kissing her hands, cried:

“Forgive me! forgive me!”

“You must first ask God to pardon you, my child. If you are distressed, as I see you are, at having troubled me, because you know how much I love you, how must you feel before God, who loves you so much better, and has bestowed on you so many blessings?”

“I have asked Him to pardon me, Mademoiselle,” I sobbed; “but I am afraid He will not.”

“Yes, my child, He will, He always will, for He is goodness itself. But you must not abuse His goodness.”

“Mademoiselle, I know I am very naughty, but why did Gustave tear my dress?”

“Marguerite, I do not wish to hear the history of this shameful quarrel; nothing could excuse the anger in which I found you. But admitting that Gustave was in the wrong—and he has acknowledged it to me—tell me frankly, did that justify you?”

I said "No," very softly, and Mademoiselle continued:

"If you had replied gaily to Gustave when he began to tease you, as I have always advised you to do—if you had spoken in a pleasant tone instead of getting angry at once, would it not have ended the dispute?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle; but I did not feel like joking, because I had torn my dress during the walk."

"Then by your own account you were out of temper before Gustave spoke to you. The first wrong was not from him."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, for if he had not teased me, I should not have been so angry."

"I do not know that, Marguerite. Suppose Stephanie had put her foot on your dress by accident, or Berthe had pulled it in playing, feeling as you did, would you not have fallen into exactly the same rage?"

"Perhaps not, Mademoiselle."

"Listen to me, my child. You are little and weak, but God knows it, and will always strengthen and help you. Have you not often felt that He helped you when you called upon Him? Every time that you have subdued your impatience, or avoided a quarrel, was it not because God helped you?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, because of myself I am always naughty. Mademoiselle, I will tell you the whole truth, although I feel so much ashamed."

"Speak, my child," Mademoiselle said, very kindly.

"Well, then, God was helping me all the time that I was so angry, although I did not ask Him and did not want His help. In the midst of my fury I felt something telling me how naughty I was. You see, it was my conscience speaking to me, as you have so often told me. Well, I only cried harder every time I heard this voice, for



I would not listen to it. Oh, Mademoiselle, I am so sorry now, for I have been so unmindful of God's voice."

"I have already told you, Marguerite, what you must do. You must ask God to pardon you, and furthermore you must strive to make amends for this anger of which you are now so ashamed, by trying in future to be patient, gentle, and kind towards others."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, but it is so difficult."

"God will help you."

"And you too? Tell me at once what I ought to do."

"Go then, my child, and kiss your dear mother whom you have distressed so much. Make to her the same promises you have made to me. Then, in speaking to Stephanie and Berthe, try to make them understand how sorry you are that you set them so bad an example."

"Oh, Mademoiselle!"

"You ought to do it, Marguerite, otherwise these children will remember only your naughtiness. They ought to see that you are trying to do better."

I could hardly raise my eyes. Mademoiselle then said to me:

"As to Gustave, he is now in college, but this evening I trust you will meet each other affectionately, and both offer excuses. Gustave is already inclined to do so."

"And I am, too, but I am so ashamed!"

"That is natural, my child; but this is your first punishment, so try to accept it."

"Yes, Mademoiselle; only kiss me. I am going to be so good. Look at me with the face you have every day."

Mademoiselle kissed me fondly, which comforted me a little. I ran to my dear mother, who pardoned me at once; but my conscience still troubles me. Mademoiselle says I shall feel more at ease after I have been good and

gentle for some time. I trust it may be so. I said to Stephanie and Berthe as I kissed them:

“I was very naughty yesterday; do not act as I did.” Stephanie replied:

“Oh no, that makes every one too unhappy.” These words struck me like a knife. As to that wicked little Berthe, she laughed, and began to cry and stamp her feet, saying: “See, this is the way you did yesterday.” It was very difficult not to get angry, but I did not speak. I am afraid that Berthe may be like me some day, for she is too quick-tempered. Stephanie is like mamma. Gustave was very kind to me in the evening. He said:

“You see, we were both naughty yesterday, so do not be too unhappy about it.” But I said I had been worse than he, for he was half in play and I not at all. I am very glad this day is done.

*Monday, October 27th.*

My day on Saturday was not bad. Mademoiselle thought that I was more patient. Yesterday I went to High Mass with mamma, Mademoiselle, and Gustave. I am so happy when papa goes to church with us. Unfortunately it does not often happen, for he is so busy. But they say that Sunday is the day of rest, the Lord's day. Why, then, does papa have so much to do? But he came with us yesterday, so I was very happy, and mamma too, I think. After coming from Mass I played with the little ones and Gustave. I was just going to be angry, when, happily, Mademoiselle came to talk to me about making Sunday holy, and I thought a quarrel would not do so. And besides there were all my promises to God. What annoys me very much is, that whenever I try to stop my impatience, Gustave begins to laugh, and cries, “Victory, victory!” It is a vic-



tory, to be sure, for Mademoiselle herself said so, but I do not like Gustave to say anything about it. We took a very pleasant drive, and in the evening I showed Berthe some pictures. She is a funny little thing; she amuses us all by her remarks.

*Wednesday, October 29th.*

Yesterday they questioned us at last upon the catechism, and I knew my part very well, but they said I spoke too softly. Gustave pretends to be much surprised at this, as he says I am always screaming, but I would like to see how well *he* could recite anything amongst all those little girls who are looking at you all the time. I am sure he would be red to his ears. Marie de Laval said her part well, too; she trembled, but you could hear every word she said. What a sweet voice she has; it goes to my heart! They questioned Jeanné, too, but she stopped in the very middle of her answer. It was not from shyness, for she looks at me as if she had known me twenty years. Marie tried to prompt her, but it was no use, and Jeanne had to sit down. I should not have liked to be in her place, and I hardly dared look at her, but she laughed, although she was very red. I should not have felt like laughing. They gave us a little analysis to make out, and I shall hope to do mine nicely, as Mademoiselle will help me. They allow us to have some help at first. I was made very happy because in going out I had a few moments to speak to Marie. It was raining, and her grandfather seemed unwilling to venture outside, and was looking about for a carriage. Mademoiselle offered to send him one, and he made many, many acknowledgments, but would not accept her offer. Marie said to me timidly:

“How good this young lady is!-I am very much afraid

that grandpapa will take cold, and it always makes him so ill." I replied :

" Yes, indeed, Mademoiselle is very good, but she cannot help being so." Then Marie said :

" And I am sure that you are good too, and we are very glad to be seated next you."

" And so am I," I answered ; " but I am not good at all, I assure you ; but you are, I know." She smiled, but at this moment Mademoiselle beckoned to me, and we went away quickly to look for a carriage, which we sent to them. Mademoiselle says that this grandpapa and these little girls interest her very much. So I am not the only one who feels so about them.

*Thursday, October 30th.*

Yesterday evening, after my lessons, Mademoiselle made me make my examination of conscience, as I am to go to confession on the festival of La Toussaint. How shall I ever tell of my terrible rage ! But it will comfort me when it is once done. I believe I am really repentant, for I feel so grieved when I think how wicked I have been, and that God is so good. Gustave too is preparing to confess, so that he does not tease me any more. Besides, he will have the happiness of communing, and that always makes him better. Oh ! how I wish I were in his place !

*Friday, October 31st.*

I went to confession yesterday in the afternoon, and now God knows all I have promised Him to do. I wish and hope to keep my promise this time. I do not know why it is that Cecile Dufon declares that she is always so tired in church. I find it is so pleasant to be there. Perhaps she never gets in a rage, and has nothing to tell God. However, she has other faults, as I know well.

And then her mother is so often ill. She could always speak of that in her prayers. As for me, I have always so much to say that I never know where to begin, and am all in confusion; but Mademoiselle says that is no matter. First I have to ask pardon for all my sins, and then to beg God to change me and Gustave too. Then for Baby, who is sometimes sick; for papa, especially when he is at sea; for mamma, my Uncle Henry, all my relations, and also for my dear Mademoiselle. Lastly, for our long voyage. By the way, I asked mamma when we should start, but she told me the time was not yet fixed, but it would not be for several months. She is so sad, whenever I speak about it, that I cannot ask many questions. I am always sorry to think about Gustave, but not as much as at first, for he knows all about it now, and it does not trouble him so very much; but he is very brave.

*Monday, November 3d.*

Saturday I had holiday for the feast of La Toussaint. Yesterday being Sunday, we did not keep the Commemoration of the Dead until to-day. After Mass and breakfast were over, I went to my lessons.

Yesterday the church was all in mourning, which touched me very much. Mamma and Mademoiselle were both sad, for they have lost so many of those they loved. Both mamma and Mademoiselle were at the communion the day before yesterday and to-day. Gustave also yesterday, and he was very good. I felt a sort of respect for him, so that we passed the days very pleasantly. But in the evening I was very near spoiling it all, as I grew almost angry in talking about Mademoiselle. Stephanie said to me while we were playing:

“Marguerite, why does Mademoiselle go to confession?”

Has she committed any sins?" I really felt puzzled, for I certainly could not think that she had any sins.

But Gustave cried, "Ah ha! I know, if you do not, of what she accuses herself." This began to tease me, and I asked:

"Of what?"

"Of spoiling you too much."

"Oh, for shame!" I cried; "that is too bad! How can you say that she spoils me?"

"Does she ever scold you? Was she even angry with you, the day of your great rage?"

"No, Gustave, but it made more impression on me than if she had been angry."

"But she did not punish you, for you chose yourself to stay in your room during dinner-time."

"Yes, Gustave; but she knew just what to say to me which would punish me most. But it is not very good of you to speak of that hateful day. Were you not naughty too? And yet you went down to dinner! It is you that are spoiled!" Gustave was going to answer, when Berthe cried out:

"It is not you two, it is I that am spoiled!" This made us all laugh, which was very fortunate.

*Tuesday, November 4th.*

To-day is Mademoiselle's birthday, and we have given her many good wishes. I have prayed for her, too, for I love her so much! I have quite an event, too, to tell about my studies, for I began yesterday to learn Roman history. I have wanted to do so a long time. However, Greek history is very nice, and interests me greatly, but I am not so sorry to have finished it, as Mademoiselle says I shall come back to it, and learn it more in detail. Sometimes, when Gustave is amiable, we have a very pleasant time. We

represent the scenes of ancient times and call it "playing at great men." But he almost always wants to play the best parts, and so do I, so that we generally end with a dispute. Once he gave up to me, but after all he was not very good. He consented that I should be Themistocles, while he was Eurybiades, and when I said, "Strike, but listen!" he replied, "There!" and gave me a great blow. I was very angry, and told him that it was not in the play at all, for Eurybiades admired Themistocles, and that he ought to feel so to me; that he was not worthy of representing a noble Greek, and that in order to punish him I should not win the battle of Salamis.

How tiresome these disputes are. They spoil all one's pleasure. I like better to play with Stephanie and Berthe, for they at least do everything as I want it. Yesterday evening we represented the Sacrifice of Abraham. I was the patriarch, and Berthe played Isaac. She was too pretty, with a fagot which I tied on her back to represent the sacrificial wood. When she said to me, "My father," I choked with laughter, but I pretended to be hiding my tears. But when I wanted to bind the eyes of my son, she resisted, as that seemed to trouble her, and cried, "No, no, Magnitte, I want to see plain." I said to her with dignity, "You must be quiet, for you are not like Isaac at all," but she struggled so I added, "Very well, I am going to kill you all the same." Stephanie waited all this time, mounted on a chair, to play the angel, and she caught my arm very nicely, but unfortunately she suddenly tumbled off of her chair, which was not very graceful conduct for an angel.

*Wednesday, November 5th.*

Mademoiselle has been telling me about "the Rape of the Sabines," which interested me very much, as I had seen

a picture of it. It was very wicked of Romulus to have deceived the poor Sabines, and carried off the women by force. How many wicked men there were in those ancient times! Mademoiselle says that it was because they had forgotten God, and that our Lord Jesus Christ had not yet come down to earth. Mademoiselle has also explained to me how the wicked are judged now in our times. How the criminals are pursued, arrested, and condemned if they are found guilty. And she has told me of the changes which Christianity has made in the world. I wish that Romulus had been put in prison for killing his poor brother, Remus. And to think that the Romans should have made a god of this wicked king!

Baby was sick yesterday; he seemed very feeble. Mamma did not go out all day, and she was very sad, too, because papa had gone to Brest. I am sorry, too, that papa is not here, and that we shall not see him for some time, but then I think that this absence will bring us nearer our great voyage, which consoles me a little in spite of myself. Besides, it is not the same as when papa goes away for several months. I knew my catechism. They questioned us on the lesson, to see how well we understood it, and as Mademoiselle had explained everything to me, I could answer correctly. M. l'Abbé Martin told me that my analysis was good, too, but a little *too long*, and that I must learn to abridge. It is very true that I do not know how to do so. What annoyed me was that the little girls laughed at what M. l'Abbé said to me; but he told them it was a good fault, and he wished he could complain of it in them. How good Marie was! When they were talking about me, she did not look at me at all, but afterwards she gave me such a sweet smile. But what gave me even more pleasure was to meet Mademoiselle's eyes. She looked at me as



mamma does sometimes. And indeed she is my mother, after mamma.

*Friday, November 7th.*

What a nice day I had yesterday! I went to Mass with Mademoiselle, and then, instead of bringing me home at once to my studies, as usual, she took me to visit our poor people. I had gained by my good marks twenty sous during the past month, and mamma added something. So, with what Gustave and the little ones had, I could give away *five francs!* That was beautiful! We went at first to a book-store to buy a book of prayers, which the priest had recommended to us at the catechism on Tuesday. And what did I see but Marie and Jeanne de Laval, who came out of church and were going to look for the same book. I grew quite red with pleasure, and stopped to look at them without thinking of anything else; but Mademoiselle asked for the books, and made me choose one. I had only nodded to the little girls, but I could not help thinking what a good chance it was to make their acquaintance, only I did not know how to begin. But Mademoiselle, who always understands me, spoke to Marie, and said, pointing to me:

“Here is a little girl who is very happy to meet you.”

“And I am, too, Mademoiselle, I assure you,” said Marie in her sweet voice, “for I did not know when I should be able to thank you for the kindness you showed to my grandfather the other day.”

Mademoiselle said that it had been very easy for us to do so small a kindness, and in this way the conversation began. We went out together, and found they were going in the same direction as ourselves. They were with an old negress, at whom I should have looked curiously enough at another time, but I liked better to look at Marie. It is

strange, but she seems to do just as she likes, and yet I am sure she is not wilful. One can see that Jeanne obeys her sister, which surprises me, for Marie is so gentle. Mademoiselle spoke of their grandfather, and we soon learned that he was their only protector. They have lost both father and mother! Ah, poor little girls, it was what I feared so much! Marie told us in very few words, but the tears were in her eyes and you could see that she could not say much of these sad events. Her father died when she was quite young, but her mother lately, in coming from one of the colonies, as her mother was a Creole. I did not dare ask the name of the colony, but happily Marie mentioned it. It is the island of Bourbon. Marie looks like a Creole, for although she is pale, she is also dark, but Jeanne is very fair. It seems that the grandfather is the father of their father and that they live with him. They said good-by to us at the door of a fine old house, where they live. I was very glad to know where they lived, and Mademoiselle said she thought I should be able to see them again. With this, and the happiness of giving five francs to one poor family, I was as happy as a queen all day.

*Monday, November 10th.*

Baby was very sick yesterday, which made everybody very unhappy. Mamma was very much frightened, and that made us all feel afraid. When Stephanie saw that mamma was crying, she thought that Baby must be going to die, and she sobbed and cried until she made herself sick. Mademoiselle took Stephanie away, and told her that she was only troubling mamma, and that she could not cure Baby by crying, but she must say a little prayer for him. She said that Baby was not in as much danger as mamma thought, but a mother was always anxious.



Stephanie was somewhat consoled, but she would not go to walk until Mademoiselle told her that Josephine should take her and Berthe to church, where they could ask God to cure Baby.

Mademoiselle allowed me to stay and help her to take care of the poor little darling. I was so happy to be of some use, but I should have been happier to see Baby well. Mademoiselle put on the blisters and poultices that the doctor has ordered, and I ran back and forth to bring what she wanted. Poor Baby, he laid his little head on nurse's shoulder and moaned so gently that it broke one's heart to hear him, and then he looked at us so piteously! It brought the tears to my eyes, but I kept them back, and tried to be brave like Mademoiselle. At last, when the doctor came back in the evening, Baby was sleeping quietly, and no one in the room dared to move. My limbs were stiff, and in spite of myself I kept falling asleep. The doctor said he thought Baby was much better, and just then Baby waked and smiled as if he understood. Then he wanted to go to mamma, which relieved poor nurse a little. They let me kiss the little love before they sent me away. I found Stephanie delighted, and she said to me:

"You see, Marguerite, that Baby is almost well, for the doctor has told us so, and the good God has cured him." Berthe and Gustave were both very happy. Gustave said to me:

"You have been playing sick-nurse, I hear. It was high time! I see you are good for something." He wanted to make fun of me, but I did not get angry, for I was too happy.

*Tuesday, November 11th.*

Baby is much better. Yesterday was a fine day, and we all went to church to thank God for curing the little

pet. It is so fortunate, as mamma says, that papa will not hear of Baby's illness until he hears he is well. It would have been sad for papa when he is so far away. I wonder when he will come home. It seems a long time since he went. We all miss him, but mamma most of all. I studied well, and Mademoiselle was pleased with me. But I found terrible things in my Roman history. How the poor Servius Tullius was killed by his son-in-law, that wicked prince whom they call Tarquin the Superb! And what is more dreadful is, that even the daughter of the unhappy king, the wicked Tullia, had no pity for her own father! I feel overwhelmed by such dreadful things, for I began to like the Romans a little.

*Wednesday, November 12th.*

I am wild with joy, for Marie and Jeanne are coming to-morrow to spend the day with me. Mamma, who is always good, asked M. l'Abbé Martin about the two little girls, and he told her their history, which is very touching. The good old grandpapa had only one son, who was the father of Marie and Jeanne, and was a sailor. His vessel was sent on a grand expedition to India, but they met English vessels, which attacked them. The French defended themselves bravely, and the English could not take the vessel, although the French had many killed and wounded. But the saddest of all was that the young officer, M. de Laval, was more seriously wounded than any of the others. They thought he would die, which was very sad, as he acted so bravely. They put him ashore at the island of Bourbon with the rest of the wounded, to be nursed there. The creoles are so kind, that they cared for these poor people as if they had been friends, and when M. de Laval came out of the hospital, every one was anxious to have

him come to his country house to regain his strength. But he had lost one leg, which was a great misfortune. But after all he had some consolation for it, for a young lady in one of the Creole families—this was the mother of Marie and Jeanne—admired and pitied the poor wounded officer so much that after a little time she married him. They wrote about it to the good grandpapa, but in those days, when there was so much fighting at sea, letters were very long in going from one place to another. So the poor father mourned for his son as dead, for he had only heard that he was left wounded at the island of Bourbon. But young M. de Laval was not dead, and after a little while he had a son, then Marie, and then Jeanne. But, alas! at the end of four years, he was taken very ill, and in spite of the love and care of his poor wife he died, just as they received letters from the grandfather, who was so rejoiced to hear good news of his son. Poor Mme. de Laval was almost inconsolable. At last, by degrees, she recovered her cheerfulness, but she never cared to go out or have any society, and was also very delicate. They wrote all this to the grandfather, but did not hear from him for two years, as the sad news had made him so ill that for a long time they thought he would not get well. But as soon as he could, he wrote to beg Mme. de Laval so earnestly to come to him and bring his grandchildren, that she could not refuse him. She could not, however, start at once, as she was afraid to make so long a voyage alone. Her family tried to arrange everything for her, as they thought the sea voyage would do her good, and a change was necessary for the education of her children. So last year she started with her three children. But something terribly sad happened. Mme. de Laval was so ill at sea that she could not be cured, and she died before the voyage was

more than half passed. M. l'Abbé said that he heard Marie had been like an angel about her poor mother's sick-bed, and the son, too, had been very devoted to her, but all in vain. I do not see how Marie could bear such a sorrow ! I should not dare to speak to her of it, although I long to do so. Even M. l'Abbé himself had tears in his eyes, mamma said, as he spoke of it. It was the old grandfather who told M. l'Abbé. He says he can never forgive himself for having sent for his daughter-in-law, and he pets his grandchildren as much as he can. The son is preparing himself for the sea, like his father, and Marie and Jeanne take lessons at home. M. l'Abbé says they are charming little girls, and that I could not have a sweeter friend than Marie, of which I was sure myself. So mamma permitted me to ask Marie and Jeanne to come and spend to-morrow afternoon with me. I wrote myself to Marie, and Mademoiselle said my note would do nicely. Marie has sent me such a lovely note in answer to mine, and has accepted ! I am too happy !

*Friday, November 14th.*

Mademoiselle wishes me to write down the account of my day yesterday, instead of my composition, so I shall try to do as well as I can. Well, I went to Mass in the morning at 9 o'clock and there I saw Marie and Jeanne sitting beneath the pulpit. But I took no notice of them, as I felt it would not be proper to nod or smile to any one in church. After my lessons and breakfast were over. I busied myself in putting in order the school-room and my own little room, in which Stephanie helped me very nicely. She was quite happy because I had promised that she should have Jeanne. Berthe wanted some one, too, so I offered her the old negress, but she would not

agree to that, saying she should be afraid of her. At last, soon after one o'clock, as I was looking out of the window, and beginning to feel a little impatient, I saw the two sisters coming with the old negress. I begged Mademoiselle to go down with me, for I felt too shy to go alone. Mademoiselle kindly consented, and soon found means, in her pleasant way, of putting Marie quite at her ease. With Jeanne it was not difficult, as she is much less shy than Marie. I felt more embarrassed than either of them, as I felt I was doing the honors of my own house. I gave my hands to them, and asked them to come upstairs, while Mademoiselle asked the old negress if she would prefer to stay with the little girls, or leave them to us. The old woman, who speaks so queerly that neither Mademoiselle nor I can understand half of what she says, preferred to go. So Marie said to her:

“Very well, my good Babet, you can go, since you prefer it. You must take good care of grandpapa while we are here.” When the old negress had gone, and we turned to go upstairs, there was Berthe, who had been listening, and called out to me from above:

“Maguitte, Maguitte, now you see I have nobody at all.” I was much disconcerted, and did not know what to say. She is really a little plague. I whispered to her to be quiet, but she only called out as she ran off:

“And there is Stephanie, who will not take hers.” Marie asked:

“Are those your little sisters? Ask them to come and speak to us.” I was obliged to run after Berthe, and give Stephanie quite a lecture before they would come and speak to our visitors. Little sisters are certainly very troublesome. Marie was delighted with them, and Jeanne began at once to play with Berthe as if they had been the

same age. Berthe was very proud of this, but Stephanie seemed a little vexed, until they all began to look at pictures, when Jeanne gave the preference to Stephanie, who could explain them so nicely. Marie and I talked together very pleasantly, now that the first embarrassment was over. She asked me first to tell her what it was that Berthe meant, when she called out to me on the staircase. When I told her she laughed heartily, which made me very happy, for she always looks so sad. Then I went on to tell her some of Berthe's funny sayings, which seemed to amuse her greatly. She told me in return something of Jeanne's droll ways. Marie says she is still very childish and rather heedless, but she is warm-hearted. It is quite astonishing, but Marie is only a little more than two years older than I am (as she is past twelve years old), and yet I feel so much respect for her, and am so proud to have her talk to me! When I said something like this to her, she answered: "It is sorrow which has made me seem older than I am. I cannot be like a child after all I have suffered."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I know how terrible it must have been." The tears came into our eyes, and just at this moment mamma came into the room. She kissed Marie, and said that after all she had heard of her, she felt she loved her without knowing her. "And especially," she added, "as my little Marguerite's heart was given to you from the first." It was so good of mamma to say this. Marie seemed very shy with mamma, but you could see by her eyes that she thought mamma was very kind. Mamma soon left us, telling us to enjoy ourselves as much as possible, at the same time she kissed me, telling Marie she hoped she would make me gentle and reasonable like herself. When she was gone, Marie said:



“Ah, how lovely your mamma is! I am sorry I did not thank her better for her kindness. But I can never say what I feel, and then you know—” She stopped, and I asked:

“What, Marie? But do not tell me if it troubles you.” She hesitated, and then replied:

“Oh, if you knew how it made me feel to see a mother kissing her child!” and she burst into tears. I did not know what to say, but I kissed her and said:

“Pray do not cry, Marie. I cannot bear to see you sad here, for I wanted to amuse you. Mamma and I both love you; and I am sure mamma would kiss you, too, if it would give you any pleasure.” Marie recovered herself and said:

“I beg your pardon, but it is so short a time since I kissed my dear mamma, and yet so long, since I can never do it again.”

“That is very true, dear Marie, but you will surely see her again in heaven, and what a happiness that will be for you! Are you like your poor mamma?”

“Yes, they say I look very like her, while Jeanne is like our poor papa.”

“Ah, yes, but your father had lost his leg, which must have grieved you very much.”

“He was so used to it that we did not think of it; but it was very sad.”

“I think so, indeed! I should be glad to have papa fight so well, too, for he is brave enough; but I should not want him to lose a leg.”

“Fortunately,” replied Marie, “there is no war now.” I said I was very glad, as we were so soon going to India, and I should not like to have our ship attacked.

“You are going to India,” said Marie; “then you will pass the island of Bourbon.”

“Yes, they say so.”

“How delighted you will be with our beautiful country.”

“Is it beautiful, Marie? Is it at all like France?”

“I do not find it so, for on our journey from Nantes to Paris I could not see a tree or plant like those we have at home; and then the climate is so different.”

“Ah, Marie, how I wish you were going back with us! Would you not like it? Have you any relations there now?”

“Yes, we have my uncle Adrian there, the brother of mamma, who loves us very dearly. But grandpapa has no one but us, and then it would be so sad to go back to Bourbon now.” I saw Marie was thinking of her mother, and I wanted very much to ask her something about which I had been thinking, so I said:

“If it will not pain you too much, Marie, will you answer me one question?”

“Certainly I will.”

“Well,” I said, although my voice trembled, “why did your poor mamma die? Did you not pray with all your heart to God when you saw she was so ill?” As I feared, Marie burst into tears at once; she could not speak. I felt very sorry that I had asked the question, but it was done. At last Marie said to me:

“I too have asked that so often, for I prayed so earnestly! Through the long nights when I was watching beside her I begged God to cure her for me.”

“What! you did not go to bed? How tired you must have been!”

“I did not think of it; but what grieved me more than all, Marguerite, was that, in spite of all my prayers, mamma died! I have never said this to any one else, and only to you because you asked me.”



“But, Marie, what can one do? Is it, then, no use to pray? But Mademoiselle would say it was very wrong to say such a thing. Listen, Marie, I will go and ask her; she always explains what puzzles me.”

“Oh no, Marguerite, do not go, I beg you, while I am here.”

“Well, I will ask her afterwards, and tell you another time.”

“But, Marguerite, I am sure you must want to play, instead of talking here.”

“No, indeed, I like to talk better than to play. Ask Gustave if it is not so.”

“Is your brother’s name Gustave?”

“Yes, and yours?”—

“Is Alberic.”

“Ah, what a nice name! Does he tease you too?”

“Sometimes, at least he did at Bourbon; but since my mother’s death he is much graver, and is always kind to us.”

“Well, I would rather have Gustave tease me always. How often do you see your brother?”

“Every fortnight.”

“And I see Gustave every day, which I like best. How old is your brother?”

“Sixteen.”

“Oh, he is big. I wish I could see him.”

“I hope you will see him when you come to see us.”

“I will ask mamma to let me come, but perhaps it would trouble your grandfather.”

“Oh no! he is so good, that he likes everything that amuses us.” After this we went to look for the little ones, with whom we played a grand goose-game. Then we went into the garden, where I showed Marie the greenhouse

and my birds. I took her into my room and the nursery. We paid Mademoiselle a little visit, and then went to play with Baby. It was strange, but the little fellow feels as I do, for he smiled at Marie at once, but would not go to Jeanne. Marie petted both Stephanie and Berthe, and said how pretty Stephanie was, with her great eyes, soft as those of a gazelle. It is true, but I had never thought of it. We had a very merry time at lunch, for Jeanne made us all laugh with her funny ways. She has a strange way of speaking, which they say is like the creoles, and I cannot always understand what she means. At six o'clock Babet came for the two sisters. I wanted very much to keep them for dinner, but Marie said she had left her grandfather already too long alone. And now my story is done. I dare say that Mademoiselle will find a good many faults in it, that I have said too much perhaps, or have repeated the same words. But, dear Mademoiselle, I assure you I have done it as well as I could. I must stop now, for my hand is very tired.

*Saturday, November 15th.*

I have been talking to-day to Mademoiselle about what troubled Marie and myself so much yesterday. She said I was right to speak to her about it, but I must never again think that "it is no use to pray." I told her first how we came to speak of these things, and also how sad Marie was. She replied :

"My child, it is always of use to pray ; never forget that. Sometimes, it is true, God does not grant us what we ask." I interrupted her crying :

"You see, then, Mademoiselle !"

"Wait," she replied. "He does not always grant it ; and why ? It is because He sees things differently and more

clearly than we do. Do you not understand this, Marguerite?"

"Oh, yes, Mademoiselle."

"Then again, my child, we often are deceiving ourselves in what we ask for. *We* only can see the *present*, but God, who knows the *future* also, will not always grant our prayers."

"But, Mademoiselle, how can we know if what we ask for is for our good?"

"Because if it is for our good, God will grant it; if not, He will refuse it."

"But, Mademoiselle, to pray for the health of one's mother cannot be wrong."

"Certainly not, Marguerite. It is a duty, and at the same time a comfort."

"But it is not a comfort, if God refuses it."

"Wait a moment. It is a duty, because God always wants to hear all that we wish, since He is truly Our Father; and it is a comfort, since we may always *hope* that He will grant what we ask. But suppose it happens to us as to this poor little Marie, that God does not grant our prayer, we must not doubt His kindness, or think He does not hear us. He did hear Marie, and granted her prayer in another way. What did she want? That her mother might be happy—but here on earth with her children."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, that seems natural."

"Yes, but we must remember that God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, and we do not know how much sorrow and suffering the poor lady has been spared by dying now."

"But God could have made her happy, Mademoiselle, had He chosen to do so."

"And can you say that He has *not* done so, Mar-

guerite? What is our happiness *here* compared to that in heaven?"

"That is true, Mademoiselle, and I tried to say so to Marie myself. But it is very natural that she should feel very desolate without her mother!"

"Indeed it is, Marguerite; but it may be that this great sorrow may also prove a happiness for Marie." But I cried: "Oh! Mademoiselle, that is too much to say."

"No, my child; think of the duties of love which Marie now has laid upon her since her mother has been taken from her. Think of the blessing she can be to her poor grandfather, the guide and protector to her little sister. In forgetting herself and in living for others will she not attain a purer happiness than mere selfish enjoyment can give?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, but it seems very hard to me for poor Marie, who is still so young, only twelve years old."

"Yes, my child, but do you not believe that God is ready to strengthen and support her? If *you* feel for her such a loving pity, how must God regard her, whose love and tenderness is so far above ours? Do you remember asking me, after we had read the history of Joseph, why that poor child was so cruelly treated? And yet God had great things in store for him."

"But, Mademoiselle, Marie cannot be minister to a great king."

"She will become, I trust, a saint in heaven; is not that worth more?"

"Ah, much more; but I do not want her to go at once."

"It may be long before she is called, my child, but now, Marguerite, can you remember to tell Marie what I have said?"

"I am almost afraid not, Mademoiselle; but could you not tell her yourself?"

“No, my child, it is through you that she must receive this answer, for she wished it to be so. You must go, then, and write down what I have said, which will fix it more firmly in your own memory, and then when you see Marie you will remember more distinctly.” After this I left Mademoiselle, and went to write my journal. I feel so anxious to see Marie again.

*Monday, November 17th.*

I was at Mass yesterday, with mamma, Mademoiselle, and Gustave. I believe I behaved pretty well, and tried to pray without thinking of other things. But I am sorry to say that I have been vain again, as I was the day I put on my pretty pink dress for the first time. This time it was on account of my bonnet, for mamma has had made for me such a pretty new one, in place of my summer bonnet, which was shabby. It makes me so happy to wear anything new. I want every one to notice it. One would think that I felt it a merit of my own to wear pretty things! But what annoys me very much is that Gustave always sees when I feel vain, and makes all sorts of remarks to tease me. So yesterday, both going to church and coming home, he kept looking at my bonnet as if he admired it so much, when really he does not at all. Then he would say to me: “Do I please you? Would you like me to tell all the passers-by that you have on a new bonnet? But your face says enough; you put on such coquettish airs!” And then when I grew angry he began again: “Ah, you think I do not speak loud enough. Well, then, gentlemen and ladies, do look how well dressed my sister Marguerite is! Pray admire her. Is not this white plush bonnet, with its pretty bows, perfectly charming? Do not notice the ugly face she is making just now, but just admire the bonnet.”

It was really too bad, and I was so angry I would not take his arm. I was so afraid that some one would hear him, and even in church I felt he was looking at my bonnet. But what teases me most is that I feel what he says is partly true. I certainly do like to have compliments, either for my memory or for what I say, it does not matter what, but it pleases me very much. Yet Mademoiselle never gives them to me, but when she says to me, "That is right, Marguerite," I am happier than with any other praise. And I am always so ashamed of being vain before Mademoiselle, for I am sure she always notices it.

*Wednesday, November 19th.*

Yesterday at catechism I was again thinking of my new bonnet, but I tried hard not to do so. And then I had a great humiliation, which took down my pride very much. My analysis was badly done! Mademoiselle had told me so, but I hoped she was mistaken, as they had not found fault with me yet, but I had the *smallest ticket*. I did not feel very proud of my new bonnet then, as it only made me more noticed. I felt so ashamed before Marie, who had the *best ticket*, although I felt very glad, too, that she should have it. But Marie is much larger than I am, indeed she is the largest in the class. It is because her mother wanted the two sisters to prepare together for their first communion. So that Marie has waited for Jeanne. They both hope to be received this year, and Marie tells me Jeanne is doing all she can to get ready. But it troubles me much to think that I shall not make my first communion with Marie, for it requires two years of catechism to prepare one, and this is my first year. I shall be in India when I finish, and I wish I knew if they do the same there as here.

After catechism I went out with Marie and Jeanne, while



their grandfather talked to Mademoiselle. He asked her if I could come next Thursday, to spend the afternoon and dine with his grandchildren. It is such a pity, for I should have enjoyed it so much, but mamma has invited Clara to come and see me on that day, and I cannot be uncivil. Mademoiselle thanked M. de Laval, and said she hoped it could be another day, but Marie and I are so disappointed! I wanted so much to tell her about my conversation with Mademoiselle, but I could not do so in the street, and I am sure Marie wants to hear what I have to tell.

*Friday, November 21st.*

Mamma has had a letter at last from papa, which tells us, he will be home again on Sunday. It has made us all so happy to hear this; even Baby laughed as if he understood it. Clara spent the day with me yesterday, and we had a very pleasant time, although I did not feel quite so glad to see her as usual. I do not like her so much as Marie, who is so simple, while Clara has all sorts of airs. She always acts as if she were a young lady, although she is only two years older than I, and then she is so vain! Because her father is deputy she thinks she is above every one else, and she is so proud because her mother is so rich. I do not like her mother; she is more disagreeable than Clara. She speaks so strangely about Mlle. Levins, so differently from the way mamma speaks about Mademoiselle. Mme. de Baldi brought Clara herself, and made mamma a little visit while Clara and I were still in the parlor. As Mme. de Baldi went away, she said to her daughter:

“When do you want me to send your maid for you?”

“When you choose, mamma; but if you were to send Mademoiselle instead, and in good time, I could go to the Champs-Élysées before coming home.”

“ I promised to give her this afternoon ; but it is no matter ; she must manage to come home earlier.”

“ Mamma,” replied Clara, “ you had better not change it, for you promised her this holiday last week.”

“ No, no, my child, do not trouble yourself. We cannot make slaves of ourselves to these people, can we, madame ? ” But mamma said, I thought very coldly :

“ It is, however, very pleasant to try and make their lives more agreeable.”

“ Oh, yes,” said Mme. de Baldi, “ but you are an exception. You have a treasure, who was also an intimate friend. But I am not bound by such considerations, and between ourselves I will say I like it better.” Mamma said nothing, so Mme. de Baldi went away, and Clara and I went to play with the children. I was very tired in the evening, so I went to bed early.

*Monday, November 24th.*

How happy I was yesterday, and am still to-day, for my dear papa has come home. It seemed so long since we had seen him. When he arrived after dinner, we almost stifled him with kisses ; but I do not think he was displeased. Gustave was beside him, helping take the parcels out of the carriage. Stephanie had her arms around his neck. Berthe climbed up on him like a cat, while I pulled his hands until he stooped down to kiss me. He tried to look a little stern to quiet us, but we were too happy to be frightened. Even mamma could not get near him. At last we took him in to dinner, and then he told us all about his journey, or at least he answered our questions, for papa never talks a great deal. At last he gave each of us a little present. Gustave had a little cane made of wood which comes from a great distance, and I had a little box carved by the convicts. I do not like convicts very much, but my box



is lovely. Stephanie had a pretty little cup made from a cocoanut, and Berthe a beautiful toy. Even Baby had something—a jingling rattle. Mamma had a beautiful box, ornamented with splendid shells, and Mademoiselle a very pretty one too. We were all delighted—even Josephine, to whom papa brought a little basket. How good he was to remember everybody!

*Wednesday, November 26th.*

It was arranged yesterday after catechism that I should go on Thursday to see Marie, but not to stay to dinner, as mamma did not wish it. Marie asked Stephanie, and Berthe too, and I am glad, as they can play with Jeanne, while I talk as I like with Marie. Still it will be a trouble to look after them. Poor Baby cannot go on these expeditions, for he cannot walk yet. But he begins to stand quite well, when you take his two little hands, and sometimes he likes standing so much he does not want to sit down. I wonder when he will walk. I had some bad marks yesterday. I do not know how it is, but of late I have not worked so well, and at the end of this week Mademoiselle counts the marks for the month! I must try to do better.

*Friday, November 28th.*

I am so sorry that yesterday is over, but it will be a little comfort to write about it. In the first place, I said my lessons better in the morning, which gave me better marks. After breakfast Josephine dressed us all three, and mamma allowed Stephanie and Berthe to go with me, on condition that Josephine should go with us and stay, as she was afraid that the children would make too much noise for the poor grandpapa. And I think she was quite right. Mademoiselle went with us, too, to present us to M. de Laval. He was very kind, and so very polite to

Mademoiselle, and even to me. Mademoiselle says he has the old French politeness. It seems that the *new* is not so polite, which is a pity, for the old is very nice. They took us into the drawing-room, where the furniture is quite strange looking, not at all like what mamma and Mme. de Baldi have, because it is very old. Then there were a great many portraits of people dressed as you see them at the Carnival, like lords and ladies. The carpets and curtains were much worn, so that I dare say Clara would have laughed at them, but I looked at them with respect. What impressed me most was to see the good old grandpapa beside the two little girls in black, and no father or mother. It brought the tears to my eyes. And Mademoiselle felt it too.

M. de Laval thanked Mademoiselle many times for bringing us to see his grandchildren, and Mademoiselle said that mamma was afraid that we should weary him. He replied: "Oh, certainly not, Mademoiselle. I am always so glad when I see my little girls happy, and my Marie already loves this pretty child so much." He looked at me as he spoke, and I thought how polite he was to call me pretty, but I think he is mistaken in saying so. He looked for some sugar-plums for the children, and was so kind that he quite won Berthe's heart, so that in speaking of him at home she exclaimed, "I think he is such a nice old gentleman!" She might have boasted of making a fine uproar for him, for she grew so excited in playing with Jeanne that the poor grandpapa had to take refuge in his own room. Marie carried me off to her room, while the little ones stayed to play in the dining-room, which was large, with Josephine to watch them. I looked at all Marie's pretty things, and she had a great many which she had brought from Bourbon—necklaces of sandal-wood, and

such pretty seeds which they call Job's Tears, and which can be strung like beads. Marie gave me some of them. Besides these she had straw mats, and all sorts of things made of cocoanut, shells, and coral. I could have spent the day looking at them. I like Marie's room so much; it is simple, but very pretty. There are blue curtains at the windows and around Marie's and Jeanne's beds, for the two sisters sleep in little beds, side by side. At the foot of the bed there is a crucifix, which is Marie's, and belonged to her mother. At each side of the fireplace there are medallions with hair in them, and Marie said: "It is papa's and mamma's." Poor Marie! it is sad, but sweet, to have such things before her every day. She said to me: "You asked the other day if I looked like mamma. I will show you her portrait, which is exactly like her." She opened a drawer and took out a pretty red jewel-box, with a cipher on it, and from this she took a beautiful gold bracelet. It had a medallion, upon which was painted the portrait of Marie's mother. Oh, how pretty she must have been, with large, beautiful eyes, dark, but not black, and long, very black lashes. Her face was rather thin and pale, with a lovely little mouth, which smiled sweetly, just as Marie does. Her beautiful hair was arranged so prettily, and her complexion was brown, but very clear. As I looked at this lovely face, I felt so grieved for Marie that I began to sob, and Marie, too, while she said: "How good you are to weep with me."

Suddenly I thought it would be kinder to try and comfort Marie, so I began to tell her what Mademoiselle had said to me. Marie listened attentively, and said it was all very true.

"But after all, Marguerite," she said sadly, "it does not give me back my mother." I said all I could to console

her, and after a few moments she replied : " You are right, Marguerite, and it was very kind of you to remember so nicely what Mademoiselle Valmy said. You must tell her that I will try to be more reasonable and more submissive to God's will."

She still looked very sad, but of course I could not expect her grief to pass away at once. She begged me to pray for her, which I shall certainly do with all my heart. After she had put away her precious portrait, she showed me some albums, in which were drawings taken by her father in Bourbon. He must have drawn very well, and I was delighted to see pictures of that beautiful country. I am afraid it will not be as pleasant in India. Marie and I both talked a long time about our voyage and about Bourbon.

Babet came to call us to lunch, for she always waits on her little mistresses. Marie speaks of her so often in talking to me, that I feel as if I really knew her, and yet I can hardly understand what she says. Marie often has to explain her meanings, which is not pleasant. I found Berthe had made friends with her at once, was prattling to her like a little parrot, and pulling her about everywhere, which made Babet laugh and show her great white teeth, shining out of her black face. This amused Berthe greatly, so that she called out to me as I came in : " See, Maguitte, you did very well to give her to me." And then Babet was delighted. Stephanie and Jeanne seemed to be enjoying themselves too. We sat down to table, where there were cakes, fruit, and flowers. I thought it looked too pretty for us children. Just as we were beginning, M. de Laval came in, and said he wished to do the honors for us himself. He was so very polite and ceremonious that I felt quite frightened and could eat very little, but Stephanie

and Berthe enjoyed everything. After lunch M. de Laval took us into the parlor where he had a lottery for us. How pleasant it was, and I drew all sorts of pretty things! Amongst the rest a little seal, which is a love, and which I shall use for the letters I shall write from India to Gustave and Marie, for Marie has promised to write to me. Stephanie and Berthe had some pretty toys, while Marie and Jeanne had hardly anything. I wonder what I can give them in return. I must find something. Soon after five Josephine said it was time to go; so we put on our hats and coats, although Berthe was very unwilling at first to get ready. In the evening I remembered Marie in my prayers, and shall do so every day.

*Monday, December 1st.*

Fortunately I am quite used to my bonnet now, so that I did not feel vain of it at all yesterday when I went to church. To be sure I had a pair of new shoes, but then they are not so pretty and do not show much, so I did not think of them. Gustave was not there to tease me, for he had gone to Versailles with papa. We were very sorry not to have papa go to church with us, and when mamma said so to him, he promised to go next Sunday. It is very tiresome not to have dear papa go to church with us, but he does go sometimes, and Clara says her father never goes. When I repeated this to Mademoiselle, she said that little girls must not judge their parents, who might have reasons for what they did which we could not understand. We ought only to pray for them. And I do, every night and morning. I thought, as Gustave was away, that I should be good all day, but I was not at all, but, on the contrary, very cross to my little sisters. First they wanted me to play the goose-game, but

I said no, it did not amuse me. Then they said they would play whatever I liked, so I proposed a lottery. When they asked me what I would put in it, I said I should put nothing, but they could put in the box of bonbons they had when Cecile's little brother was baptized. Stephanie consented, but Berthe began to grumble at once and say, "But, Maguitte, then I shall gain nothing, for the bonbons are mine now." It was very true, but I grew angry and called her a little fool, and little gourmande, and tried to take the box away from her. She struggled, and I gave her a great slap to make her give it up. I felt sorry at once when I saw how red her cheek was, but why will she act like a little fury? Mademoiselle came out of her room, and said that as I was as unreasonable as Berthe, we must stop playing, and she took away the cards. Stephanie said to me, "There, you see, Marguerite, I have done nothing, and yet I am punished too." When my anger had cooled a little, I saw that it was indeed all my fault, and that I ought to make some amends to Stephanie, so I told her she could have my battledoor and shuttlecock to play with, which pleased her very much. Berthe soon consoled herself by eating her sugar-plums, and, indeed, when she saw I looked unhappy, she came and put one in my mouth. She is a good-hearted little thing. But I felt very unhappy all the rest of the day, and in the evening, when I made my self-examination, as Mademoiselle had taught me, I felt still worse. When I asked myself, "Have you been naughty to-day?" I had to say "Yes;" and then, "How have you been naughty, have you teased any one?" "Yes." "But why?" "Because I was greedy," which was the truth, for I am very fond of bonbons. "And why did you strike your little sister?" "Because I was angry." "Well, then,



you see, it is always this wicked anger which comes back. And yet you remember how you promised God to do better." Oh, how miserable it is! I do not know when I shall ever be good!

*Tuesday, December 2d.*

Yesterday evening Mademoiselle counted my marks for the last month, and I am ashamed to say I had only *five* more good than bad marks, so I have only gained *five sous* for my poor people. I wanted so much to buy a dress for the poor Mariette, but I can never do it with five sous, or even if Stephanie and Berthe give me their money, for they have not much either. Perhaps Gustave will have more, and yet I shall not like it if he has done so much better than I. I have been very lazy this past month. I could see it myself. Even when Mademoiselle urged me I did not care to work. But I must try and do better now, so that on New Year I can have something to give presents to the poor people. To-day I had excellent marks.

*Wednesday, December, 3d.*

Yesterday evening Gustave was very nice to me. Papa was so pleased with his report for last month that he gave him *five francs*, which was very different from me. I was ashamed to tell Gustave that I had only five sous, and yet I wanted so much to ask him for some money for the poor, who would otherwise suffer by my idleness. I was afraid he would tease me, as he often does; but at last I thought it was very cowardly not to acknowledge it, so I said:

"You ought to be very happy, Gustave, you have studied so well." He began to laugh, and said in a scoffing way:



"Pray, how much did you do?" But when he saw the tears in my eyes, he stopped and said :

"You will do better this month."

"Yes," I replied, "but in the meantime the poor have only five sous."

"That is not much, but if you like I will give you something for them."

"That was just what I wanted to ask you."

"Well, how much do you want?"

"I do not know, whatever you choose to give."

"Well, I promise you fourteen sous." Gustave is really very generous, which makes me willing to pardon him for teasing me.

*Friday, December 5th.*

I had a great disappointment for my Thursday. Papa had promised to take me with him to Saint Germain, where he was going to make a visit to a friend, who had a beautiful place there. I felt so happy at the idea of getting away from this tiresome Paris, where one sees the same thing every day, and where one can hardly move without being crushed. I could hardly sleep on Wednesday night after papa told me, for I was so happy. But alas! in the morning I looked out to see such a black sky that one might have thought it was going to pour down *ink* instead of snow, which is so white. I asked Josephine what she thought of the weather; but when she said she thought it would storm, I told her she did not know anything about it. This made her angry, and she began to scold me, and I retorted, so that the moment I was dressed I ran away from her, feeling very cross. I went to find Mademoiselle, who said as soon as I came in that she saw there were clouds on my face, as well as in the sky. I replied: "But it is just that, Mademoiselle; it is because the sky has clouds that I

have them." Then she asked me if my clouds would produce anything good, as those in the sky would. I replied "That I did not see what good those could do, except to disappoint me." Mademoiselle looked very grave, and said I ought not to speak so of what God had ordered.

"He does not wish to punish you, my child, but to try you. When God tries us it is always for our good. Now He is trying you according to your little strength, for you hoped to-day to have a pleasant day at Saint Germain, which the weather will prevent."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, do not say so. I am sure the sky is beginning to clear."

"I do not think so, Marguerite, and so I speak in case your pleasure should be spoiled. This is a trial for you, and if you submit to it pleasantly God will in His kindness remember it."

"And if I do not submit?"

"You will still have the trial, and you will lose the merit of submission."

"Well, it is better to submit, Mademoiselle, but it is hard to do so, for I should have had such a pleasant time. Still, I give it up. But do you think, Mademoiselle, that if it clears I could still go to Saint Germain? Because, you see, then I should already have had the merit of accepting the trial and—"

"And then you would have the pleasure of the expedition afterwards!" replied Mademoiselle, smiling. "Ah, little rogue, I see there is a great deal of hope in your submission!" It was true enough, but I gained no reward save the merit of giving up, and I did not do that as pleasantly as I should, for I felt cross all the morning. If it had not been for Mademoiselle, who encouraged me, I should have had poor marks, too, for my lessons. After breakfast the snow

began to fall so fast that even papa thought he would not go; but as his friend was expecting him he felt obliged to go. I felt like crying when I saw him get into the carriage without me; but Mademoiselle took me into her room, and talked so kindly and pleasantly to me, that I was soon much happier. It always makes me happy to be with her. I was with mamma, too, a good while, as she could not go out either. After all, the horrid snow gave me this pleasure, which I cannot have very often, as my lessons keep me so busy. So my Thursday was not quite without enjoyment.

*Monday, December 8th.*

How tiresome it is that I am so fond of domineering! But still it makes me very angry to have any one domineer over me. Yesterday Mademoiselle showed me how wrong I was, for when we were playing Gustave wanted us to do what he liked, without stopping to ask if we were pleased. This made me angry, but fortunately papa called Gustave away at this moment to take a walk with him. So I soon felt better, and could play as I liked. I began a game of lotto, which did not amuse the children very much, as I was obliged to mark for all of us, which was tiresome. But as I had begun it I chose to finish it, and the consequence was a dispute. Mademoiselle had to interfere, and she told me that I was tyrannizing over the children in the same way that I complained of Gustave doing to me. Mademoiselle was right, for when I did not like to play cards with Gustave, I had forced the children almost immediately to play lotto with me. It is, however, because it bores me to do what Gustave likes, while it amuses me to do what I like myself.

Mademoiselle says that this is natural certainly, but that is no reason why I should give way to such a feeling; on

the contrary, that I should ask for strength to conquer it. It seems very difficult to do so now, but I hope that after my first communion I shall be better. But in the meantime, if I do not try, they will not receive me. So I must ask God at once to help me. Yesterday evening mamma gave us a great lottery-party, and I had some chocolate bonbons for my prize, which were delicious. A good friend of papa, M. Guer, came to see us, and played with us so nicely.

*Wednesday, December 10th.*

Yesterday at catechism I had a great disappointment, for Marie and Jeanne were not there. It was sad enough to see their empty places, and besides I had to sit next a little girl whom I do not like at all. She is named Aglaé Buffart. She is so affected, and she laughed when I hesitated in saying my catechism. I could not imagine why Marie was not there, for I knew she would not like to miss this lesson, and she would not know what we were to learn next time. That little Aglaé tried to talk to me, which annoyed me very much, as they might have marked me for bad behavior. I hope I shall not sit next her on Tuesday. I had the second ticket for my analysis. When shall I get the *first*?

*Friday, December 12th.*

I feel very unhappy, for we have heard that Marie's and Jeanne's grandpapa is very, very ill. Mamma was kind enough to go to M. de Laval's yesterday, when she saw how worried I was. She heard from the porter that M. de Laval had been ill for a week, and that his physician was anxious about him. Mamma wanted very much to see Marie, but she was afraid of disturbing her, as they said she did not leave her grandpapa, so mamma only left her card. She has promised me to send and inquire after

M. de Laval again to-day. Poor Marie, she is indeed tried!

*Saturday, December 13th.*

Ah, well, the poor grandpapa is worse, and I cannot help thinking of poor Marie all the time. I am afraid she is up all night now, as she was with her poor mother. She must feel so anxious, too, and Jeanne cannot help her very much, although she, too, loves her grandpapa. Mademoiselle has promised that we shall go ourselves to make inquiries, for we only have had a message through a servant. I can hardly study my lessons, for my thoughts are always going off to Marie and poor M. de Laval.

*Monday, December 15th.*

I have some very sad things to tell, and yet I have had one comfort, for I have seen Marie. On Saturday, during our walk, Mademoiselle and I stopped to inquire after M. de Laval. We learned that his illness was inflammation of the lungs, and they hardly hoped to save him. This gave me such a shock that I grew very pale, and began to cry, so Mademoiselle took me away, after asking the porter to tell Marie we had called and felt much distressed. When I had recovered a little, Mademoiselle scolded me gently for not having more command over myself.

“But, Mademoiselle,” I cried, “if I could do anything else for Marie it would make me so much happier, and would keep me from crying.”

“I do not know that, Marguerite. If you were, for instance, to be with Marie, and saw that her grandpapa was dying, what would you do?”

“Oh, I should cry, Mademoiselle, for it makes me shudder to think of it.”

“Then you would not be able to help Marie. Your tears would be a comfort to yourself, but a distress to her.”

“But, Mademoiselle, can one prevent one’s self from crying?”

“Yes, my child, and at times it is very necessary to do so; if we want to be of use to others.”

“Ah, Mademoiselle, how I wish *you* could go to Marie now!”

“Both your mamma and I feel we should be only too glad to be near her; but we feel we are too much like strangers to intrude upon her.”

“Oh, what a pity!”

“But, no doubt, Marie has some relative or friend with her, who can comfort her at such a time.”

“I think not, Mademoiselle, for none of Marie’s mother’s relatives are in France, and she told me that M. de Laval had no family now, no one but his grandchildren.”

“Well, my child, we will see; perhaps we shall be able to help these poor little girls in their trouble.”

“Oh, I hope so; it would make me so much happier.” I felt better after this, and could smile and speak pleasantly when we met Cecile Dufon.

Yesterday, after high mass, mamma, Mademoiselle, and I went to inquire after M. de Laval. The porter told us that Marie had told him to thank us for our visit, and he added that he thought she felt very anxious. Mamma asked him some questions, and he told her that Marie was always with her grandfather, who did not want any one else to nurse him. “Indeed, she is an angel, madame,” he said. As we were talking Babet came down-stairs; saying that Jeanne had seen us from the window, and having told Marie, she had sent Babet down to thank us for our kindness. Mamma told Babet that the only reason we did not



come up was that we were afraid of disturbing Marie, but that I longed to see her. Babet said Marie felt so too, and as her grandpapa was sleeping then she would like us to come upstairs. We followed Babet at once, who took us into the parlor. Marie soon came in, looking much paler than usual, and very sad. Mamma kissed her so affectionately that it brought the tears to her eyes. I could not speak to her. Then Jeanne came in to see us, looking very grave. Mamma told Marie that we were unwilling to disturb her when we called before, as we heard she was always in her grandpapa's room.

"I am there as much as possible, madame, but he is sleeping now, and I am afraid to wake him by opening the door."

"I know how tenderly you nurse him, my child; but I wanted to say to you that if this illness continues, and you need any one to help or advise you, you must call upon us. We shall be only too happy to assist you."

"You are very good, madame," said Marie with her sweet voice, "but at present I need no one; but it is very sad to be alone."

"Is there no one but yourself with M. de Laval?"

"I have a nurse, but grandpapa does not like her very much, although she knows better how to take care of him than I do."

"Does your brother know of your grandpapa's illness?"

"My brother will be here in two days, and although I wrote him that grandpapa was ill, I did not like to ask him to come on. I was afraid they would not permit him to come, and then it might make grandpapa anxious to see him here; he is very uneasy about himself."

"What does the doctor say?"



“He says grandpapa is better, but he has said so every day, even when he was much more ill.”

“What does he prescribe for him?”

“We applied blisters and leeches at first, but now the doctor thinks it is not best to worry grandpapa by putting them on.”

“But these blisters relieve him, do they not, or do they annoy him?”

“Oh, no; madame, he is used to them, and says he does not feel them now.” Poor Marie! Mamma thinks it very bad that M. de Laval does not feel the blisters, but she did not say so to Marie. She told her that we should come again and inquire, and begged her to let Jeanne or Babet come and speak to us. Marie did not cry when we kissed her, but only thanked us again for coming. How sad she looks!

*Tuesday, December 16th.*

Mademoiselle and I went yesterday to inquire after M. de Laval, but we did not see Marie. Her grandpapa had a violent attack at the moment, and everything was in confusion. The door was open, and we stayed in the anteroom for some time without seeing any one, but at last I saw Jeanne, who was running to get something. I called her, and she ran in for a moment only, as they were waiting for her. “I feel that grandpapa is very bad,” she cried, and burst into tears. Then I said:

“Oh, Jeanne, do not cry, for you want to be able to help Marie.” She replied:

“I do not see how Marie can do it, but she nurses grandpapa without crying a bit, and yet she is just as much grieved as I am.” Mademoiselle said:

“It is because you are younger, my child; but do not wait here. Dry your eyes, and pray earnestly for your

dear grandpapa, as we shall do also." We met M. l'Abbé Martin on the stairs, and he hurried on when he heard M. de Laval was worse. He had been there also yesterday, and had seen the poor grandpapa. Mademoiselle and I went into Saint Roch and prayed earnestly for M. de Laval and the little girls. In the evening mamma sent François to inquire, and I felt so frightened when he came back. But M. de Laval was much better, and had slept almost ever since the attack had passed. Even papa feels interested in Marie and Jeanne, and made me tell him all about them. Gustave makes fun of me, and yet as soon as he came home from college he asked, "How is *your* grandpapa?" and looked pleased when I said, "Better."

*Wednesday, December 17th.*

Oh! I do not want to think that it is all over, and Marie and Jeanne have no longer a grandpapa—they who had already lost both father and mother! We intended to go yesterday after catechism to inquire after M. de Laval, but I felt comforted about him since they had said he was better. But before the lesson began, M. l'Abbé Martin said, speaking to us all:

"My children, you are all here sisters before God. You ought therefore to be interested in each other, and to pray for each other. I therefore beg you to remember in your prayers the grandfather of Marie and Jeanne de Laval. I administered to him this morning, and he has just died." I jumped up, and almost cried out; but when I saw that every one was looking at me, I fell on my knees as the others had done. They prayed for M. de Laval, but I cried, and cried so hard that I could not pray. Aglaé Buffart looked at me all the time, but that could not keep me from crying. At last I stopped a

little, when they began to question us, for I was afraid of not knowing my lesson. They questioned me the last, but after I began to speak I suddenly thought of Marie, so that I had hardly said two words before I began to sob. Fortunately M. P'Abbé understood what was the matter, and said very kindly: "You are too distressed, my child, to go on, so you may sit down and try to compose yourself in praying to God for your little friends."

I was afraid when I went out that Mademoiselle would scold me for not controlling myself, but she was very much moved herself. She was very good, and tried to comfort me by talking of Marie. As soon as we reached home, we told mamma the sad news, and she was much grieved, but not surprised as I was, as she had not expected that M. de Laval would recover. She promised me she would try to see Marie, and all the rest of the day I felt so unhappy and so anxious that I could not study. But I do not think Mademoiselle will give me bad marks, for she saw I did not mean to be idle.

Mamma came home at six o'clock, and came at once to the school-room where I was arranging my books. As soon as I saw her I ran to her, asking eagerly if she had seen Marie. She said yes, and that she would tell me about her presently, but as it was late I must prepare myself for dinner, and then come to her room while she was dressing. I was ready in ten minutes, and then hurried to mamma's room. She said to me:

"You were quite right, Marguerite, in loving Marie. She is really lovely, and it is very touching to see her in such heavy sorrow, with so many cares coming upon her."

I begged mamma to tell me everything, and she said that when she first arrived she found the door open, and hesi-

tated about entering, when a young man came to speak to her.

“It was Alberic, mamma,” I cried. She said it was, and she liked him very much. He was much darker than Marie, but fine looking. He asked her name, and said he was sure Marie would see her. She found Marie and Jeanne in a small sitting-room, both weeping bitterly, but they came to her at once, and seemed to find comfort in seeing her. Marie had spoken of me, and mamma said she hoped I could see her soon, but that I must try to be composed, which I promised earnestly. She said M. l’Abbé Martin had told her that M. de Laval had died a firm Christian, trusting in God, in whose hands he placed his grandchildren. He felt it a sore trial to leave them so desolate, but he strove to be resigned and hopeful. All three were with him when he died, and he had given them his blessing. Poor Alberic seemed much grieved, and greatly troubled about his sisters, of whom he spoke with much affection. As I had supposed, they have no near relatives in this country, only friends in Paris, who had called and left cards during their grandfather’s illness. M. l’Abbé told mamma he had written to a distant relative of M. de Laval, informing him of the death and the unhappy position of the grandchildren, and he hoped he would arrive in time for the funeral, although he lived in Orleans. Here we were interrupted by being called to dinner. But in the evening we all talked about Marie, Jeanne, and Alberic. Nothing can be decided about them until the cousin arrives from Orleans.

*Friday, December 19th.*

On Wednesday mamma went again to see Marie and Jeanne, and they seemed so sad and desolate that mamma

begged them to come home with her. But Marie said she could not leave the house as long as her grandpapa was there, although it was a great comfort to her to see mamma. Mamma says that Jeanne can speak of her grief more readily than Marie, as I can well understand, for Marie always finds it hard to express what she feels. The cousin arrived on Wednesday night, and yesterday morning the funeral took place. Papa was invited, and went, as I begged he would, which was very good of him. Mamma, Mademoiselle, and I went to Mass, and on coming out mamma told me that if I thought I could be composed and quiet, as I had promised, she would take me to see Marie. I promised again, but it made my heart beat fast to think of it. Mamma did not go through the streets we generally take, hoping to avoid the funeral procession, but we did meet it before we reached the house. It brought the tears to my eyes to see the great hearse, with its black hangings, black horses, and attendants all in mourning. Behind the hearse, walking all alone, came a young man, wrapped in a black cloak, who mamma said was Alberic. It made my heart ache to look at him! When we reached the house, we found it open and all in disorder, as every one had gone to the funeral. There was no one to be seen but the porter's wife, who went up with us to Marie's rooms, where the poor little girls were all alone. Marie was sitting on her bed, with Jeanne beside her, and both weeping bitterly, so that I quite forgot my promise, and running to Marie, I put my arms around her, and cried with her. It did not seem the best way to comfort her, but at first I could do nothing else, and Marie seemed glad to have me, for she held me tightly in her arms. After a few moments I turned to kiss Jeanne, whose tears were falling fast, too, and I was almost afraid to look at mamma and Made-

•

moiselle. But I soon saw that their eyes were full of tears. Mamma sat down by Marie, and told her that we had come to her to try and comfort her at this sad time. Marie tried to thank mamma, but her tears would not let her speak. When mamma saw how agitated she was, she told her that if it would be agreeable to her she would leave Mademoiselle and me with them for a little while, but that she was obliged to go home herself. Marie said :

“Oh, we should like so much to have them, but it is too sad for Marguerite.”

“Oh, no, indeed,” I cried, “I would rather be here with you than anywhere else.”

So it was all arranged, and mamma went away, after kissing the little girls tenderly. Jeanne seems already very fond of mamma. When Mademoiselle and I had taken off our bonnets, we all sat down again, and for a few moments no one spoke. Then Mademoiselle asked Marie if she would not like us all to pray together for her grandfather, as that was the only consolation. Marie accepted at once; so we all knelt down, while Mademoiselle read the prayers, which seemed to comfort us all. Afterwards Mademoiselle proposed to read from “the Imitation,” and she chose the chapter on “the cross,” which seemed written for Marie. Mademoiselle explained it all, so that even Jeanne could understand it. After this Mademoiselle, seeing a number of letters on a table, asked Marie if she could not help her with them. Marie thanked her, and said they were the letters communicating her grandfather’s death to their friends. Alberic had been addressing them. So Mademoiselle soon established herself at the table, with Jeanne to assist her, leaving Marie and myself to talk to each other. Marie begged me to come and sit beside her, and, taking my hand, thanked me for staying with her. I replied :



“But, Marie, I do not see why you thank me, for it gives me pleasure to be with you.”

“I see that it is God who has given me this comfort,” said Marie, “as Mademoiselle Valmy said. How happy you are to have her always. She will make you good as she is.”

“I wish I could think so, but I am far from it now.”

“It will come after your first communion.”

“That seems so far off. But, Marie, when will you be ready for yours? How will you do about your catechism?” I felt sorry that I had asked her, for her face changed and she cried :

“Oh, I had not thought of it! And my poor grandpapa, who would have been so happy,” and once more her tears fell fast. I tried to comfort her by telling her that I was sure God would arrange it all, and that mamma and Mademoiselle would help her in every way. I then asked her if Alberic was to stay with them a little while.

“Yes, I think so,” said Marie. “He reached here before grandpapa died, and now he does not want to go back until it is decided where we are to go. Poor Alberic! he is so distressed that if he had not so much to do, he would give way, I fear, under so much grief and anxiety.”

“Do you not think, dear Marie, that it would make you feel better to occupy yourself?”

“Yes, I think so; but just now my strength seems all gone.” At these words she grew so pale that I felt frightened, and said :

“Pray lie down, dear Marie, and rest a little. I will sit beside you, and perhaps you will sleep.” Marie thought she could not sleep, but was glad to lie down, for her poor head was so hot it felt burning as I put my hand upon it. I covered her and arranged her pillow,



and then seeing she could not sleep, I proposed that we should tell our beads together for her grandfather, to which she agreed gladly. We began together, but after a few moments I did not hear Marie's voice, and seeing her eyes were closed, I finished the prayers in a low voice by myself. Gustave would have been surprised to see me keep so quiet! I was so happy to see Marie sleeping that I did not feel the least wish to move. Unhappily she did not sleep long, but soon began to sob and toss, and suddenly opening her eyes, she said, "Where is grandpapa?" I was so shocked I could not speak, but in a moment she remembered, and burst into tears. I bent over her, and with kisses and all sorts of loving words, begged her not to cry, telling her how much it grieved me. She soon felt more quiet, and very soon mamma came back for us. We felt more comforted to leave them, as Alberic had returned, and seemed so kind and tender to his sisters.

*Saturday, December 20th.*

They have decided that Marie and Jeanne should be placed in a convent. That seems very sad to me, and I am so disappointed, for I had hoped so much that Marie could come here and be my sister! But when I asked mamma why the two little girls could not come and live with us, now they were all alone in the world, she said it was impossible. She could not take such a responsibility, and besides our approaching journey was another objection. I could not understand, but Mademoiselle says I must not urge mamma any more, for it makes her feel badly to say "no" to me. Yesterday, after lunch, I went with Mademoiselle to see Marie. We found her much braver than the day before, although still very pale and sad. Jeanne did not look very sad, and she even laughed

several times, which surprised me, but then she is such a child! Marie was busy in putting the house in order a little, but she said it made her feel very badly, for she was not allowed to touch anything of her grandfather's, as seals had been put on everything. They have had a family council. There were not many of the family, as the cousin is the only relative, but there were also some friends. The cousin was appointed guardian for the children in France, as their real guardian is the uncle in Bourbon. The cousin said that he would undertake the charge of the children's property, but that he could not take charge of them or their education. As he did not live in Paris, he did not know where it was best to place them. M. l'Abbé Martin, who was at the council, then said that he was sure mamma would be very happy to make the proper inquiries. So it was decided that the little girls should go to some convent for their education. They concluded, too, to write to M. de La Caze at once, and so Alberic, M. l'Abbé, and the cousin all wrote. Ah, how sad it is to lose all one's relatives! Marie and Jeanne say they are quite willing to go into the convent, and indeed Jeanne seems quite amused at the idea. I should not like it at all.

*Monday, December 22d.*

I have a great deal to say, but I do not know if I shall be very patient about writing, for Marie is sitting beside me with her work, and it would be much nicer to talk to her. She wants me to let her see my journal, but I cannot bear to think of all she will see in it; still I shall show it to her, for I love her so very, very much. But I must begin.

On Saturday mamma took me again to see Marie, and there we saw the big cousin. (I hope Marie will not

mind this, as she does not know him very well.) I do not think the cousin is very pleasant, for he does not seem to think of any one but himself. He talked for nearly an hour to mamma about a bad cold he had taken on his journey, and yet he did not cough nearly as often as mamma. Mamma was very pleasant to him, which surprised me, but then she is always pleasant to every one. Suddenly I heard her ask him if he would allow Marie and Jeanne to come and stay with us for a few days, until a suitable school could be found for them. I was so delighted, and then so afraid the big cousin would refuse. But he seemed very much pleased, and said, "You are really too good, madam. You can imagine that I do not undersand playing mother very well," and then he laughed with his great, coarse voice. But Marie did not laugh, for the tears came into her eyes. Both she and Jeanne seemed very glad to come to us, and Alberic said he should be much easier to think his sisters were in mamma's care. I feel a little afraid of Alberic, he is so large, but mamma says he is a fine young man. It was soon arranged that Marie, Jeanne, and old Babet should come to us on Sunday after Mass. It made Marie feel very sad to leave her grandfather's house, and before she came away she went to M. de Laval's room, and prayed beside the bed where he had died. Mamma has given my room to the two sisters, and I have gone into the room with Stephanie and Berthe. It makes me so happy to give my room to Marie! Last evening it was so pleasant to have them with us, but it must have been very sad for Marie. This morning she came into the school-room while I was saying my lessons. She says I am more forward than she is, but I am sure it is only modesty that makes her say so, for she embroiders so much better than

I do. Mademoiselle has proposed to her to study a little, and I do hope she will say "Yes."

*Wednesday, December 24th.*

Yesterday I went to the Catechism Class, but Marie and Jeanne did not go, although we studied the lesson together. Aglaé Buffart was very disagreeable. She always looks as if she were making fun of me, and she stares at me all the time. I wish M. l'Abbé Martin would speak to her. How good M l'Abbé is! He came yesterday to see Marie and Jeanne, and as mamma was out, he came up into the school-room, where we were with Mademoiselle. He spoke as kindly to Marie as if he had been her father, and it was a pleasure to hear him. He said very nice things, too, of mamma, telling Marie she ought to be thankful to God, "who had placed in her way a mother's heart to cherish and shelter her," and he added, "and who seems to have given you another tender sister." As he looked at me he asked, "Is it not so, my child?" and I replied, "Oh, no, monsieur, not at all, for it does not *seem* so, but it *is* so really." He smiled, and Marie too, but I could not understand why, until afterwards, when Mademoiselle explained that it was because I had said "*No.*" M. l'Abbé talked some time with Mademoiselle about the school for Marie and Jeanne, as he is making inquiries as well as mamma. Yesterday evening there was a great quarrel between Jeanne and Berthe; even Stephanie did not like it, when she saw that Jeanne tried to force Berthe to give up, and pushed her so roughly that she made her cry. Marie did what she could to stop Jeanne, but it was very difficult. I am so glad that I have not been angry for a long time. In the evening Marie and I had our sewing, for Mademoiselle is showing us how to make some baby clothes for a poor woman.

Gustave was drawing, and Jeanne played cards with Stephanie and Berthe. It was all very pleasant. Gustave is very kind now; he does not tease me any more. I suppose he does not dare to do it before Marie. I forgot to say that Alberic went back on Sunday evening.

*Friday, December 26th.*

We were all at Mass yesterday, as it was Christmas Day. Papa went with us; so, with Marie and Jeanne, we had a large family. No one was left at home but our baby. The children behaved very well, only Berthe did not want to get down from her seat, on which she stood on tiptoe in order to see the altar. As for Stephanie, she looked like a little angel, and Marie said afterwards she had never seen a child pray so earnestly. Mademoiselle talked to us so nicely on Wednesday evening about Christmas. Even Berthe was interested, and said every now and then: "Oh, the dear little Jesus, how I wish I could see Him!" Mademoiselle told us how the world was waiting for our Lord, for the Jews knew, both from God and from the Prophets, that "the Messiah" was to come. And the rest of the world, although they had forgotten God, and worshipped idols, still looked for the coming of a Saviour. Mademoiselle told us how the Holy Virgin and Saint Joseph had gone to Bethlehem, and how the little Jesus had been born in a stable. I remember when I was a little girl feeling much troubled at this, for I should have liked Him to be born in a splendid palace and laid in a beautiful cradle, and Berthe said so too. But Mademoiselle said that although the little Jesus could have had anything He chose, since all belonged to Him, yet He had chosen a manger, in order to teach us not to think so much of what is pretty and comfortable, and not to complain

when we do not have them. I do not explain well all that Mademoiselle said, but Berthe seemed to understand that she ought not to grumble so much, as she does when anything troubles her, or when she is washed. She made all sorts of promises to Mademoiselle, and finished by saying: "I will never grumble again in my little bed, and even, if the good little Jesus wishes it, I will leave it and go to sleep with you." As for us, Mademoiselle showed us how we ought to be humble, obedient, and good, since the Son of God had become as a little child, in order to teach us. I feel as if I had done nothing, and I have so many blessings, all that I want, and kind, tender friends. Poor Marie has been tried, but *I* have had so few trials, and I feel as if I had done nothing for Jesus, and that He cannot love me. We went to the "Hail Mary" in the evening, and it was beautiful. The altar was all illuminated and made me think of the light which had shone round about the shepherds. And then there was such beautiful music, that might have been like the song of praise which the angels chanted—"Glory to God in the highest." In the evening I was very much annoyed at Berthe, and nearly lost my temper, but happily I remembered my good resolutions, and stopped. To-day is Stephanie's birthday, and I had a pretty little box for her, while Gustave gave her a pair of scissors—indeed, every one had a gift for her, and she was delighted.

*Monday, December 29th.*

I am so unhappy, for I have been naughty again, and so near to the Christmas festival and before Marie, too! It was Gustave's fault, and I am not a bit sorry that we are going to leave him in France. But no, I am ashamed to speak so, for after all the blame is all my own. It hap-



pened on Sunday too, which is so often my bad day. We went to Mass in the morning, and there I did not pray as I should, for I kept looking at Aglaé Buffart, who was there with her mamma. When we came home, mamma told Marie and Jeanne that after breakfast she wanted to take them to a convent of which M. l'Abbé Martin had spoken to her. She had been there herself, but she did not want to make any decision about it, or write to their cousin, until the little girls had been there themselves. This made me provoked, because I did not want to stay at home without them, although Mademoiselle kindly offered to walk with me. When Gustave saw my ill-humored face, he began at once to laugh, and make fun of me. I replied very crossly, and when he only laughed more, I began to stamp my feet. At this he stopped and exclaimed: "I shall fly, as I see the fever is seizing you, and I do not want this attack on my conscience."

He went away, but I still felt very cross and sulky, and spoke very impatiently to Stephanie and Berthe, when they begged me to play with them. I would not lend them either my hoop or my skipping-rope, and I could see that Babet looked at me in surprise. Jeanne annoys Marie sometimes I know, for I have seen her grow quite red when Jeanne asked the same question a great many times, but then she never loses her temper as I do. Then, just as I was going out with Mademoiselle, who should arrive but Clara with Mlle. Levins. It was too much! As I had my hat on already, Mlle. Levins wanted to take Clara away, but Mademoiselle said, "Certainly not; Marguerite can still have her walk by going into the garden with Clara." I did not dare to refuse, but I felt very cross, so I took Clara down into the garden. She saw I did not feel amiably, and said to me:



“Does it fret you very much, Marguerite, to give up your walk?”

“Oh, not at all,” I replied, but then, as it was an untruth, I added, “at least I have to submit to it.” Clara said:

“If I had known, I would not have come, and mamma would have taken me to the boulevard.” Then I said:

“It has been freezing to-day, and you would have had beautiful weather.” At this Clara was very much annoyed, and said:

“Very well, I shall go and ask Mademoiselle to take me away.” But I was afraid of *my* Mademoiselle, and would not let her go, so we walked about for nearly an hour, and we had a very stupid time. When Mlle. Levins called Clara, I was very glad to say good-by to her. I still hoped to have my walk, but Mademoiselle said it was too late to go. I felt cross enough already, and Gustave chose just this moment to begin teasing me again, and was unkind enough, too, to tell me all the fine things he had seen in the gardens of the Tuileries. Then my anger broke out, and I caught hold of him to strike him, when at that moment mamma walked in with Marie and Jeannie. I had not heard the bell, for I had been so angry. I felt so ashamed when I saw Marie that I stopped at once, but I was still very red, and my eyes were flashing. Mamma said sadly:

“What is the matter, Marguerite?” I could not answer, but Gustave said very generously:

“Oh, we were playing at fighting.” But I felt this was untrue, so I cried:

“No, mamma, it is I who am in a rage again! I am ashamed to say so before Marie, but it is the truth.” Mamma said:

“Your frankness makes some amends, my child; but when

will you learn to control your temper?" She went away and left me, feeling terribly ashamed. I did not know what to do, but at last resolved to run to Mademoiselle and confess all to her. I told her how naughty I had been all day, and she scolded me gently, saying she had noticed my ill-humor, but thought I was trying to conquer it.

"Oh, Mademoiselle," I cried, "I wanted to ask God to help me, but when I am so angry I cannot pray."

"That is just the time when you need His help. You must try to say something, if only a few words. If you cry with all your heart, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' He will surely hear you."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, how good you are to console me always, and when I am naughty in the same way over and over again.

"Well, my child, try only every day to conquer yourself, and in the end you will succeed."

"I am going to begin to try again, Mademoiselle, so please kiss me, and say you are not angry with me." She kissed me kindly, which made me feel happier, so I ran at once to mamma to tell her I was good again, which pleased her very much. But what was more difficult was to see Marie again. She seemed afraid to look at me, when I went to call her to dinner. I thought I had better speak at once, so I said:

"I am sure you cannot love me any more, Marie, now you see how naughty I am." She replied:

"Oh, yes; I love you always." She stopped, and I said:

"Listen, Marie. I know I have been very naughty, for I was in a rage, and I am sorry to say I am often so, but I mean to try and do better. Mademoiselle tells me God will pardon me, if I am sorry, and she and mamma have both kissed me. Are you unwilling to do so? That would

make me too unhappy!" That good Marie came and kissed me at once, saying:

"Oh, it is not for me to be unwilling, when I have so many faults, and am not willing to own them as you do."

"Marie, I am sure you have no faults; you only say that to comfort me."

"No, Marguerite, it is the truth, and I will tell you at once, so that you will see I am no better than you." Then she grew very red as she said very softly: "I am very proud."

"Oh, Marie, and of what?"

"I do not know," she said, reddening still more, "but I do not like a reproach, or a joke, nor even a simple advice; it irritates me, and my dear mamma often told me of it."

"But you are not proud now, Marie, so why do you reproach yourself?" She replied sadly:

"Perhaps I do not feel my pride, since there is no one now to find fault with me. But there is no great merit then in not getting angry."

"Oh, Marie, I cannot imagine that you could ever get angry! But in the convent there will be some one to correct you."

"Yes, certainly; and I hope to grow better." Here the dinner-bell rang, and we went down; I feel a little consoled to think that Marie has some faults, and yet it is sad that every one has them.

*Wednesday, December 31st.*

I went to the catechism class yesterday with Marie and Jeanne. It was the first time they had been since their grandfather's death, and they both felt it very much; they will not go again, since it has been decided that they shall go to the convent. I felt so happy to be with them, and felt, too, that all the other little girls must envy me

for being their friend. Marie and Jeanne are to go to the convent on the Monday after New Year's Day, and I shall be so sorry to part with them! Marie and I have been studying together lately, which has been very pleasant. Marie was right when she said I was more advanced in my lessons than she was, and it seems so strange to me. In writing "dictée" she has always more faults than I have, and Jeanne, too, makes many more mistakes than Stephanie; indeed, she is not much ahead of Berthe. Marie says that in the colonies people do not take much pains in the education of the children, who are allowed to do pretty much as they like, that there are several good schools now in the capital of Bourbon, but the children learn very little, being so much spoiled and made lazy, too, by the climate. Marie says, too, that her mother had had so much sorrow and ill health that she had been obliged to neglect their education, which had distressed her very often. I can see that it wounds Marie's pride, too, to be so backward. To-day we shall not have much studying, for we have to visit our poor people and go to church. I want to finish the slippers I am making as my gift to papa, and fortunately there are only a few rows to do. The cuffs I have embroidered for mamma have been finished for some time, and I have made a little bead purse for Mademoiselle, which I hope she knows nothing about, as I have always worked on it in mamma's room. Neither papa nor mamma have any idea of what I have made for them. How nice it will be to surprise them! Stephanie has written a very nice copy-book, and Berthe has insisted in doing the same thing, and a strange-looking thing it is! It is written in huge letters, very black, and she made Mademoiselle write her copy in these words: "My dear papa, my dear mamma, give me some presents," which certainly was not a very

polite demand! As for Stephanie, she, too, has some funny notions; she is rather lazy, and grumbles every morning at having to get up, especially if it is cold. So some time ago she begged mamma to let her stay *one whole day in bed*. Mamma was very much amused, and told she should have the permission for her New Year's present. Stephanie was delighted, and has been counting the days with impatience. I wonder if she will really like to spend the day in bed. I am afraid that it makes Marie sad to see me making my preparations; she would have been so happy in doing the same for her mother and grandfather. Mamma has invited Clara and Cecile to spend the day with me, and she would have asked some other little girls and some friends of Gustave, but she thought it would not be pleasant for Marie and Jeanne in their deep mourning. Mademoiselle has just counted our notes, and this month I have gained fourteen sous, so with the money that Gustave, Stephanie and Berthe will give me I shall have six francs for the poor, and mamma has promised me something too. Immediately after breakfast Mademoiselle and I are to go and buy our presents for the poor, and then I am to go to confession. Mademoiselle directed my self-examination last evening, and I am grieved to see how many faults I have committed. I hope next year will see a better account.

*Friday, January 2d.* •

Oh, what a pleasant day I had yesterday, except that Marie was so sad; still it was so nice to have her with me! Mademoiselle has given me holiday to-day too, so I shall have plenty of time for my journal. After breakfast on Wednesday I went with Mademoiselle to a large store to buy several things for our poor people. Mamma had given me ten francs, which was really a fortune! At first

I was puzzled what to choose, but Mademoiselle helped me very kindly. So we took some pretty blue and white calico to make dresses for the big Mariette and her little sister, then a neck-kerchief for good Françoise, their mother. I could buy nothing for the husband, poor Pierre, because men's clothes are too dear. Besides, we bought a woollen jacket for old Morande, and woollen stockings for her little girl, who sometimes cries with cold feet. Then we chose an apron of black stuff for the little daughter of a mason, who was killed last year in our street by falling from a scaffolding, and two caps for the little boys. Lastly we bought a pound of barley-sugar to distribute amongst all the children, and then I had not a sou left, for indeed Mademoiselle had had to give me a little from her own purse. We went to see old Morande first, as her jacket made such a bulky parcel. I felt so glad when good old Morande said to me: "May God bless you, my child." Oh, how happy Françoise was to see the dresses for her children; she really cried for joy; but the big Mariette laughed and hugged her dress in her arms, crying: "Oh, my pretty pretty dress;" as for the little one, she was delighted with only the barley-sugar. They seem to be very poor, but their room is always clean, as they are themselves. They were cooking their dinner, a soup of potatoes and beans, and it seemed to be very nice. When I think what nice dinners I have to eat, and these poor people have only soup, into which they cannot afford to put even a piece of butter! After this we went to see the mason's poor widow, who seems very unhappy, and cries whenever she speaks of her husband. She said: "Oh, if he were not dead, my children should always have bread, and I should not have to live upon charity." Mademoiselle tried to comfort her, but she said the New Year's Day



made her more unhappy, for every one else was gay. It had made me so unhappy to think that all these little children could never have any toys, that I made a plan to give them some without spending any money. I asked Stephanie and Berthe, who gladly brought some of their old toys (indeed Stephanie would have given anything, even her pretty doll), and with some of mine we had enough to send something to each child. Gustave gave us a drum and an old sword, and as Marie and Jeanne had no toys, they sent a little money for the mothers. I never was so happy in my life! After we had finished our poor-visits Mademoiselle took me to confession. How kindly the priest spoke to me, and I promised I would try to do better for the next year. That night when we were going to bed I asked mamma at what time I could come to her room in the morning; she replied, "as early as possible." Stephanie said she could not come, as it was her day to stay in bed. "What," said mamma, "would you really rather sleep than come to kiss your mother?" Stephanie seemed disturbed, but she had counted upon this indulgence for so long, that she did not like to give it up, so she replied:

"Ah, dear little mamma, you will come to see me, for you know you promised I could stay in bed."

"I will not take back my promise," said mamma, "but I am afraid you will not have as much pleasure as you think, still I will come and kiss you." Stephanie was satisfied, so we went up stairs. Before she went to bed, Stephanie put her writing-book under her pillow so as to have it ready when mamma came to her. Mademoiselle made us say our prayers together, telling us to thank God with all our hearts for his benefits, and asking Him to pardon our sins. She spoke so kindly too, to Marie and Jeanne, telling them that since they had no parents to



embrace, the next morning, they must turn to God, and feel that He would be to them as father and mother, protecting and caring for them, everywhere and always. It was sweet to see Mademoiselle with Jeanne on her lap, and Marie standing beside her with her pale sad face. Mademoiselle put her arms around Marie, and I heard her whisper: "You must come to me, my child, for I too have lost my parents, and know what you suffer." It made me feel badly to think that Mademoiselle should talk to Marie of her parents, and she has never spoken of them to me. I love her so well, I am sure I could understand her sorrow.

The next morning I waked up very, very early, and looking to see if Stephanie and Berthe were awake, I found they were both sleeping soundly. Josephine was not quite ready to dress me, which made me a little cross, but I remembered my confession, and kneeling down to say my prayers, I asked God to help me to be patient. When I was partly dressed Josephine took up Berthe, who struggled and grumbled as usual. Indeed she made such a hubbub when she was washed, that she waked up Stephanie. I said "good-morning" to her, and asked her if she did not mean to get up, but she said no, that her bed was very warm, and that she was glad enough to stay there. "Very well," I said, "go to sleep again," but Berthe made too much noise, which annoyed Stephanie greatly. At last the little plague was ready, and we were just running off to mamma, when Stephanie called out, "Here, take my copy-book. I would rather have you give it to mamma, and kiss her and papa for me." I promised, but I told her I thought it would be very poor enjoyment to stay in bed all day.

When Berthe and I reached mamma's room, we found

that horrid Gustave had been before us, and even then Berthe pushed past me, and jumping on the bed, cried, "Happy New Year! Happy New Year! my little mother! Where are my presents?" I felt quite ashamed of her, but then she is so little! Then without waiting, she handed her great page of writing to mamma, who pretended to be delighted with it, while she held out her arms to me. Ah! how I kissed her, and wished her "Happy New Year" in my turn. But I think she had been crying, and Gustave's eyes too were red, although he turned away quickly when we came into the room. I gave my cuffs to mamma, who praised them kindly, and then I told Berthe to repeat the history of Joseph, which she did very sweetly. When I gave mamma Stephanie's copy-book, she asked if Stephanie was still asleep, and I think she felt sorry not to see her with us. As Berthe was still begging for her presents, mamma took off the bed a little parcel and gave her, which, upon being opened, showed a pretty box containing a lovely tea-set in gilded china. Berthe was so delighted that she nearly broke the whole thing by bouncing off the bed. When she had kissed mamma, she hurried off eagerly to show her treasures to Josephine and Stephanie. She fell on the stairs, and broke one of her saucers, which made her desperately unhappy. When she was gone, mamma told me to come and sit beside her on the bed, looking at me meanwhile with tears in her eyes. I bent over her and asked softly:

"Why do you cry, mamma?"

"Ah, Marguerite," she said, "you will have to console me next year." Then I understood what she meant, for she felt that on the next New Year's Day Gustave would not be with us. I replied at once:

"Yes, indeed, dear mamma, I will console you, for I

will try to be so very, very good. And then we can talk of Gustave together."

"But," said mamma, smiling, "I am afraid I shall not hear much good said then, since you quarrel so often."

"Oh, mamma, do not say so. It is true that we quarrel, because Gustave will tease me, but that is for *last* year; this year I have promised God not to get angry with Gustave. I shall be very sorry to leave Gustave, for I really do love him."

"That is right, Marguerite, your brother has faults, but he has very fine qualities too. He loves me very dearly, and the poor boy will suffer very much in being separated from us all."

"From me too, do you think, mamma?"

"Certainly, my child, we were speaking just now of the coming parting, and when I mentioned you, I could see how badly he felt."

"Oh, mamma, you think he loves me really?"

"He loves you very much, Marguerite, and if he does not show it, it is perhaps because you do not give him much affection either."

"What shall I do then? I should like him to know that I love him, but if I were to speak to him about it he would laugh at me."

"You must do better than *speaking*, my child, you must *prove* your affection. Try to be always amiable with him, take his teasing pleasantly, and be always ready to do him some little service. You will soon see that he understands and likes such a change."

"Oh, mamma, indeed, I will try."

"It will be a great comfort to me, Marguerite, for then I can feel that even if my children are separated, they still love each other, and will rejoice to be together again."

As I kissed and promised her, nurse came in, bringing baby to see mamma. How sweetly he looked in his new blue and white suit, but he is always a little pale. Mamma took him in her arms, and kissing him, said to me:

“Ask God to let us keep him. He looks too much like an angel!” Mamma looked very sad, but nurse began to tell us how baby had really said “mamma” quite plainly this morning. And at that moment he repeated it over and over again, which made us all laugh. Mamma gave nurse a nice dress for her present, and to me she gave such a lovely little work-box, with thimble, scissors, needle-case, stiletto and bodkin, all in mother-of-pearl and gold. It was just what I wanted, how could mamma have known it! Papa came in, and I ran to kiss him, and give him my slippers, which pleased him very much. He gave me a pretty little parasol, with a carved ivory stick, which delighted me. But I must stop for to-day. I am too tired.

*Saturday, January 3d.*

Now I must continue the history of New Year's Day. I ran next to Mademoiselle, who was expecting me, and had such a surprise for me. It was such a beautiful papeterie, full of note-paper of different sizes, and marked with my initials. There were plenty of envelopes too, and wax to seal them with, all so pretty! I was delighted, for I wanted some nice paper so much in order to write to Marie and Gustave from India. I gave my little purse to Mademoiselle, and it surprised and pleased her very much. I stayed a little while with her, and then went to look for Marie, as Mademoiselle begged me to bring the two sisters to her room after they had been to mamma. I found Marie looking pale and sad, but she kissed me warmly, and said she had just had a very nice letter from Alberic.

After she and Jeanne had gone to Mademoiselle, I went to see if Stephanie were still asleep. The poor child was turning over and over in bed, because Berthe was making such a racket, and she begged me to come and tell her all I had done. I think she was very tired of her bed. But she was ashamed to say so. • Mamma came up to see her before going to Mass, and brought her presents, a nice little kitchen with all the necessary utensils, and a little gold cross, such as papa gave me last year. Stephanie was greatly pleased, and said her piece of poetry very nicely. Mamma said afterwards that she thought the poor child was very sorry she had asked to stay in bed. After breakfast we all went to the school-room. Marie and Jeanne had presents too, for mamma had given Marie some books, and Jeanne a pretty doll. Cecile Dufon arrived very soon, and began to make a great hubbub with Jeanne and Berthe. At last Clara came. She was so stiff and full of airs towards Marie that it made me very uncomfortable, and I am afraid I should have been rude to her, if Mademoiselle had not cautioned me in English. Mamma had a beautiful lunch laid for us in the dining-room, and she was just doing the honors herself for us, when she was called to the parlor to see some friends. Mademoiselle was up-stairs, and I had a sad time keeping all the children in order; Clara did not make much noise, to be sure, but she was very disagreeable, talking all the time about the beautiful presents she had had, as if to show us how few we had. After lunch Marie went up to see baby, and Jeanne went to comfort Stephanie, so I said to Clara and Cecile that we must not talk too much about our mothers before Marie, for it made her so unhappy.

“But, my dear,” said Clara, “what shall we talk about then?”

“I do not know, but about other things,” Cecile cried.

“But, my dear girl, we cannot talk of anything but presents on New Year’s Day, and our mothers always give them to us.”

“Well, let us talk about them when Marie is not here.”

“Oh, your Marie,” said Clara disdainfully. “I do not like her at all, she looks so affected, with her sentimental pale face!” Cecile burst out laughing and said :

“That is very true.” I was *so* angry. I exclaimed :

“How can you say so, Clara? If Marie is pale, it is because she has lost her mother, and her good grandpapa too, and it is not kind-hearted of you to make fun of her!”

“Oh, dear,” replied Clara, “you are always talking about *hearts* here; mamma says so herself. It makes you seem almost as affected as your Marie.”

“You are very unkind, Clara, and *you* ought not to talk about being affected. But I do not care, for I am very glad to be like Marie. Besides, it is right to talk about hearts, and to have a good one, for Mademoiselle says so.”

“Oh, I did not say it was *your* fault,” said Clara.

“But it is not a fault at all.”

“Oh, dear,” said Cecile to me, “do not get angry because Mlle. Valny is attacked; at school we say all sorts of things against our teachers.”

“But, Cecile, that is very wicked,” I cried.

“It is no use to talk to Marguerite,” said Clara, “she is a little saint, and is always talking about heaven. She goes to confession too every month, which does not prevent her however from getting in a rage now and then.” I felt very much like one then, but I made an effort and only said :

“I am not a saint, and unhappily I do get into a rage sometimes, but I am trying to correct myself.”



“Well, I am thankful that I never get into a rage,” said Clara.

“But you have other faults, and if you do not correct them you will not go to heaven.”

“Fortunately, my dear, that is not for you to decide. But do not trouble yourself. Mamma does not think me so very bad. She thinks I have a good heart, although she is not always using large words, like your mamma.”

“So you attack even mamma?”

“Oh, not at all; she is charming and very stylish, as every one says.”

“But you do not like Mademoiselle and Marie?”

“I do not feel about them as you do, certainly. You think it is all lovely. If Mlle. Valmy says you are a little monster, you believe her; if she punishes you, you thank her.”

“No, she never calls me a monster, nor does she punish me; she is always too good to me. But you ought to like her yourself, for she tells me I ought to love everybody, and you too, because you are my neighbor.” This made Clara angry, and she said sharply:

“Thank you, I do not want your friendship if you only give it because Mlle. Valmy tells you to do so.” I tried to make some amends, but fortunately Jeanne came in and began to tell us about Stephanie. But I do not like Clara, nor that fat Cecile; Marie is worth more than both of them, and so is Jeanne. Mademoiselle came in soon, and showed us such nice games that I think even Clara must have found her pleasant. At last they went away, and I ran to Stephanie, who was crying and very uncomfortable. She said she was cold and could not sleep, but when I tried to persuade her to get up, she said no, every one would laugh at her. At last Mademoiselle came and



made her understand that it would be a great deal better just to say that she had been lazy, and had punished herself without meaning it, and then to try and be more active about getting up in future. Stephanie consented, and dressed herself. She looked very much ashamed, but I think she was very glad to be up. We had a nice dinner, and plenty of bonbons, for almost all mamma's friends had sent some to us. We put some away for the poor children. In the evening we played charades, which Mlle. arranged for us, and every one thought them charming. Yesterday I had holiday, but I spent a long time on my journal. I ate too a great many bonbons, and I am afraid I am rather greedy, so I shall give the rest of mine to Berthe. Stephanie has gotten up very promptly now for two days; I think she was well tired of her bed. Oh dear, after to-morrow Marie will be gone! What shall I do without her?"

*Tuesday, January 16th.*

Oh, how unhappy we are, for Marie and Jeanne have left us! It makes the house seem so lonely to be without them, and yet we have all our own family as usual. I hope Marie will be happy in the convent, but even if the Sisters are good to her (as I know they will be), it will not be like her own home and her own mother. Marie was very brave about saying good-by to us, and yet I knew it grieved her to leave us, especially me, for she said several times when we were alone:

"Marguerite, God has been very good to give me a little friend like you."

"Oh, Marie," I said, "pray call me your little *sister*, for that will make you believe that mamma feels like a mother towards you."

"Yes, Marguerite, you are indeed like a sister, and I shall

never forget your mother's goodness to us, although it is so difficult for me to tell her how I feel. But you must tell her that indeed we are not ungrateful." It seems so strange to me that Marie should be so timid with mamma, who is always so affectionate to her. Mamma told us that when she took them to the convent, and gave them up to the Superior that Marie only looked at her and said "thank you," although mamma knew her heart was full. Jeanne elung around her with many endearing words, and even tears; she is much more demonstrative. Old Babet is to stay with us until she has an opportunity to return to Bourbon; she seems contented, but misses her young mistresses sadly. I have forgotten to say that it is the Convent of the Visitation to which Marie had gone. It is quite at the other end of Paris, but I am sure I can walk there, if they will let me go. Now I am back again in my little room, which seems sad enough now that Marie is no longer sitting here. She has promised to write me from the convent, and tell me how she likes it there. I gave my journal to Mademoiselle that she might read what I had written for the last few days, and I watched her face out of the corner of my eye to see how she would look when she read what I said about her talking to Marie about her parents, but she read on and said nothing. At recess, however, as it was too unpleasant to go out, she called me into her room, and said we would have a little chat. I was very glad, but felt a little shy too. She sat down on her large sofa, and, to my delight, invited me to get upon her lap. Then, putting her arms around me, she said:

"Did my little Marguerite really think that I did not love her enough?"

"Ah, yes, my good Mademoiselle," I cried, "I know you love me, but I love you still more."

“Then, why do you torment yourself?” she said, smiling.

“You know, Mademoiselle, for you saw it in my journal.”

“You are a foolish little girl! Could you think of comparing my kind interest in poor Marie with my warm love for you?”

“No, Mademoiselle, but—”

“I can speak to Marie, my child, of my own grief, because she is herself so unhappy, and can understand my sorrow.”

“Oh, Mademoiselle,” I cried, “do not say you are unhappy. I cannot bear to hear it.”

“You see, my little Marguerite,” replied Mademoiselle, “that your quick feelings are an objection to my speaking to you of my troubles. You are too impressible and too tender-hearted at the same time.”

“Oh, Mademoiselle, is it bad to be tender-hearted?”

“No, my child, and I would rather have you so than selfish and cold.”

“Like Clara,” I interrupted. Mademoiselle’s face grew stern at once.

“That is very wrong,” she said; “when I am speaking of what is wrong or disagreeable you should never make a particular application, and certainly not to one of your little friends. That is being very uncharitable.”

“Oh, Mademoiselle, forgive me!”

“I do, my child, but I want to speak to you about Clara, of whom you speak and think too harshly. She has faults, certainly, but she is good-hearted, as you yourself saw when she gave her money so readily to the poor woman.”

“I remember, Mademoiselle.”

“She is an only child, too, and Mme. de Baldi goes so

much into society that she cannot watch her daughter very closely, and she shows her affection chiefly by spoiling Clara.”

“Then, why does not Mme. de Baldi allow Mlle. Levins to correct Clara’s faults?”

“Because, unfortunately, she has not the same confidence in her that your mamma so kindly shows for me. Try not to judge others, my child; remember you have enough to do to correct yourself.”

“Oh, yes, Mademoiselle, I know that so well.”

“Try always to think that had you been situated as Clara is, with no one to point out your faults, or teach you to fight against them, that you might even have done worse than she has done; God will one day ask you to give account of the means of grace which He has given you, and do you feel you have an answer ready?” These words frightened me, and I threw my arms around Mademoiselle, asking her to pardon me, and promising her not to speak or think ill in future of either Mme. de Baldi or Clara. She then explained to me that she had never spoken to me about her parents, because she did not wish to make me unhappy, and also because she tried to submit to God’s will, by not allowing her mind to dwell too much upon her loss. She said she was as happy as possible with us, and that every day she thanked God for her home. This made me feel more content. I am sure that if Clara knew how kindly Mademoiselle had spoken of her she would not attack her again.

*Friday, January 9th.*

I was made so happy yesterday by seeing Marie! Without telling me of it mamma had asked permission of the Superior to bring me to see Marie, and her request was

granted. So we made quite a party to go to the convent, mamma, Mademoiselle, Stephanie and myself. Berthe begged hard to go too, but mamma was not willing. I am not sure but what mamma would have yielded when she saw Berthe crying, if mademoiselle had not urged her to be firm after once saying no.

“It seemed to me a long way to the convent, and yet I was almost afraid to reach there, lest we should find Marie very unhappy. But, on the contrary, she did not look so sad, and seemed happier, perhaps at seeing us again. She talked too more readily than usual with both mamma and Mademoiselle, and said she liked the convent-life very much. I was surprised to hear her say so, for those thick walls, heavy doors, with close gratings, and even the Sisters hidden under their long veils, seemed very gloomy and severe to me. But Marie assures me that although she is so sad as yet from losing her dear grandpapa and from leaving us, she feels that by-and-by she shall be quite contented. I asked her all sorts of questions about the Sisters, the little girls, the food, sleeping-rooms, and her studies.

She said the Sisters were indeed like mothers to them, and there was one in particular, Sister Saint Francis de Sales, that she already loved. There were a great many little girls and some larger ones, but Marie did not as yet know any by name. She said they were ruled quite strictly in the classes, but in recess they were allowed to make as much noise as they pleased. And a fine racket there was, as they ran and played in the convent-garden, which was large and fine. I asked Marie how she amused herself, for I felt sure that she would not care to run and play. She said that the first day both she and Jeanne felt a little strange, but very soon after they went into the garden one

of the smaller girls persuaded Jeanne to join in a game, and then some of the larger girls came and talked very kindly to her.

“Oh, Marie,” I said, “that was very nice, but I hope you will not love them better than me.” Marie began to laugh heartily, and said:

“How can you think so? I am sure I shall like some of them very much, but *you*, why, are you not my dear little sister?” It was very nice in Marie to say that, but I could not kiss her, unhappily, on account of those horrid gratings.

We stayed only too short a time with Marie and Jeanne, for I am sure they enjoyed our visit as much as we did. Mamma had taken the little girls some chocolate-drops and some sugar-plums, which pleased Jeanne greatly.

When we said good-by we promised to see them again soon, and they sent kind messages to Gustave and Berthe, as well as kisses to baby. The Sisters told mamma that Marie and Jeanne would be ready for their first communion during the coming year, since M. l'Abbé Martin could answer for their religious instruction.

Mamma has promised Babet that she will take her too to the convent, which makes her very happy. I have been trying to make Babet contented, as Marie begged me to do so, but it is really hard to satisfy every one! Babet asked me to let her dress me and wait on me, to which I agreed, when suddenly I found that Josephine was quite angry and jealous, because, she said, I was deserting her for a stranger! Mademoiselle says that in a little while Josephine will be more reasonable, but in the mean time I must be patient with her.



*Thursday, July 1st.*

We have really reached the last month of our stay in France! It makes me feel happy and sorry at the same time; happy at the idea of this much-desired voyage being so near, sorry to leave those I love behind me. Gustave and Marie, I shall miss them so much! Marie says that she will write to me, but that will not give me the pleasure that seeing her always gives me.

What a delightful day we had yesterday! At nine o'clock mamma went out in a carriage and promised to bring Marie and Jeanne back with her, while I hurried with my lessons, so that I might be ready to see them. I was anxious too to have good marks, for it was the end of the month, and I was thinking of the poor-money. I shall have *three francs* and Stephanie and Berthe forty sous, but we shall not give it away until just before we start. I shall be really sorry to leave my poor people, but I dare say I shall find some in India.

Marie and Jeanne arrived soon after ten o'clock, and papa, who has not seen them for a month, thinks they have grown. He says Marie grows prettier every day, and Jeanne is much improved. I can see that she is much more gentle and polite, but as for Marie she always was, and always will be, an angel!

Clara came to make us a visit yesterday. I think she felt some curiosity to see Marie again, as she comes here very seldom now. Her mother takes her out so often with her, that her lessons are very irregular and then she goes a great deal to the theatre, which makes her unwilling to get up early to study. We are not very good friends now, but I try to remember what Mademoiselle said to me, and do not quarrel with her. She was very amiable yesterday, even to Marie, and Mme. de Baldi said that Marie was



lovely "with her creole face, and figure like a young palm-tree." It made me like Mme. de Baldi better to hear her speak so of Marie. It was so warm during the day that we could not go out to walk, but Mademoiselle and I drove to the convent, with Marie and Jeanne, which was very pleasant.

*Friday, July 2d.*

I worked very hard yesterday, and yet I did not get very good marks. Mademoiselle says 'I shall find my lessons more difficult now each day as I am growing older and more advanced.

Yesterday I finished my Greek history, and also my large map of France in departments. I was quite disappointed not to be marked "very well" for this, but Mademoiselle pointed out several mistakes which I had made which seemed small to me, but which she said made an enormous difference in a map. I shall finish my Roman history in a few days, and shall not begin anything new before we start, as we go so soon. Oh, those wicked Roman emperors, I cannot bear to think of them! I prefer to think only of that good Constantine, whom God chose to be the first Christian emperor. And then the martyrs who were the true soldiers of Christ! Those were beautiful but terrible days! How happy we ought to be now when all is so changed, and we can worship God as we please, without hiding ourselves in the catacombs.

Berthe was very sweet yesterday when Mademoiselle began to teach her the New Testament. She listened very attentively and made sometimes such queer answers. Mademoiselle told her of Adam's sin and of the punishment which had fallen on him and all his children, and asked her how it was, that we could go to heaven, if we only repented us of our sins, and tried to do right. Mademoiselle

meant that the Lord Jesus Christ had reopened heaven to us, but Berthe thought for some time, and then said :

“Perhaps, Mademoiselle, we are not relations of Adam now.” How we laughed ! Stephanie is studying Greek history, but she does not make much progress, for she is rather lazy.

*Wednesday, July 7th.*

Yesterday I had the first ticket for my analysis in catechism, which made the fourth time I had had it, and I was much pleased. Aglaé Buffart has never had it yet, although she has tried hard for it, and her mother often takes notes in order to help her. Mademoiselle never takes notes for me, but still I know that I should not be vain of making a good analysis, for the reason I write easily is because Mademoiselle has taken so much pains to teach me. I feel more friendly towards Aglaé now ever since the day when she prompted me when I hesitated in my catechism. I shall be very sorry to leave the class, and M. l'Abbé, whom I like so much, and the other priests. They have all been very good to me.

Yesterday poor Babet was quite sick, and I felt really worried about her, for I thought if Marie had known she would have been anxious. But to-day the good old creature is better, and Josephine nurses her very kindly, so I see she is no longer jealous. Mademoiselle is always right.

*Friday, July 9th.*

Yesterday was mamma's birthday, and generally it is a happy day for us, but this year we all felt sad, on account of the news we received the evening before. Just as we were at dinner a letter was brought to papa, which I thought must be from the ministry, for it was not like an ordinary letter. As we had been expecting every day the

orders to start, mamma grew very pale while she looked anxiously at papa, who was reading the letter. But papa said nothing, and no one liked to ask any questions. Fortunately we had nearly finished dinner, and as we went into the parlor, I heard papa say to Mademoiselle: "It is even sooner than I expected." How my heart began to beat, and I looked at mamma to see if she had heard, but I dare say she suspected all the time. Presently papa took her out of the parlor, and for a long time they were shut up in their own room. I felt so impatient that I answered very crossly when Berthe begged me to play with her. As soon as papa came back, I ran to him, asking what was the matter, but he told me to be quiet, and begged Mlle. to come into the garden with him. I felt ready to cry.

At last Mademoiselle came up the steps, and as I was standing by the window, I heard papa say: "So pray try to make her more reasonable." Were they talking about me? But when Mademoiselle said: "You must wait until the first shock is over, then you will see that she is braver." I knew they were speaking of mamma. Mademoiselle went at once to mamma's room, while papa remained walking up and down alone. I did not dare speak again nor Stephanie, but Berthe ran to him, and coaxing and playing soon made him laugh with her. I went down the steps and stood near them, but pretended to be looking at the flowers.

Presently papa called me and asked what I was waiting for.

"For you," I said.

"And why?" said papa with a certain sly smile, which he has sometimes.

"So that I should have *my* turn. You have been talk-

ing to mamma, Mademoiselle and Berthe, and you leave me all alone without a word."

"And what am I to talk about?"

"Oh, papa, you know very well, the big letter!"

"You are a true woman, and have already your share of the curiosity of the daughters of Eve."

"Oh, papa, you should not say so, for men are more curious than we, I am sure. Besides, this is so important!"

"Yes, it is important, as you say; the letter told me that we ought to be at Brest on the 21st, for the very latest!"

"Oh, papa, the 21st, but how soon! And we thought it would not be before the 31st! And how does mamma feel about it?" papa looked very grave at once, and said:

"That is a different matter, your mother will tell you herself how she feels." I felt sorry to have asked the question which I suppose made me look grave, so that in a moment papa said to me:

"What are you thinking about, that you are so serious?"

"Of a great many things, papa, but first of mamma."

"And what are you thinking about her?"

"I am afraid that she is very unhappy, and I would like to go to her."

"Mlle. Valmy is with her now, and I think you had better wait until your mamma feels calmer. Are you not contented to stay with your father?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I like so much to be with you, papa, but when you seem so stern—"

"I suppose I frighten you?"

"Not always, but a little this evening."

Papa tapped me on the head with a smile, and said:

"Well, do not be afraid, we will talk together pleasantly, since you are so fond of talking." I was delighted, and began at once to ask all sorts of questions about our voyage.

Papa told me that our ship was called the Isère, that she was a good vessel, and he hoped we should make a quick voyage. He said too that we should stop at Rio Janeiro and at Bourbon, which pleased me very much, for there we shall see my uncle Henry at Rio, and Marie's uncle Adrien at Bourbon. We talked, too, a little about poor mamma and her sorrow at leaving Gustave, but I can see that papa cannot bear to say much about it.

When I went to bid mamma "good-night," I found her in bed, and looking very badly, which made me very unhappy. This morning too she had such a headache, she could not get up, and as she had letters to write and orders to give, she had to have Mademoiselle with her, so I had no lessons. I went to pass the morning with Clara, and had a very pleasant time.

*Monday, July 12th.*

This seems to be a strange sort of week, for I have no lessons, and hardly time to write my Journal. We are so busy getting ready to go away, trying on bonnets, and dresses, and making journeys from one place to another to buy what we want. Gustave has come on to spend this last week with us, although papa thought it would only make it harder for mamma to leave him. But she begged so hard to have him come! He is very useful to us, and helps us very nicely. They are beginning to-day to pack the trunks, only leaving out what we are using every day. Mamma has given me a trunk of my own, in which I can put all my books and toys; I hardly know where to begin, but Babet is going to help me.

I had forgotten to say that Babet is to go with us as far as Bourbon, where we shall leave her with Marie's uncle. Mamma says she is only too glad to have her, as neither nurse nor Josephine can make up their minds to go with

us. They both have children in Paris, so are not willing to go so far from them. It is quite natural, but we all feel badly to leave them, and Stephanie and Berthe cried hard when they were told of it.

It grieves most to think that when we are gone Marie and Jeanne will have no one in Paris who loves them but the Sisters.

*Wednesday, July 14th.*

I was really very unhappy yesterday when I went for the last time to the catechism class. The tears would fall almost all the time whenever I thought of good M. Martin whom I should not see again, of my companions, of the dear church where I had been so constantly! Who could tell what might happen to me? We might be shipwrecked and swallowed up in the sea, while my companions were sitting quietly in their places, repeating their catechism! But it was wicked for me to think so, for surely God would watch over us on the sea as well as on shore.

I shall try to remember always what good M. l'Abbé said to us, for perhaps I shall not hear his voice again. After catechism Mademoiselle took me to say good-by to him, and he gave me his blessing, which made me very happy. Mademoiselle too seemed very sorry to say good-by to M. Martin, who has always been so kind to us all, but she is very brave, and does not shed any tears.

I forgot to say that Aglaé Buffart shook hands very pleasantly with me when I said good-by, and said she was sorry she should not see me again. So we parted good friends.

*Friday, July 16th.*

I have not a great deal to tell about Wednesday, for after my catechism lesson I was busy almost all day with



packing. I came very near getting angry with Berthe, who tried to help me, and managed to break one of my pretty china tea-cups. Fortunately Mademoiselle came in when she heard the dispute, and so I stopped at once.

Yesterday I went to spend the day with Clara, for as Mme. de Baldi was going into the country at once, I should not see Clara again. I had determined to be very amiable to Clara for this last visit, but after all we did not get on well together. I do not see how we ever could have been good friends.

Josephine took me at 11 o'clock to the rue de la Paix, where I found Clara dressed very beautifully to receive me. It was not very necessary, for I am already wearing my travelling dresses, which are of course very plain and simple. I tried not to seem worried by Clara's dress, and went up into her room with her, where she wanted to show me all the things she had bought to take in the country. Such a quantity of ribbons, sashes and fichus for her dresses, and then all sorts of games, cards, dominoes, and such things! But Clara says she is sure she will be dreadfully *bored*, for she hates the country, and is always *ill* when she cannot have her walk on the boulevard, or the Champs-Élysées.

"But, Clara," I said, "why do you go to the country, if both your mamma and you dislike it?"

"Oh, it is the proper thing to do. Everybody goes, and of course in mamma's position she must do like other people."

"Is your chateau not pleasant that you are so discontented there?"

"On the contrary, it is quite magnificent, but mamma and I get tired of it in a fortnight."

"You have no visitors there?"



“Oh, yes, we have a good many neighbors, but they do not like the country any more than we do, so we are all *bored* together.”

“But it must be pleasant to have your father with you. We are so glad to have papa at home all day.”

“Well, papa does not amuse us very much, for he sleeps usually when he is in the house, or goes out hunting, and leaves us alone.”

“Have you no poor people you can visit? Mamma has always thought she could do so much good in the country.”

“I think mamma does quite as much good as Mme. Guyon could, for she gives a very large sum of money every year to the mayor for the poor people. But she could not visit them, you know, for they are too dirty.”

“But, Clara, they are not always dirty; sometimes indeed they are very neat and clean.”

“It may be, but do not talk about it any more; it does not amuse me.”

“Cannot you find amusement with Mlle. Levins? We always enjoy being with Mademoiselle.”

“My dear, do not speak of Mlle. Levins, for she is weariness itself. Besides, I will tell you in confidence that I hope to get rid of her before we go.”

“What do you mean?”

“You need not look so horrified. Mamma cannot bear Mlle. Levins now, and I want some rest this summer, so I shall do all I can to leave her left behind us.”

“But where will she go?”

“Oh, she has her own family, and will be much better with them although they are very poor.”

“Why, Clara, I can hardly believe it, for Mlle. Levins is so fond of you, and has done so much for you. And just because you do not like her, you dismiss her.”

“You need not use that word,” said Clara sharply, “it is not at all polite. But do not trouble yourself. Mamma knows what she wants, and does not want your advice.”

“Clara, I do not want to meddle, but when you spoke to me of it, I could only say what I thought.”

Just at this moment Mlle. Levins came in, and I ran to kiss her, feeling really grieved. She was very kind, and asked me questions about our voyage, and how I felt about going away. I told her I was very anxious to go, and yet at the last I felt very sorry to leave my friends.

“Why, my dear,” said Clara, “since you take Mlle. Valmy, what more do you want?”

“You forget that we leave Gustave.”

“And Mlle. Marie de Laval!” said Clara with a mocking smile.

“Yes, I shall be very sorry to leave Marie, and you too, Clara.”

“Oh, indeed, even *me*.”

“Certainly, Clara, for although I may love Marie best, that does not prevent me from liking you, for we are such old friends.”

“Clara likes you too, my child,” said Mlle. Levins, “and she will miss you more than you think, for you must not always judge by her way of speaking.” Clara looked half angry and half pleased, but I was very glad to hear this of her.

We began talking about my lessons and what I should do on the voyage, when Mlle. Levins said to Clara:

“I want very much to know what I am to do about books and maps to go with us to the country. Mme. de Baldi gives me no answer when I ask if she really wishes you to rest this summer. In such a case, my child, it is quite useless for me to go with you.”

Clara looked terribly embarrassed, and I did not know what to say. Mlle. Levins evidently suspected something, for in a moment she asked Clara to go and say to Mme. de Baldi that she would like to speak to her at once. Clara came back looking very red, and told Mlle. Levins that her mother would see her; as she left the room, Clara said to me:

“That will soon be settled, for mamma is angry. She says it is very provoking to be obliged to declare her intentions before she is quite ready.” I felt too ashamed for her to make any answer.

We were still in Clara’s room when Mlle. Levins left Mme. de Baldi; she stopped at the door of the room for a moment as if uncertain, but turned and came up to where we stood. She looked at Clara so sadly that the tears came into my eyes, and said:

“Poor child, you now have what you wanted, freedom from my authority. I trust you may never regret sending me away from you; may God bless you!” I sobbed outright, and Clara, with a sudden feeling of remorse, threw her arms around Mlle. Levins, crying:

“Forgive me!” while she burst into tears. Mlle. Levins kissed her and replied:

“I pity you too much, my child, not to forgive you. I can only pray that God may protect you and make you happy.” Then she turned to me and kissing me kindly, left the room. Clara really seemed very sorry for what she had done, and looked grave for some time.

Mlle. Levins did not breakfast with us, sending word that she had headache. About 3 o’clock in the afternoon Mme. de Baldi took Clara and me out with her in the carriage, and we went all along the boulevards, so that I might see all the gayety of the city, Mme. de Baldi said, as

I was so soon to leave it all. She and Clara seemed to pity me very much at having to go away from France, and especially from Paris. Mme. de Baldi spoke of mamma as making "such a terrible sacrifice." It really annoyed me to hear her speak so, when it is only natural that mamma should go with papa.

When we came back Clara dressed herself still more finely, as they were to have some company in the evening. Mlle. Levins came down to dinner, and I was quite surprised to see how amiable Mme. de Baldi was to her. But I was not much pleased with Clara's airs, for she is so affected in company that I do not like to be with her. I felt really ashamed for her once when I heard a gentleman say to her: "Well, Mlle. Clara, when shall we have the pleasure of seeing you in society?" and almost immediately after he said to a lady, while he looked at Clara, "Did you ever see such a ridiculous little doll?" But Clara believes all the flattery, and tries to imitate her mother in everything.

At ten o'clock they sent a carriage for me, and I was really glad to get home, it had seemed such a long day!

*Saturday, July 17th.*

We are really to start on the 20th, as we need not reach Brest before the 23d, so we have gained two days, which pleases us all, but most of all mamma.

The house is in the greatest confusion, nothing but trunks and packages to be seen everywhere. I can hardly find a place even to write my journal. It rather amuses me to have everything so different, but I think I should soon get tired of it.

While I was out yesterday with Josephine and the children, Mme. Baldi came to say good-by to mamma. She did not bring Clara with her, for she was so sensitive she

wanted to spare her so much agitation. I should not think it would have hurt Clara to kiss me once more! Just as I came in Cecile Dufon arrived for a last visit. She really seemed sorry to have us go, and cried when she said good-by.

After every one was gone, Mademoiselle called me into her room, and told me of something which gave me great pleasure, although it seems a sad thing to do. She has consented to take me with her when she goes to pay her last visit to the graves of her parents. I had begged to go with her, but she would not consent until she had asked mamma about it. We are to go to-morrow afternoon, and then afterwards to church where I am to confess.

Mademoiselle prepared me yesterday for my confession. In making my examination, I found many faults, although I am glad I had had no attacks of rage.

*Monday, July 19th.*

We really start to-morrow, and this is the last time I shall write in my journal in France! I have so much to say, and yet very little time to write!

On Saturday Mademoiselle and I drove in a carriage to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. What a sad place it is, with its long streets of tombs, really a city of the dead! We knelt down beside the tombs where the parents of Mademoiselle were buried, and remained so for a long time. Mademoiselle had covered her face with her hands, and I think she had forgotten that I was there. Suddenly she raised her head, and, seeing me, said: "My poor child! Let us go now." Her eyes were full of tears, which troubled me so much that I threw my arms around her and began to sob. She kissed me, and, raising her eyes to the sky above us, she said softly: "They are looking

down upon you, Marguerite, and are blessing you for loving their child so truly." While Mademoiselle was saying a last prayer I picked some of the flowers growing beside the tombs, and when I gave them to her after we were in the carriage she seemed much gratified.

I told Gustave in the evening about our visit to the cemetery, and he told Mademoiselle that he would go to Père-la-Chaise from time to time and see that they cared for the graves properly. Mademoiselle seemed much touched by his thoughtfulness.

After my confession was over I said good-by to the priest, who gave me his blessing, and kindly promised to pray for me.

My dear Marie came to spend the day with me, as they were allowed the holiday on account of our leaving so soon. Marie and Jeanne both feel very sad to have us go. They have written to their relations in Bourbon, and we have promised to tell them all about the two sisters.

When they said good-by to mamma Marie could not speak, but clung to her silently, while Jeanne cried through her tears: "What will become of us now! Every one is deserting us."

"Oh, my poor children, my dear little girls," said mamma, "God knows how gladly I would have been a mother to you!" How very pretty Marie is now! She is almost as tall as mamma, and is so slender and graceful. When she stands she always bends a little as if to support herself. Her face is oval, and pale rather than dark, and then such large beautiful eyes, like Stephanie's, only more expressive, for they are not black. But what I love best is her hair, which is quite dark, and yet has a tinge as if the sun were shining on it. Every one says she is lovely,



and she is more than that to me, for I am sure she must look like the angels.

We had a long talk while we were walking in the garden, and we promised to write each other a sort of journal, telling the history of every day. Marie said that she was almost afraid to ask me to do it, but I was glad to promise, and asking her to keep the sheets I would send her, so that I could read them over when I was older. Poor Babet, how she cries—oh, dear, here is Josephine, who says she must take my desk to put in the trunk! And I had so much to say, especially about Alberic, who came to bid us good-by, but I must stop, for Josephine is calling again.

BREST (in Brittany), *Thursday, July 29th.*

As mamma opened her trunk this morning I begged her to let me have my desk for a little while. I have such important things to write! First I must tell what is the greatest, greatest pleasure to me of all! I can hardly believe it, and I feel that God has been so very, very good. It is that Marie, my dear sister, is to go with us. It is not a dream, but the truth, for she and Jeanne are to arrive to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock. I can hardly sit still when I think of it, and it seems so long to wait!

I have seen our future quarters, and they are ugly enough. I felt quite sick too in coming back from the vessel, and so did Stephanie, and it is not a pleasant feeling.

Mamma would not go on board the *Isère*; she said she should see it quite soon enough. She is so sad I can hardly bear to look at her, and nothing comforts her. When I speak of Gustave she says: "Oh my boy, my poor Gustave, I shall never have strength to live without him."

On Monday I went to bid Marie good-by, and we shed



a great many tears. When Mademoiselle wanted to take me away I could not make up my mind to go. I stamped my feet; one would have said I was in a rage from sorrow. Marie tried to quiet me, but I felt broken-hearted. And then I could not kiss her on account of the grating! But all that sorrow is over, I hope.

Then we had sad scenes in parting from Gustave, and for that we have no consolation. I could hardly sleep all night, for we were to get up very early, and I kept thinking of Marie and Gustave, and of Josephine too. Nurse had left us in the morning, and baby was with Mademoiselle, who had Babet to help her, but the poor little fellow cried a great deal for his nurse, and seemed to feel very desolate without her.

We were all dressed at 4 o'clock, and then what a hurried and confused time we had, and we were very near being too late for the diligence. We started for the coach office in two carriages, for we made a large party, Gustave and M. Guer being with us. As soon as we arrived papa and Mademoiselle went to attend to the baggage, while all the rest of us went with mamma into the waiting-room. There poor mamma began to cry, while she held Gustave in her arms, and gave him many cautions. Gustave too could not keep back his tears; it seemed really cruel to leave him. When we were called to take our places, mamma grew so pale I was afraid she would faint. After we were all seated in the coach, Gustave still stood on the step holding mamma's hand, and saying: "Good-by, dearest mamma, try to be brave;" to papa he said: "Do not be anxious about me, papa; you shall always hear good news of me." How good and manly he looked! At last the conductor came to close the door; mamma had to give Gustave her last kiss, and as we drove away she fell back

fainting and looking so terribly that I forgot even to give Gustave a last look. I shall pray every day to God to watch over him.

*To-day again at 4 o'clock P.M.*

I was interrupted by quite a good many visitors, as papa knows several families who live here. Some of the little girls came to see me, and very queer some of them were. One especially was almost as affected as Clara. They seemed very much afraid that I should think they did not know anything about Paris, and talked of a visit they had made there two years ago. They wanted me to show them my bonnet to see how it was different from theirs, but it was packed up, and my little every-day hood was not worth showing.

It is raining now so that we cannot go out, and as the children are playing in the corridor and mamma and Made-moiselle have baby, there is nothing for me to do but write my journal.

I cannot describe our journey in detail, but will only say that some part of it was through a very pretty country. In Normandy the peasants wear such a pretty dress; at one place we passed a church just as a wedding-party were coming out, and it made quite a gay scene. I do not like the peasants in Brittany so much, for they are not so neat, and their long, uncombed hair is not at all nice.

It is very amusing to travel, but when one sits all night in the coach it is terribly tiresome. One night I had a dreadful fright, and I made such a hubbub that I wakened everybody. It was very, very dark, and we were passing slowly through a forest, when suddenly I saw something white beside the road, which began to move. I peered out of the door, and saw it was a man lying down, so I pressed papa's foot to try and waken him, but he did

not move, and just at that moment I heard a whistle, and I felt sure this was one of a band of robbers who were going to attack us, so I screamed as loud as I could, "Robbers, robbers!" Everybody waked up with a start; mamma almost fainted, and Stephanie and Berthe began to cry. When Mademoiselle and papa had looked out and could see nothing, they all began to ask what was the matter. I was so frightened I could hardly tell, and was crying and laughing at the same time. Papa was really angry with me, and told me I was a little goose who had had a nightmare, but I am sure I saw a robber.

At another place we had quite a fright with some beggars, and papa said they were more like brigands than my robber. An old man came first to the coach to beg, and then a woman with some children, and when we had given them some money a crowd of other beggars appeared, all clamoring for something. They opened the doors of the coach, climbed on the steps, and looked so angry and spoke so loud that we were all afraid of them, and poor baby began to cry. Papa came and tried to drive them away, but they only abused him with such coarse words that he had to call the conductor who soon sent them all away. It was quite an adventure, and we talked about it for some time.

We arrived at Brest in the evening of the 23d. It looked very dark and gloomy to me, with its high walls and fortifications. I do not like the convicts either, and you see them working everywhere. We are staying with Admiral B., who knows papa, and very kindly insisted that we should come to his house. There are some of the convicts working in the garden, who always want to talk to us. Berthe took quite a fancy to one of them, and she said to mamma: "How polite these *good* convicts are, mam-

ma!" which made us laugh. But I not like them, for I feel they have done something very bad, and it makes me afraid of them.

But I have not yet told how it happens that Marie and Jeanne are to go with us. The day after we arrived at Brest mamma received a letter from the big cousin enclosing one which he had just received from Bourbon, from Marie's uncle. M. de la Caze had just heard of M. de Laval's death, and wrote to thank the cousin for what he had done for the children. But he said he wished above all things to have his dear nieces come to him, that he and his wife might act as father and mother to them. That he would like to have them come out as soon as possible, and if there was still time he begged that they might be put under the care of that "good and lovely Mme. Guyon," of whom Marie and Jeanne wrote with so much affection. M. de la Caze hoped that mamma and papa would not refuse the charge, since they already loved these poor orphans. He wished Alberic to remain in France to finish his education. The big cousin begged that mamma would write at once, to say if there was still time for him to bring Marie and Jeanne to Brest before we sailed, and if there was room for them on the ship. Mamma replied the same day, urging him to bring the little girls, and promising that all should be arranged for their comfort. So we are expecting them to-morrow morning, but if they do not reach here then they will be too late! Oh, I shall pray to God to bring them in time.





MARGUERITE AT SEA.







## MARGUERITE AT SEA.

---

*Sunday, August 15th*—ON BOARD THE ISÉRE.

**I** WANT very much to write something in my Journal to-day, but I find it very hard work. The ship rolls so that I am afraid every moment that my desk will slip off my knees, or the ink dash over the edge of my inkstand. It would make me very unhappy to get ink on the pretty dress which I have put on this morning, for it is a charming blue and white muslin, and looks very fresh and nice.

I have some important things to say if I can only manage to write, but this rolling makes strange writing. We have been on board sixteen days, and I have done nothing, but I have been terribly sea-sick. Indeed we have made quite an hospital. Baby has not eared, but has been very happy, nor papa, but then he is a sailor. Poor mamma has suffered very much; she was out of her berth yesterday for the first time, and happily was able to go to Mass this morning. We are so glad to have Mass on board! It is very seldom that it can be so, but as we have three priests on board, who are going as missionaries to China, the captain has given them permission to hold Mass every Sunday in the cabin. We had a great fright with Berthe in the midst of the service, for the chair on which she was kneeling suddenly tipped as the vessel rolled, and away

she went to the other end of the room, with the chair rolling over her. She screamed, and mamma ran to pick her up, but it made a sad disturbance in the service.

*Monday, August 16th.*

Oh dear, my poor blue dress! It is quite spoiled, and I am very unhappy about it. Just as I was writing the last word yesterday, the vessel gave a great roll, and away I went, desk and all, to the other end of the deck. I was so afraid of falling between decks that I caught hold of the Sisters' door, my desk slipped, and in a moment the ink was all over my dress. I thought mamma would scold me, but when she saw my distress she did not say a word. To-day the sea is calmer, and I have taken great care to fasten my table to the door of our state-room, and have only put a few drops of ink in my inkstand.

We have our rooms on the second deck, which runs the whole length of the vessel, and where they have made two fine rooms expressly for us, one for the Sisters opposite, and a few others. I call the rooms fine, because every one says they are, but to me they seem very little and ugly. Papa has a room on the upper-deck above us, but not very far away. Mamma has one room, with Stephanie, Berthe, Babet and baby, while I am in a room with Mademoiselle, Marie and Jeanne. We are very crowded, but still very happy to have the two Sisters.

*Tuesday, August 17th.*

I have not yet told about Marie and Jeanne when they joined us at Brest, although I remember it so well. I begged mamma so earnestly to let me go with papa to meet them that she consented, and I got up only too gladly at five o'clock in the morning. I thought the horrid coach would never arrive, I was so impatient, and when it did,

come I was so frightened lest they should not be in it. I could not see them at the windows, and grew very pale, when suddenly some one called out: "Marguerite! Marguerite! here we are!" and I knew it was Marie's voice.

I felt almost too happy when I saw them get out, and they seemed very glad too, but I know they must have felt unhappy about leaving Alberic. Marie and I both have a brother to miss and we can both write to them.

When we reached the Admiral's house, with Marie and Jeanne and the big cousin, such cries of joy as we heard! Stephanie and Berthe rushed down stairs, and Babet came to meet us, crying and laughing at the same time. I think too that it comforted mamma a little to see the two sisters. It makes Marie so happy to be with mamma, as I can see, although she does not say much about it. I am sorry to think that we shall have to leave the two sisters at Bourbon, still I would rather have Marie in Bourbon than in France, as she will not be so far from us.

*Wednesday, August 18th.*

I was obliged to stop yesterday, as Mademoiselle called me to come and say my catechism. She wants me to say it every Tuesday as if I were still in Paris, and Marie and Jeanne have agreed to join me. Mademoiselle spoke to us so beautifully after the lesson was over; I hope I shall always remember her words, when I look at the sea.

"How is it, my dear children," she said, "that we can live in the presence of God, without lifting our hearts to Him at every moment. Here on the sea especially everything shows His greatness and power and our weakness. You love this great expanse of water, that reflects so beautifully the blue sky above it, but does it not also reflect a portion of the glory of God? When your eyes wander over it, do you not feel that He who created it, is indeed

infinite, eternal, without being and without end? When you see its great waves rise before us, and hear the whistling wind, which swells our sails and carries us rapidly forward, then you can understand His immense power, and pray for His protection. But when, as to-day, you see this great sea, calm and blue, with its waves sleeping as it were, then you must praise Him for His goodness, and rejoice in this great beauty before you?" Mademoiselle spoke with so much feeling that it seemed as if her voice went straight to our hearts. I shall often think of what she said.

The sea is very beautiful to me now, but when I first saw it, I was disappointed. But then in the harbor at Brest, it was very different, and when I first came on board I was so sick, and there was so many bad smells, that I could not think anything pleasant. Now I am quite accustomed to the rolling, and can run and jump as I please on the deck with the little ones. I hear them there now, so as Marie is with mamma I will join them.

*Friday, August 20th.*

I spoke the other day of going to play with the children, and now I must tell what happened, although it is not a very pleasant story about myself.

As I was going up the ladder to the deck with Stephanie, Berthe and Jeanne, the little Bontems called out that they were coming to play with us. But I believe I have never said that they were on the vessel. I must really put down the names of our passengers, so I shall remember them by and by. There are fourteen, without counting our party. First the three priests, M. Verrier, M. Laurent, and M. Bertrand; then the Sisters of St. Joseph, Sister Alexis, Sister Honorine, Sister Rosalie, Sister Marceline, and

Sister Stephanie ; then an old gentleman with white hair, named M. Leblond, and lastly Mme. Bontems, with four children—Adèle, who is ten years old, Laura, Jules and Suzanne. Mme. Bontems is a widow, and as her husband has friends in Bourbon, she is going out there to try and support her children. I believe she means to establish herself in a shop. I do not like Mme. Bontems or Adèle, but it seems ill-natured to say so. Adèle is a great tyrant with her brothers and sisters, and her mother lets her do just as she likes, so we have already had several disputes.

Yesterday we began to jump the rope. Adèle and Jeanne turned the rope, and Stephanie and I jumped together. The sailors were looking at us, which pleased me, for I like them so much. I wanted to count *one* hundred without missing, when suddenly Adèle tried to jump into my place. I asked her to wait a moment, but she grew angry and began to turn the rope very badly. That put me in a rage, and I began to say very disagreeable things to Adèle, when at that moment Mademoiselle came up and told me I had better go down to mamma, and let Marie come up to get some fresh air. I understood why she wanted me to go, and at this moment Adèle called out :

“Yes, you had better go, and get quiet.”

At this I turned around and told her she was a fool, which was very impolite, but I was too angry to think what I was saying. I told Stephanie and Berthe in English that I forbid them playing with Adèle or Laura, and that if they did I would not lend them my cards in the evening. They did not dare to disobey me, so they left the little Bontems and went off with Jeanne.

Mademoiselle was very much displeasèd with me, and pointed out to me how very wrong I was. She showed me that the cause of all this quarrelling is my *self-love*,

and I want to rule every one, but will not be ruled myself. I am afraid it is all true, and I am very much ashamed.

It is just a month since we said good-bye to Gustave. I found mamma crying this morning, and I could not console her.

*Monday, August 23rd.*

Yesterday, after Mass was over, Marie and I tried to arrange our state-room differently, both to amuse ourselves and to make it a little more convenient. We moved the large box of books away from the port-hole where it seemed to be a little damp, and put it next our berths, so that I can step on it in order to climb into my berth. It seems very funny to have a bed up in the air, but it amuses both Jeanne and me very much. Mademoiselle and Marie are below, one next mamma's room, and the other opposite, and Jeanne and I are over their heads.

Our state-room is a queer-looking place, and yet everybody thinks we are very nicely arranged. The port-hole is a window without glass, and when it is closed to keep out the water we have no light but through the door. Fortunately we have a lamp fastened to the top of the room which cannot be upset, and under it a little table fastened too. We have another table for a wash-stand, which can be taken down if we want more room. There are also shelves for our things, and hooks in the corner, where we can hang up our dresses at night. Our beds are against the wall which separates our room from the deck, and they look like two large wardrobes with shelves, but no doors; the shelves are our berths. They have small mattresses and pillows, and a sort of railing to keep us from tumbling out when the sea is rough. We are not very uncomfortable, but have sometimes funny scenes at night when we are clambering into bed, and we see Ste-



phanie and Berthe doing the same thing in mamma's room, for she leaves the door open between the rooms after we go to bed. Mamma's room is rather larger than ours, and somewhat nicer, and when the door is open we look quite well.

The poor Sisters are all five of them in a room no larger than mamma's, and it is not nearly as well arranged as ours, as it has no shelves or hooks. The Sisters are so good and kind to every one. When we were all so seasick they came out and helped Mademoiselle to take care of us, although they did not feel very well themselves. And every morning Sister Honarine goes to help Mme. Bontems (who has no servant) with the children, and also assists Adèle to arrange their state-room.

But now I must stop and go to see mamma, who is not very well to-day.

*Tuesday, August 24th.*

I think I must describe the way in which we pass our days, for by-and-by these details will interest me. We get up at seven o'clock, and as soon as we are dressed we have prayers together. Then we put our room in order, so that our cabin-boy can sweep it, while we take a little walk on the deck.

At half-past eight we come down again and establish ourselves for our lessons, which keep us until ten o'clock.

At that time the head-steward comes to tell us that breakfast is ready, and we all go up into the pretty little dining-room, where the captain has his meals. He is very polite and pleasant to us, and he has really very nice breakfasts and dinners. We take our meals with the captain on account of papa's rank, while the other passengers sit with the officers of the ship, in another room. They have quite a large tableful of people, and I often



like to peep at them, as we go to our meals, but it is pleasanter to have only our own family at table.

After breakfast mamma stays talking with the captain and papa, and we walk a little on the deck, if it is not too warm. At one o'clock we begin to work again with Mademoiselle and do not stop until three o'clock; then I write my Journal, and Marie a sort of Journal-letter for Alberic. We have our English lesson in the afternoon, and Mademoiselle makes a rule, that we shall speak only English among ourselves, until we have finished our lessons.

At four o'clock we go on deck, where we stay until dinner-time, which is at five o'clock. At half-past eight we children go to bed, while mamma and Mademoiselle sit up much later, with their books and work.

It amuses me very much to see the sailors, soldiers and cabin-boys take their meals, or mess as they call it. They have soup or beans served in large platters, and instead of sitting down to table, I do not know how many men seat themselves in groups around each platter, into which they plunge their spoons or forks. It is a funny sight, so many brown-faced men sitting with crossed legs around these steaming platters. I wonder if what they have to eat is good. I asked our boy Georget about the soup, and he said it was very different from what the captain had. Poor little fellow! he is only twelve years old, and does not look very strong. Marie and I always keep a little of our dessert for him, which pleases him very much.

*Wednesday, August 25th.*

I did not say my catechism very well yesterday, so that Mademoiselle was not very well satisfied, but I have promised to do better next week. She gave us a little lecture

upon "the love we should show towards our neighbor." I suppose she sees that I do not like Adèle, and even Marie finds it hard to be pleasant to her.

She reminded us of our Saviour's words, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another." She then showed us that there was no merit in loving those who loved us and were kind to us, but that our Lord meant us to love *every* one. She said that when we met one of our little companions who was not pleasant to us, if, instead of treating her with coldness, and avoiding her as much as possible, we should try to find out her good qualities and excuse her faults, we should then be acting as young Christians in God's sight, and He would surely reward us for our efforts. We were all much touched by Mademoiselle's words, and promised to be more amiable towards Adèle. I feel that I am more to blame than Marie, although she acknowledges she has been wrong too in never speaking to Adèle if she could help it, so that Mme. Bontems thinks her very proud.

Yesterday afternoon we asked Adèle and Laura to come and play on the deck with us, and this morning Marie and I went to Mme. Bontems' room to ask after little Suzanne, who was not very well.

*Thursday, August 26th.*

Nothing very extraordinary happened yesterday, except that the sea was a little rough, which made us all a little sea-sick. It seems strange that we cannot get accustomed to the rolling of the ship. I think we should not be so sick if they did not wash the decks so constantly with the sea-water, which smells so badly. If I let fall the least drop of ink, or overturn anything, in a moment we hear "Take the swabs!" and then comes a crowd of sailors to

wash the decks in all directions. It is very tiresome, but papa says it is very necessary, for there are so many people on board the *Isère* that if the captain were not *very* particular, it would soon be dirty, and we should have sickness.

But I have something to tell about this morning. As it was very warm in our state-room, Mademoiselle rose quite early, and opening the port-hole, sat down to write. I opened my eyes pretty soon, and saw through the port-hole something red, which startled me so much that I cried out. Mademoiselle looked up, and exclaimed, "a vessel!" and then, what a commotion! We all slipped on our dressing-gowns, and crowded to the port-hole to look at the vessel, which was quite close to us. I could even see a little girl looking out of a port-hole at us, and I called out "good morning" to her as loud as I could, but I knew she could not hear me, although she made signs to us with her hands. It was such a pleasure to see something besides fish and birds.

Mademoiselle had gone on deck, and came back with such good news! The vessel was the *Léonie*, bound to France, coming from India, and the captain offered to *take our letters*. Mamma seized a pen to write to Gustave, as I did too, while Marie and Jeanne closed the letters that they had written to Alberic. How happy they will be to hear from us! The two captains talked to each other through their trumpets, and the captain of the *Léonie* said he had been sixteen days without making any head-way, having been becalmed. How tedious it will be if we have the same experience!

*Friday, August 27th.*

The sea is still quite rough, which has caused something

that touched me very much, and makes me feel so proud of my papa!

I was walking on the deck this morning with baby, holding one little hand, and Babet the other, while the little fellow watched the water with his great eyes, laughing merrily whenever the vessel turned, so that we could see the waves like a great wall above us.

As we were walking in this way, I noticed an old sailor, who was sitting on a coil of rope at the foot of the great mast. He was looking at us, and seemed as if he wanted to speak to us; but mamma does not like me to talk to the sailors, and besides I felt rather disgusted with him, for he was taking tobacco out of a dirty little box and *chewing* it, which I do not like at all.

Once when we turned around, the old man was gone; but at the next turn he was before us, shaking something which he held in his hand to amuse baby. It was a little rattle, made of sharks' bones, with some little bells which jingled and pleased baby so much that he stretched out his hands for it at once. As the old sailor gave it to him, and said he had made it himself, I thanked him, and said:

"You are very good to my little brother. Did you make it expressly for him?"

"Yes, indeed; and I wish I could make other things for him and for all of you."

"Oh, thank you. You think baby very sweet, do you not?"

"He is sweet enough, the little marmot. The son of a king could not be sweeter. He will be admiral some day. That is what we all call him—the *little admiral*."

That made me laugh; but I said:

"But he cannot be more than his father."

"Oh, your father will be admiral; he ought to be already if they went by merit."

"Do you know papa, then?"

"Ah, old Mario knows him well enough! Ask him if he does not remember me a bit. Has he never spoken to you about me by accident?"

"No, never."

"Oh, the brave man! I remembered him well. There is nothing now like these old sea-wolves. They save the life of one man, and have twenty-five lashes given to another, and say not a word about it!"

"I do not understand you, sir," I said, "for my father is not at all like a wolf. Has he saved some one's life? I do not believe he ever had any one beaten."

"Well, miss," said Mario, "as for the beating, that is right enough in its way; one must keep order; but your papa did save some one's life, and the some one never forgot it. If you will let me, I will tell the little miss about it."

"Oh, yes. I like a story so much."

"Well, then, it was on the 20th of January, fifteen years ago, that it happened, and your papa was only an ensign on board the ship. But we sailors all liked him, and respected him too, for he made us obey him. Ha! he was worth more than this captain of ours, I can tell you."

"But, Mario, I think the captain is very kind and pleasant."

"Oh, yes, kind enough for such a pretty lady as your mamma; why not?"

"But he is kind to me too."

"I dare say, miss, for, excuse me, you are pretty enough, too." I was quite ashamed to hear him say this, so I asked him to go on with his story.

"Well," he said, "on the 20th of January, at eight in

the evening, dark as pitch, we were running before a pretty breeze, which you would have found a little stiff, Miss Marguerite, but we sailors in the *Virginie* only laughed at it. Your papa had just finished his watch, which was lucky enough for the poor fellow who dropped into the sea at the moment from no one knows how great a height. He was lashing a spar, when down he went before you could count two head first into the salt water. It would soon have been all over for the poor fellow, for the *Virginie* thought nothing of losing a man, if it had not been for the brave young officer. In a minute, off went your father's uniform, and faith! there he was in the black stormy sea! At once every one shouted, 'M. Guyon overboard! M. Guyon overboard!' The captain would not have stopped a minute for a poor devil of a sailor, but for an officer it was different; and then the whole crew would have made him try to save M. Guyon.

"In the meantime your father swam like a fish to the sailor and seized his hair, while he, to thank him, only kicked and struggled, not knowing what he did. But the brave officer held fast, and he has a famous grip, I tell you! They let down a boat, and then, faith, the good God took them in hand, and they were picked up and brought back to the ship. Oh, to hear the cheers on the deck of the *Virginie*! The next morning, when your papa came out of his cabin, the crew were all at mess; but up they all jumped at once like one man. It was fine to see that! Your papa, who had never grown pale in face of danger, grew quite white, and we could see tears in his eyes. But, faith, I see you are his own child, for you are pale too; it must not make you feel too bad."

"No, indeed," I cried; "it makes me feel well—and then?"



“Well, he gave me a shake of the hand, and I said ‘thank you ;’ for you see, miss, this stupid sailor who let himself tumble into the sea was old Mario—it was I.”

“He got up and turned his back to me ; but he did not mean to be rude, for I saw him wipe away the tears with his great rough hand. I stayed there on the deck thinking of it all, when all the others had gone. My heart was full of my dear papa and his bravery. But I must finish to-morrow ; I am so tired !

*Saturday, August 28th.*

As I was still thinking of Mario’s story, I saw papa coming towards me, and I ran at once to speak to him. As I put my arms around his neck, I began all at once to cry ; I could not help it.

“But what is the matter ?” said papa. “Are you ill ?”

“Oh, no,” I replied ; “but it is old Mario,” and I sobbed again.

“Are you crazy ?” asked papa.

“No, no ; but you are very naughty, papa,” I said, laughing and crying together. “Why have you never told me what you had done ?”

“Will you please explain what you mean ?”

“Yes, papa, old Mario told me all about it.”

“Well, who is old Mario ?”

“Oh, papa, that is too much, for you to pretend not to know old Mario. See, there he is below ; he seems to be talking to that little sailor, but he is watching us out of the corner of his eye.”

“You have made a conquest of the old fellow, then ?”

“No, papa, it was you. Do you not remember the Virginie and how, when Mario fell into the sea, you jumped in to save him ?”



“Faith, yes; so that is the poor devil, is it? I should not have known him, which is not very wonderful, since it all happened fifteen years ago. But tell me, what made my little girl cry about it?”

As he spoke, papa tapped me kindly on the head.

“Because I was so happy and so proud, papa,” I said. “It was so brave of you—was it not, mamma?” Mamma did not answer, but I saw her eyes were full of tears. She held out her hand to papa, saying—

“It was wrong of you, Edward, not to tell me this.”

“There,” I cried, “mamma thinks as I do!”

“Now, now,” said papa, with his sly smile, “you women must be sentimental about everything. It was nothing so remarkable; such things may happen at any time on board ship, and one gets quite accustomed to them.”

“Well,” I said, “it has not happened to us yet, and I do not believe that all the officers have saved somebody’s life. I shall ask the captain; but will you not speak to Mario, papa; it would please him so much?”

“Certainly, my child; you can take me to him.” Mamma left us, whispering to me to bring Mario to her by-and-by.

“Well, my old friend,” said papa to Mario, “so we are once more afloat together aboard the same ship.”

“Faith yes, captain, and happy enough it makes me to see you again, with your lovely wife and pretty children, especially this young miss. God bless her.”

“You have quite turned her head, Mario. So you have always kept to the sea, my friend.”

“Faith yes, captain; one can do nothing else after one begins at it. I wager that you, like me, could not live quietly now on dry land.”

“I shall have to try,” said papa, smiling; “we will talk by-and-by, but I think I can be useful to you in some way.”

“I do not doubt it, captain, for God must have put me in your charge, since He sent you into the sea after me. However it may be, captain, old Mario belongs to you and yours, heart and soul.”

Papa smiled and held out his hand, which Mario almost shook off, and I could see a tear in his eye too.

While papa was talking to the other sailors, I asked Mario if he could not come down to mamma, who wanted to see him.

“In an hour,” he said, “without fail, although it is almost too much happiness for one day!”

When I went down I told mamma and Mademoiselle all Mario had said, and they were much touched by the story. I was so sorry to be at my lessons when Mario came to see mamma. I could hear his rough voice speaking. Mamma says he has a fine heart, and she would like to help him. She offered him money, but he would not take it. How I wish Gustave knew all about Mario! Mamma has told Babet to take baby to speak to Mario whenever she goes on deck with him.

Yesterday the sea was rough, but to-day it is calm, but so hot!

*Sunday, August 29th.*

Oh! how stupid it is! Here we are caught in what they call a dead calm, and very tiresome it is. Since yesterday we have not moved, and before that we were going so nicely. There is nothing to swell the sails, and they hang down against the masts, ugly and dead, like Gustave's great balloon after Berthe had pricked it. Every one looks sober, the captain grumbles, and papa does not seem much pleased. Mamma only says she cannot complain, since we all keep well in spite of the intense heat.

We had Mass this morning, and M. Bertrand gave us a beautiful sermon on "confidence in God." Papa and the captain were there, but only two of the other officers. Mamma asked the captain why he did not have the Mass on deck, so that the sailors could be present. But he said he should be afraid that some of them would behave improperly, as many of them are not at all religious. It seems a great pity; but I am sure our good Mario cannot feel so, for he spoke of God as helping papa to save him.

*Monday, August 30th.*

It is still the same dreadful calm; the sea looks like oil, and it is terribly warm; in a very short time we should have been at the equator, had the wind continued to blow. When we reach there we are to have the "baptism of the line," which they say will amuse us very much.

I do not think I have ever spoken of our visit to Madeira, for I was so sea-sick at that time that I could not write my journal. We anchored at Madeira on the twelfth day, I think, after leaving France, and how delighted I was to see the land again. I was so anxious to go ashore, that papa proposed to take Marie, Jeanne and me with him when he landed, and mamma allowed us to go.

We all went on horseback up on the heights, where we could have a fine view, and also visit a church. I did not feel quite at ease on horseback, but Marie and Jeanne had been used to it at Bourbon. I was willing to try it, however, as papa was there, and we had a guide—such a funny little man, with a pointed cap; but I did not quite like him, for whenever I told him my horse was going too fast, he would seize hold of his tail to stop him, which seemed to me very cruel.

But I enjoyed our little expedition very much. We saw

all sorts of beautiful flowers and fruits; some of the latter we tasted, but I do not think I like them as well as those we have in France.

The beggars in Madeira were dreadful, much worse than those we saw on our way to Brest. When we were taking a little lunch before going back to the vessel, we saw them looking in at the windows of the inn, and making signs to us for help. They were in crowds, men, women and children, dirty and ragged. We could not give something to each one, so we threw them some bread and a few sous, which they seized eagerly.

When we approached the Canaries, they called us to show us the famous Peak of Teneriffe. At first I could not see any mountain at all, until they explained to me that it was white instead of black, and I could see something which looked like a sugar-loaf, while the islands themselves were only a white line, which I had taken for a cloud.

Yesterday we caught some nautilus, as we had done before, and they amused us very much. These queer creatures look very pretty in the water, as they seem like little vessels, with sails either pink, blue or white. But they are not at all pretty when you examine them, for they are like jelly and in long strings. They sting too quite badly when you touch them. Berthe had quite a hard cry yesterday, for she would not listen when they told her these creatures would burn her, but laid her hand on one, saying very decidedly, "If they are not hot, they will not burn me;" but she found out her mistake, and now she says she will never touch again one of "those ugly little ships."

Then the "grapes of the Tropics" are very pretty. Georget has brought me quite a number, which the sailors have given him. What strange things there are in the

ocean! These grapes are a sort of marine plant. Sometimes we see great shoals of porpoises, which make the water black for yards. The sailors say these fish know all about the storms, and it would be a good thing if the captain could talk to them and get their advice.

*Tuesday, August 31st.*

I am beginning to get very tired of seeing the sea so quiet. Besides, the heat is very great, and makes us all feel badly. I have headaches, and Marie has attacks of palpitation, which trouble her very much. Last evening we were all on deck trying to keep cool and amuse ourselves. Mamma and papa, with Mademoiselle and the children, were all listening to a story which M. Bertrand was telling, so Marie and I leaned over the railing looking at the sea and enjoying the moonlight. How beautiful it was, turning the waves into silver, and wrapping us all around in its soft light, while through it all the stars were shining brightly over our heads!

Marie and I were quiet for a long time, looking out over the water, without speaking. At last, as I glanced at Marie I was struck by her face; one might have thought her an angel, with the moonlight falling on her sweet face and eyes, which seemed to see God.

I said: "O Marie, how beautiful it is!"

"Yes indeed," she said, and her voice trembled, "and to me it is so sweet and so sad too." I knew she was thinking of her mother.

"Do you know, Marguerite," she continued, "that I feel as if my poor mother was very near me now. The sea is her grave."

"O Marie, and what a beautiful grave! See how the waves shine before us."

"Yes, and when I think of mamma I think always of heaven, and with this grand sight before me, which tells me of God, I feel she is very near."

"O Marie," I said, "one ought to be very good to go to heaven." Marie raised her eyes and said very earnestly:

"When, oh when shall we go, Marguerite!" I was a little startled, and replied:

"But, Marie, do you really want to go at once?"

"If it depended upon me, Marguerite, do you think I would hesitate about going to my mother?"

"But you would leave so many behind, Marie. Think of me, of Jeanne, Alberic, mamma, and Mademoiselle, who belong now to you as well as to me!" Marie smiled and, putting her arm around me, said:

"Do not be afraid; I must wait, for I am not good enough yet for God to call me."

"So much the better, Marie, for then we can work together to make ourselves good."

"Oh, if it could only be *together!*" said Marie. I had quite forgotten that we were to separate so soon.

"O Marie!" I cried, "I cannot believe but what God, who is so good, will make something happen which shall keep us together."

"I can hardly believe such a change possible, Marguerite; but even if we do not see each other, we can *work together*. I ought not to have forgotten that we can pray for each other, and then we can write."

"It is very sweet to love each other so well, Marie," I said; and then for a long time we were quiet, until Mademoiselle came to call us.

*Wednesday, September 1st.*

I have a good deal to tell, and yet there is so much noise all around me that it is hard to write. Besides,

there is a little rolling, and it seems so strange after being quiet so long. I cannot complain, however, it is so pleasant to be going on.

Yesterday we had a very little breeze, just enough to make us all hopeful. At the end of an hour they threw the lead, and found we had made *one knot*. It was very slow work, and in a little while we were standing still again. Every one felt discouraged, and some said we should stay where we were for a month.

Suddenly, at dinner-time, another little breeze came whistling around us, and this time it was better. At the end of an hour we had made *three knots*, and the captain tells us we shall cross the line to-morrow morning.

They have told us all sorts of stories about the *line*, but fortunately Mademoiselle had explained it to me, so that when M. Suze tried to laugh at me about it, I could show him that I knew what he meant. I suppose it was wrong in me to join M. Suze in teasing Adèle, who really believes that we shall see a great black line across the sky.

While we were talking about it, the other children came up to us, which worried me, for I did not want Stephanie and Berthe to hear such foolish stuff; but neither did I want to say anything to Adèle, for M. Suze had promised me that he would put something into the spy-glass to-morrow which would make Adèle think there was a line in the sky.

After dinner, as we were all on deck, and I was playing with baby, we heard suddenly a shot, which seemed to come from the top of the great mast. I was so startled I began to tremble, baby began to scream, Berthe to cry, while Stephanie ran to mamma for protection. In a moment we saw a strange-looking figure coming down the mast like a cat. He had a long whip in his hand, shining



boots, and a splendid red vest. On his head he wore a light wig, powdered, and tied in a pig-tail. We all began to laugh.

He went up to the captain, who stood waiting for him with a grave face. Bowing almost to the ground, he said, in a very sharp voice: "Mr. Captain, his Majesty, the Father of the Line, King of the Tropics of the Equator and other ethereal domains, has sent me to your Excellency, to ask by what right you intrude upon the heart of his kingdom, without first tendering your allegiance. In order to express his sentiments better than can be done by your humble servant, I present you this letter." He bowed again, as he drew from his bosom an enormous letter, which he handed to the captain.

After the captain had read the letter, he said to the messenger quite gravely:

"I regret, my friend, that your royal master has sent you upon so dangerous a voyage as you have had in descending from the sky. I hope his Majesty will not cherish his anger against us, since we have offended him unwittingly and from ignorance. I would present my excuses to him in person, but, since I cannot follow you into the clouds, I must beg your master to come to us, assuring him of a worthy reception."

With these words, the captain slipped a five-franc piece into the hands of the messenger, who bowed low and replied:

"I venture to hold you excused, Mr. Captain, and on my word of honor announce the arrival of my august master, Father of the Line, to take place to-morrow." Then bowing again, and snapping his whip, he began climbing the mast. We were all laughing, and asking the captain all sorts of questions, when he cried suddenly,

“Away with the little admiral!” as every one calls baby.

Mamma ran off with baby just as a heavy shower of beans, peas, and I do not know what, came tumbling upon us. Every one ran for the captain’s room, even Mme. Bontems and the Sisters. Adèle was asking every one why such stupid jokes were permitted, and M. Suze told her it was an old custom, not a joke at all, and that we should not be able to cross the equator without it.

M. Suze told her all sorts of stories about it, and she listened so eagerly I could hardly keep from laughing; but I saw Marie did not like it. When we went downstairs Marie explained to Jeanne the real meaning of crossing the line, and that we should really see nothing to-morrow different from to-day.

“But, Marie,” said Jeanne, “the officers say we shall see a line in the sky, and Marguerite believes it, why should not I?”

It made me angry to see that Marie was going to spoil our plan for a joke to-morrow, for Jeanne would tell Adèle, so I said crossly:

“No, I do not believe it; but it was for a little fun that we talked so, and I think it is very stupid that it should be spoiled by such a little goose.”

“It is you who are a goose,” cried Jeanne; “is she not, Marie?”

“Hush,” said Marie, “it is very wrong to use such words.”

“You mean to say I am naughty?” I asked Marie; “that is very nice of you, and all for this ugly little girl.”

Jeanne was about to answer me, but Marie stopped her, which made me more angry; and I went on to say a great many hateful things to Jeanne. Jeanne cried, and

Marie kissed and consolèd her. I felt how wrong I was, but I did not say a word.

Mademoiselle came in and asked what was the matter, when she saw my cross face; but I did not answer her, and climbed into my berth without bidding Marie good-night. I could not sleep, but tossed back and forth feeling so unhappy, and wishing I could speak to Marie.

I coughed softly to see if she would hear me, and in a moment she coughed as if in answer. I put out my head and said very softly :

“Are you asleep, Marie?”

“How could I sleep, when we had not said good-night to each other?”

“Oh, how good you are! Wait one minute.” I slipped out of my berth, and in a moment I was with Marie, with my arms around her neck.

“Will you forgive me?” I said.

“Yes indeed, my dear little sister.”

“Ah, you call me your sister, but you love Jeanne best.”

“And why should I not? Just think of it, she has no mother, and I must be both mother and sister to her.”

“Yes, yes, you are right, dear Marie, and I was all wrong from the beginning. Tell me that you will forget the ugly words I said, and love me again.”

“I will, indeed, dear little sister, and I will ask you to forgive me.”

“Oh, I wish I had some cause to forgive you, or rather I wish I were not always wrong.” Marie laughed, and with a kiss, we were friends once more.

I was so happy to be with her, that I stayed in Marie's bed all night, and in the morning I ran to Jeanne and asked her to forgive what I had said. I told Mademoisellè, too, all about the dispute.

*Thursday, September 2nd.*

I am so glad that we still have a good breeze, for we hope to arrive in a few days at Rio Janeiro, and there we shall see my uncle Henry.

The captain asked mamma yesterday how it happened that my uncle had entered the Brazilian Navy, being a Frenchman. Mamma told him that uncle Henry had been much attached to a young Brazilian in college, and had decided to follow him to Brazil and enter the naval service in that country. But she thought that at times her brother had regretted the choice he had made. It is six years since mamma has seen uncle Henry.

Yesterday morning we were all on deck very punctually at eight o'clock, for at a quarter before nine we were to pass the famous line. The sailors were all in good spirits, and the officers were all staring at the sky, trying to make us believe we should see something there.

When M. Suze called Adèle to look through the spy-glass, I felt quite ashamed, and tried to whisper to her, but she would not stop, and ran off in great delight. In a moment we heard her exclaiming in a very loud tone, (and she always speaks loud enough): "Why, yes, I see it of course! How beautiful it is, and it must be very large and black for one to see it so plainly at such a distance!" And so she went on, while everyone was laughing at her. The more they laughed, the more she talked; perhaps she thought they were admiring her.

I felt really unhappy, and could not laugh at all. At last, while Laura was looking through the glass, I said to her:

"But, Adèle, they are only joking with you. Do you not see how everyone is laughing?" She grew very red, and said:

“What do' you mean?”

“Why, you know there is not really any line in the sky.” She was very angry at this, and exclaimed:

“Do you expect me to believe any such stupidity? Did I not see it? I have not a governess to be sure, I cannot speak English, and do not make such a fuss about my lessons, but I believe I have *eyes*, and can see.”

“But, Adèle, what has my speaking English to do with it?”

“Oh you think you are so wise, and want every one else to think so.” She was too angry to say more, so, in order to show her that I was right, M. Suze unscrewed the spy-glass and showed a thread from a spider's web which he had put between the glasses. He took it out, and wanted her to look again at the sky, but she would not listen to him. She said they were all very unkind, and she should complain to her mother, and she added—“If I were the daughter of a *governor*, you would not treat me so!” M. Patre said—“If you were lady-like, and well-behaved, Mademoiselle, we should treat you like the daughter of a king.” Every one laughed, and Adèle ran away crying. I really felt sorry for her.

At this moment we heard shots from all sides, and saw coming towards us a sort of low car, surrounded by a crowd of sailors and cabin-boys disguised. In the car was an old man and woman, and a young girl. They cried out “Father Neptune! Father Neptune!” and all the men took off their hats.

What a queer-looking old man he was! He had a long white beard made of worsted, which hung down to his knees; he was dressed in sheeps' skins, and above his brown wrinkled forehead he wore a sort of crown made of gilt paper. His wife was bent almost double, and had ribbons of every color and length hanging about her.

Their daughter, however, was very nice; she had quite a sweet face, surrounded by long curls, and a broad pink ribbon tied around her head, which was very becoming. They had chosen for the daughter the oldest of the cabin boys, who looked really like a woman.

The car stopped at the poop, where the captain met it dressed in full uniform. Father Neptune made him a very *spirited address* (so they called it), asking privileges for the members of his court, and favors for the crew, so that they might remember passing through his domains.

The captain replied politely, giving him a small sum of money for himself and his followers, and promising the crew a ration of fresh meat and brandy, with permission to celebrate the day with proper honors. All the sailors cried, "Long live the captain!" and Father Neptune gave him his blessing.

He then retired, and established himself under a great tent made of the sails, near the capstan. Here was placed a great tub of water, and every one must be baptized who had never passed the line before. All the gentlemen had done so, and mamma was called first, which she did not like very much. But papa slipped a piece of money into the hand of the head man, so they only dropped a little cologne water on her head. We were all treated equally well, but when baby's turn came, and they called out for the little admiral, he screamed so at the sight of Father Neptune, that Babet had to carry him away. Father Neptune sent his daughter to ask me to come and speak to him, and at first I felt a little bit afraid of him, but in a few moments I cried out: "Oh, I know you, you forgot to change your voice."

"Be quiet, my child," said Mario, "do not betray me." When it came to be Adèle's turn to be baptized, they threw



so much water over her face and neck, that she grew very angry again. I do not know why they treated her so, but perhaps she has not been kind to the sailors, or her mother has not given them money.

They did not baptize the Sisters out of respect, but the priests took their turn, and laughed over it. Very soon the sailors began to get pretty noisy, and mamma took us all down stairs. What a racket they made, running and shouting, pouring water in buckets from the mast-head to baptize every one of the crew. The water ran over the deck in all directions, and even into our rooms, which was rather annoying. In the evening the sailors played games, and sang in chorus, which was splendid to hear, in the quiet night with the beautiful moonlight.

*Friday, September 3rd.*

Such a fright as we had yesterday! I was just finishing my Journal when suddenly I heard cries, and looking up I saw something black and white falling from the deck above, past our door down to the lower deck. We all rushed out, fearing for the children, who were playing on the upper deck, and my knees trembled so that I could hardly stand. It was poor M. Patre, who had just finished his watch, and quite forgetting that they had taken away the ladders from the companion-way to mend them, he had stepped off the deck and fallen. Most happily he was not killed, nor even hurt, and almost as soon as he fell he was up again, looking very pale, with his uniform torn and soiled, but declaring that he was not hurt at all. The doctor wanted him to take something, but M. Patre would not consent, but went at once to his room, after thanking us for our anxiety.

Mamma felt so troubled about M. Patre, that when she



found that the doctor could not persuade him to take anything, she prepared herself a glass of eau sucrée with orange flower water, and took it to M. Patre's room. She handed it to him, saying only, "For your mother's sake, M. Patre, do not refuse me." He looked at mamma a moment, while the tears came into his eyes, and replied, "For my mother's sake, Mme., and I thank you for your kindness."

To-day M. Patre is better, but he still looks pale. The captain tells us that M. Patre is an only child, and that his mother is terribly grieved whenever he leaves her. M. Patre is very shy, but to-day he has seemed more inclined to make acquaintance with us, and has even talked a little to mamma about his mother. He seems very kind and good.

*Monday, September 6th.*

We had a sad day yesterday on account of poor Sister Stephanie, who was so ill we thought she would die. To-day she is much better, but I think I shall always remember how sweet and patient she has been.

How good Sister Alexis is too! I think I like her more than any of the others. I am very glad always to talk to her about poor people and such matters, but she will never say a great deal about herself. When I ask her if she does not feel unhappy to go so far away from her home into a strange country, she only smiles, and says, "We go where we are sent by our superiors; we feel that it is God who sends us, and it is His will which we try to accomplish."

The doctor tells mamma that he has never seen any one so patient and full of faith as Sister Stephanie has been. For when they thought she might die at any moment, she neither murmured nor trembled, but seemed composed and

very happy. The doctor says she has a very weak chest, but if she recovers from this attack and can reach Bourbon, she will be much strengthened by the climate.

Marie and I have been watching the children to-day, to prevent them from making any noise near the Sisters' room, but we cannot stop the sailors, who have made a great deal of bustle. The wind is very good and we go on nicely, hoping soon to see Rio.

*Wednesday, September 8th*

We had Mass to-day, as it was the Nativity of the Holy Virgin, and also because Sister Stephanie was so anxious to have it. She is much better, and every one tries to spoil her by being as good to her as possible. They put her into a large arm-chair and wheeled her into the captain's room, where M. Bertrand had Mass.

She did not seem very much tired, but so happy that it was a pleasure to look at her, although she is still very thin and pale.

Mademoiselle talked to us about the Holy Virgin, and showed us how the story of her life ought to teach us humility. She was born, lived and died in obscurity, although she was the mother of our Blessed Lord.

*Saturday, September 11th.*

Oh, I am almost too happy, for they tell us that to-morrow we shall certainly reach Rio! I do hope we shall find my uncle Henry there. Mamma wrote to him that we should stop at Rio, but he may not have received her letter. I do not remember my uncle very well, for I was only four years old when he was last in France. He has never seen Berthe or baby, and Stephanie was only a baby when he saw her. We are teaching baby to say "Godpapa," for uncle Henry is his godfather, and baby is named for him.

*Sunday, September 12th, in the roadstead of Rio Janeiro.*

Well! the captain did not deceive us, and I am really writing before the harbor of Rio! I can hardly believe that it is America that I see, and that such a little girl as I has really made this great voyage. We are so happy too to have no more rolling and pitching, and more than all, we are so glad to think that papa has gone to look for my uncle. As I do not want to grow impatient with waiting for them, I have begun to write about our arrival.

This morning at six o'clock they could see land from the mast-head, but I did not see it until an hour later. We had a fine breeze, and made straight for the land, which every one was delighted to see. The *Isère* was looking bright and fresh, for she has been all washed and even painted outside within the last few days. Berthe was so pleased to see the ship look so nicely, that she wanted to put on her very prettiest dress this morning, "so as to be dressed like the *Isère*," as she told mamma.

I am sorry to say that I felt almost unwilling to go to Mass this morning, for I was so much interested in watching the land grow more and more distinct. But I soon felt ashamed of myself, and saw that I ought only to be glad that I could thank God for having brought us so far in safety and health.

When Mass was over, and we left the cabin, I shall never forget how I felt! The land seemed so close to us, and what a pleasure it was to see once more the trees, the green grass, hills and valleys! Stephanie, Berthe and Jeanne were chattering like little parrots, and even baby jumped and laughed in Marie's arms, although he did not know what pleased us all. Every one was on deck, so much amused and interested in watching the beautiful country. Even Sister Stephanie's sad eyes looked bright.

We approached rather slowly it seemed to me, passed a great fortress called Santa Cruz, and then entered a great bay, which curving on each side of us allowed us to see Rio Janeiro on the left, and Nytheroby on the right hand, while all around were mountains, forests, and everything beautifully green. The officers tell us that this is the finest harbor in the world.

It amuses me so much to see the crowd of vessels, with flags of all the nations, and then quantities of boats, canoes, and piroques, passing back and forth, loaded with men or with fruit, the negroes laughing and talking, all making such a pleasant noise and bustle. While we were at lunch the canoes came to us from all directions, bringing us every kind of fruit to sell. There were bananas, coconuts, and guavas, but above all such beautiful oranges!

As we came up the harbor, we hoisted our flag, and all the crew took off their hats to greet it. It made the tears come into my eyes. Then they began to fire a salute, and the noise of the cannon almost deafened us, and frightened the children very much. When the noise was over, and the smoke cleared away, what should we see sailing into the harbor, with all sails set and flag flying, but a splendid man-of-war, and it was French!

When we recognized our dear blue, white and red flag, how we all cried out!

I was much amused too to see them cast anchor, to see the great chain running out, and to feel that it would hold us so fast and firm. I wondered if the *Isère* felt as glad to be quiet as I was. Presently we saw a boat coming with some gentlemen in uniform, and I hoped it was my uncle Henry. It was, however, the health-officer and some others, who always visit every vessel that enters the harbor. Papa made some inquiries about uncle Henry, but could

only hear that he had returned from his voyage; they could not tell if he was in the city. Papa has gone ashore, and has sent mamma word that uncle Henry was not in the city, but he should follow him into the country and bring him to us. Mamma is almost sick with impatience, and Stephanie and I have been watching every boat that came near us, until our eyes ache. We shall all write to Gustave from here.

*Friday, September 17th—again at sea.*

How much I have to tell! I am afraid it will make my Journal very long, and yet it is all so interesting that I hardly know what to omit. I must go back to Sunday, when we spent a long, anxious day, waiting for papa and my uncle. It was very quiet and dull on the ship, for almost every one had gone on shore; even the Sisters had gone to a convent in Rio. I felt quite envious to see Adèle go off with Mme. Bontems and the children, while we stayed shut up on the ship. It was a bad feeling, I know, but I was so impatient to go ashore myself.

After dinner we all were on deck, waiting and watching, but no one came. At last, after eight o'clock, mamma was obliged to go away to put baby to sleep, but we stayed with Mademoiselle. Unfortunately a heavy shower soon drove us all below, and made me feel, I must say, very cross. Suddenly we heard voices outside, and I ran out quickly, to find, however, only Mme. Bontems and her party coming back. As I turned away, much disappointed, Adèle cried out, "O Marguerite, I have good news for you! Your uncle is coming, and he is very nice." I gave a little cry, and Mme. Bontems added, "Do not tell your mother too suddenly; it may startle her." But I did not listen, and rushed into mamma's room, crying as loud as I could, "Mamma, mamma, uncle Henry!"

“Where?” asked mamma, beginning to tremble.

“He has just come, I think.”

“Stay here,” said mamma, and she flew away up the ladder and was out of sight in a moment.

They told me afterwards that, in spite of the heavy rain, mamma ran across the deck to the place where they land from the boats, just in time to see a large man in uniform coming up the ladder. “Is it you, Henry?” she cried.

“Oh my Elisa!” he replied, and in another moment mamma was in his arms, sobbing and embracing him, without thinking who might be looking at her. Georget told me afterwards that all the men had tears in their eyes, as they thought of the sisters and mothers they had left at home. In a few moments papa took them away to his room, and then how much talking had to be done!

I was waiting below all this time, and thinking it was not very kind for mamma to forget me so long. I felt almost ready to cry. At last Jeanne cried out, “Marguerite, I hear your mamma’s voice;” and then my heart began to beat and I could not stir. I kept close to Stephanie, who felt as shy as I did; but Berthe ran out to meet them, crying, “How d’ye do, uncle? how d’ye do, papa?” Mamma called to me: “Here, Marguerite, is the uncle you wanted to see so much.”

I did not move until my uncle said, in a voice that touched my heart, “Why, Marguerite, is this the way you receive me?” and then I ran into his arms. As he kissed Stephanie, he said to mamma, “This one is your very image, Elisa.” Then he looked at baby, who was asleep, and said, “How beautiful he is! I must kiss my little godson, cost what it may!”

Mamma then took my uncle to Mademoiselle, who had not seen him since mamma and she were at school together,

and uncle Henry was at college. He held out his hand to Mademoiselle, and saying, "I am sure you will let me treat you as a brother, since you are both friend and sister to Elisa," he kissed her without ceremony. Then he turned to Marie and Jeanne, and said: "Oh, these are sisters of my nieces; well, I must kiss every one to-day." Marie was a little surprised, but she saw how simple and kind uncle Henry was, and was not offended. In a few moments Stephanie and I were sitting one on each knee, while Berthe looked at us rather reproachfully from her bed.

Uncle Henry then told us how papa had been obliged to go some distance out of Rio to look for him at a friend's house. As soon as they had had dinner they started to come to us, had found Mme. Bontems just starting for our ship, and, papa told us, uncle Henry gave up his nice covered boat to her as it was raining, while he and papa came out in a damp little canoe. Mme. Bontems was delighted with such politeness!

When my uncle went away, he told us we must all be ready to go ashore with him the next day. Mamma told him she was sure he would not have room for us all, but he said gayly: "We will do what we can, and I know you will not grumble."

*Saturday, September 18th*

I must interrupt my story about Rio to tell of a great fright which we had last evening about Stephanie. We were all on the poop, enjoying the fresh air and trying to amuse mamma, who was very sad at leaving my uncle, when suddenly the officer gave an order to the crew which made it necessary for us to get out of the way. So we pushed our chairs back against the little railing of the poop, which is a dangerous-looking thing, as it has only a



bar with no lattice work. I felt really frightened when I saw how rough the sea was, but Mademoiselle, who always thinks of others and not of herself, slipped between me and the railing and held me fast. At this moment mamma exclaimed, in a voice which could be heard, in spite of the waves and rattling ropes, "Stephanie!" We looked around and could see no Stephanie. I could feel Mademoiselle's hand grow cold, but she called firmly, "Stephanie!" and then a little voice said, "Here I am." We turned, and there was Stephanie, with one hand around the railing, under which she had slipped, and the other hand grasping Mademoiselle's skirt. It made me tremble to look at her. Mademoiselle seized her and gave her to mamma, while we all exclaimed, "What were you doing there, Stephanie?" The poor child could not answer, but only hid her face on mamma's shoulder and cried. I felt quite impatient and said:

"Why do you not speak, Stephanie? You frightened us almost to death, and now you will not tell us what you were doing!"

"It was nothing very strange," said Stephanie. "I was holding Mademoiselle. Suppose she had fallen?"

I felt so ashamed, and I kissed Stephanie, saying:

"Oh how much better you are than I am, for I only thought of falling myself!"

"But why do cry, my darling?" said mamma.

"Because I was so afraid," replied Stephanie softly; "the sea was so black!" Poor little girl, we could not wonder that she was frightened, and how brave she had tried to be for Mademoiselle!

Mamma and Mademoiselle did not praise her, but how tender and loving they were to her when they took her away to go to bed! I felt so thankful that God had saved

her from the horrible death which she might have had. As Marie and Jeanne and I were going to bed, we had a long talk about Stephanie's unselfishness, and both Jeanne and I concluded that we thought more of our own comfort than any of the others. Mamma is always thinking of other people, so is Marie, and Mademoiselle never thinks of herself at all; she is more like an angel than a woman. I must pray to God to help me to be unselfish too.

I have been trying to-day to do something for others, which was not very pleasant to myself, and it has made me very happy. We were all playing on deck together, when Laura Bontems caught her foot in a rope and fell: Adèle picked her up, and exclaimed:

"There, you have torn your dress again! How provoking it is, and I shall have to mend it! But mamma will punish you."

Laura began to sob, "Oh, mamma will whip me! mamma will whip me!"

Marie came up to comfort her, while she said to Adèle:

"Could you not mend her dress so that Mme. Bontems would not notice it?"

"Oh, indeed, how good you are—to want me to work instead of playing! It is bad enough when I have to sew."

"Well," said Marie, "come with me, Laura, and I will do it for you."

All of a sudden I thought I would like to make this little sacrifice, so I begged Marie to let me take Laura and mend her dress. Marie kindly consented, and although Adèle tried to laugh at me, I went off very happily, leading Laura by the hand. Fortunately mamma has taught me how to sew well, so I could mend the torn dress very nicely. Adèle felt ashamed, for she followed me, and waited for Laura to go on with the game we were playing.

To-day we have had a cannon exercise, which was very amusing. All the gunners were at their pieces, while the officers gave orders and commands, as if the ship were being attacked. The cabin-boys were all placed at the hatchways, passing up the cartridges as they were needed. I could not help laughing to see our Georget working so soberly. But I think our vessel would be very well defended if we met an enemy.

I like very much to see the gun exercise too, with the sailors all placed in line on the deck, with their neat, pretty dress. I think I have never spoken of a ceremony which takes place every evening, and which I always like to watch. They call it "down all hammocks." At a certain time a signal is given, the sailors form in line, and passing along the bulwarks (which are the walls of the *Isère*) on each side, they raise the tarpaulin, behind which is a sort of wardrobe for their beds. Each man takes his bed, or rather hammock, puts it on his back, and in a moment all are in the battery, hanging their hammocks on hooks placed there for that purpose. In another moment all are in bed.

*Saturday, September 19th.*

Punctually at nine o'clock, as my uncle had promised, his boat was at the side of the *Isère* to take us ashore. We were soon ready to go, merry enough all of us, and a big boatful we made. It was queer work going down the side of the ship on the funny little rope ladder, and I do not think either mamma or Mademoiselle liked it any better than I did. We had asked permission of the captain to take Georget ashore with us to help Babet; and how happy he looked, with his bright eyes and white teeth! None of the other cabin-boys could go ashore, and hard enough it must be for them.

We had negroes to row our boat, and poor Berthe was dreadfully afraid of them, and screamed so loudly when one of them tried to carry her ashore that my uncle had to take her, while baby, too, looked at them, with his blue eyes very wide open.

How pleasant it was to be on the firm ground again ; but at first we could hardly walk at all ; everything seemed moving up and down, so that my uncle had to give mamma his arm, while papa helped Mademoiselle. I wished for Gustave, not only to help me, but that he might enjoy, too, all those new sights which amused us so much.

The houses and streets all looked new and strange to us. We met the negroes carrying packages and hurrying past, singing as they went, which seemed very queer. Some of the streets are very ugly and dirty ; but there are two or three fine ones, and in one of these my uncle lives. He only has the ground floor of a house, as he is on shore very little, and the rest of the house is occupied by a M. Daya and his wife. They very kindly gave up a couple of rooms for us while we were there, and we were very comfortable, with our mattresses on the floor.

Our first breakfast on shore was a great treat. Uncle Harry asked each one to say what they liked best, so mamma chose café au lait, Mademoiselle, Marie, Jeanne and I asked for a salad, while Stephanie and Berthe cried out for a cup of fresh milk. There were plenty of other things on the table which were very nice. The fruit was beautiful, and Jeanne cried out with joy when she saw the cocoa-nut and palm trees like those at Bourbon.

The first time I saw a banana tree, I asked a question which made every one laugh. The banana has very long, large leaves, which are so thin and delicate that the least

wind breaks them, and makes the edges of the leaves look as if they were fringed. When I saw them I said, "O Uncle Henry! who amuses themselves by cutting these leaves so carefully?" It was very foolish, but I was sure it was done on purpose.

I must stop to take my lunch, and rest a little. They caught a chess-board this morning, and I want very much to see it; it is a very pretty bird, and has its name, I suppose, from its black and white feathers, which look like the boards on which they play the game of chess.

But I must finish telling about Rio, and not interrupt my story so often. Every day my uncle took us to drive in a huge carriage that would hold us all. We went to visit several friends of Uncle Henry, who have beautiful country places not far from the city, and where every one was very kind and polite to us.

In the city, my uncle took us to a milliner who had her bonnets from Paris, and made us choose some to give him pleasure; and mine is charming. Then he was so good in providing us with all sorts of nice things to take on board ship with us: a big box of arrowroot, two great jars full of guava preserves, oranges, and many other nice things.

But I think what I like best of all are the books which Uncle Henry gave to Marie and me to read. How we shall enjoy them when we get tired of the sea and of our amusements on the ship! But I hear the children calling out and laughing on deck, and I must go and see what is the matter.

*Monday, September 20th.*

As soon as I ran on deck yesterday I saw a great crowd gathered about something on the poop. Every one was

there laughing and talking, and in the midst of them were two strong sailors holding something which struggled violently. As I came near them I saw they were holding a huge bird that was moving its head back and forth, trying in every way to escape, and it was so strong that the sailors had hard work to hold it. Poor bird, it made me unhappy to look at it; and yet how beautiful it was! They told me it was an albatross, and they had caught it with a hook while it was swimming after the ship like a beautiful swan. They are going to try and keep it alive for some days, but it will be too unhappy to live long, and it seems very cruel to catch it.

But I must go back and write about Rio, only now I have to tell about leaving there, which we were all so sorry to do. Uncle Henry was so kind to me, almost like my father, only he paid me compliments, which papa never does. One day, when mamma was arranging my hair, which has grown very long, Uncle Henry came in, and, taking up one of my curls, said to mamma:

“What splendid hair the child has, Elisa; it is as handsome as yours.”

“Do you think she looks like me?” asked mamma; “people sometimes say she is my image, but others think differently.”

“No, she is not like either you or Guyon. Her eyes are a little like yours, only yours are soft and gentle, and her’s are bright and shining. But what a complexion she has! it is as fresh as a rose.”

“Come, come,” said mamma, “do not spoil my little girl; she does not think of such things yet.”

“Do you believe it? I will answer for it that Marguerite knows already that she is very pretty, and graceful, too.”



“Do you mean me, uncle?” I cried. “I do not think so at all, and I am sure that you are laughing at me.”

“Oh, little hypocrite!” said uncle, laughing heartily, “you cannot deceive me; this is not the first time I know that you have had a compliment.”

“No, uncle, but Mademoiselle tells me that people only say such things to little girls to please their parents.”

“Well,” said Uncle Henry, “I cannot say it to please your mamma, for she looks almost angry with me.”

“You are foolish, Henry,” said mamma; “but I hope my Marguerite is too sensible to think much of such things yet.”

Well, I am very sorry that Uncle Henry ever said such things to me, for I have thought about it several times since, and have looked in the glass to see if it was true; and I really think it was. I am ashamed to tell Mademoiselle, but I hope she will read about it in my Journal.

We went on board my uncle’s ship, because mamma wanted to see where and how he had lived. It was all very nice, and I was delighted to find in his room such a pretty little portrait of mamma when she was a little girl.

Oh how unhappy we were when our last day came! Even Mme. Daya cried, although she had known us but a little while, but she had learned to love mamma, and was so very fond of baby. We have all written long, long letters to Gustave and Alberic, which we hope will reach them safely. When the dinner was over, and the time came to start for the vessel, how full our hearts were! Even papa looked sad, and poor mamma’s tears have been falling for a long time.

I heard Uncle Henry talking to her, as we went through the streets, urging her to have good courage and faith for the future.



“O Henry!” said mamma, “the future looks so dark to me. I cannot tell you what sad presentiments I have. The separation from you and from Gustave, the thought of my children being exposed to this terrible climate—oh how it oppresses me!”

“But you see how well they have borne the voyage thus far, Elisa. Try to think only of the duty you are paying to your husband, and believe that God will protect you all.”

“And you will pray for me, Henry. You have not forgotten the faith of your childhood nor the lessons of our dear mother?”

“No, Elisa, I shall never forget them, for a sailor’s life is well calculated to keep fresh all religious teachings. Every day I learn something new of God’s presence and goodness.”

“God be thanked,” said mamma. “I know the sea is a good teacher. Edward, too, is really religious, and I hope the day will come—” Here mamma whispered something which I could not hear, but I knew what she meant—that some day papa would do what we all had prayed for so earnestly.

Uncle Henry then spoke of Gustave, and told mamma that it was quite probable that he might soon go to France, where he would certainly visit his nephew, and mamma was comforted to think this might happen.

Uncle Henry went with us on board the *Isère*, and remained for some time walking up and down the deck with papa and mamma. I felt proud that all the officers should see him, for he looked so handsome. He is very fair, instead of dark, like mamma, and with his tall, fine figure and pleasant face, makes every one admire him.

It was indeed very hard to say good-by, and poor mamma could hardly make up her mind to let him go. He

tried to smile, when he kissed us all, but I could see that he was really very sad.

The next morning I was waked at 5 o'clock by hearing them raise the anchor, the sailors all walking back and forth; turning the capstan makes a great racket. I saw poor mamma leaning out of the open port-hole, and straining her eyes for a last look at Rio, where she was leaving Uncle Henry. In a very little time the rolling and pitching of the *Isère* began to make us all uncomfortable. How strange it is that we cannot get used to it! Poor Gustave! it is two months to-day since we left him.

*Tuesday, September 21st.*

We have caught another albatross, and several smaller birds. This morning M. Leblond brought me one as a present, which the sailors had given him. As we were playing with it, Marie came running down from the deck to call us to see one which had just been caught with a blue ribbon around its neck. We all tumbled up the ladder one over the other in our eagerness to see this curiosity. M. de Vere showed us a little piece of paper which he had found under the blue ribbon around the bird's neck; on the paper was written, "Anna, on board the *Camille*." How surprised we all were! and every one began talking about this Anna and wondering who she could be. Some of the officers thought she must be on board a vessel quite near us, as the paper had not yet been wet. I said she must be very kind, since she had set the little bird free, and that I should do the same for mine.

When I brought it on deck, M. Suze made me put my name on a piece of paper: "Marguerite, on board the *Isère*," and then he added, as a joke, "regards to Anna."

We all laughed at the idea of Anna reading this little note, and sent off the little bird quite gayly.

*Wednesday, September 22d.*

Yesterday, after our lesson in the catechism, Mademoiselle talked to us for some little time. Our lesson had been on the capital sins, and she spoke of the evils of pride and vanity in such a way that I felt she was talking to me about my being pleased at my uncle's compliments. She told us of how much more importance it was that our souls should be beautiful and pleasing in God's eyes than that we should have pretty faces or graceful figures. How often it might be that, in our pride and pleasure at being pretty or graceful, we would forget the cleanness of our souls, and then all would be marred and spoiled.

I felt truly ashamed that I had ever thought again of what my uncle said, and after this I shall try to forget it, and make my soul beautiful, or at least less ugly.

*Friday, September 24th.*

I could not write my Journal yesterday, for the sea was so rough. Oh how the ship rolled and pitched! We were all sea-sick, and could not do anything. Even Mademoiselle found it impossible. They tell us that we have a head-wind, which makes the motion of the vessel so disagreeable.

Yesterday morning, as we were leaving our state-rooms to go on deck, we heard loud shouts and laughter from the battery, where the sailors were at breakfast. Berthe ran forward to see what was the matter, but in a moment she came rushing back with her eyes very wide open, exclaiming, "A whale! a whale has come in the port-hole!" Mademoiselle began to laugh, saying:

“But, little goosey, that is not possible.”

“Yes, Mlle., for all the sailors cried out, ‘A whale!’”

“But did you see him?”

“No, because I ran away!”

We all laughed, and went on to find the sailors wiping up a pool of water, but no whale was to be seen. As I passed by old Mario, I said to him :

“What is this that Berthe tells us about a whale?” Mario laughed heartily, as he replied :

“Oh ! ha ! we sailors call it a whale, when a big wave jumps in on us without asking our leave. One came just now to make sauce for our breakfast.” The sailors have strange names for many things ; they call the little waves covered with foam sheep—and sometimes we can hardly understand what they are talking about.

We often see sharks around our ship, and once they actually caught one. What a great, horrible thing it was ! All of us children ran away ; but I went into papa’s room, and peeped out of the window ; but when I saw how strong it was, and how it floundered about the deck, striking great blows with its tail, I could not bear to look at it. One of the sailors brought me afterwards such a queer little fish, which he said they found on the shark’s back, where it always lives. It must be a strange home.

In the evening we saw the shark killed, and fastened between two of the masts. It was immense—fourteen feet long, they said, and it made me shudder to look at the rows of horrible, white sharp teeth, which close so firmly over any one’s arm or leg that they can seize. The sailors ate the flesh of this horrid shark, but I would not have touched it for all the world.

*Sunday, September 26th.*

We still have very rough weather. Yesterday I could not write at all. This morning we had Mass in the cabin, and poor mamma got out of bed to go, but she could hardly stay until the end. If it is as stormy next Sunday, we shall not try to have Mass, for which we shall all be very sorry.

After Mass, Marie and I read a little together; it was a chapter on *Humility*. When she finished, Marie said to me :

“You do not need these lessons, Marguerite, but I feel that I do, and I have thought a great deal of what Mademoiselle Valmy said the other day about pride and vanity.”

“Why, Marie,” I cried, “did you really think that Mademoiselle was speaking to you, when all the time she was correcting me?”

“That is not probable,” said Marie, “for no one has less pride than you, Marguerite.”

“You are mistaken, Marie. I was beginning to be very vain, because my uncle had paid me compliments; but, happily, since Mademoiselle spoke to me, I have tried to feel differently. But tell me, Marie, are you proud of your face too?”

“Of my face!” replied Marie; “why should I be?”

“Because you are very, very pretty.”

“I do not think so; indeed, I do not think of such things at all.”

“Then why do you say you are proud?”

“I can hardly tell you, Marguerite. But I feel that I do not like to be guided by others, nor to acknowledge myself in the wrong, nor to feel that I make a mistake. I can hardly explain my pride, even to myself, but I feel that I am

not gentle and humble-minded, as our Lord tells us we should be."

"But, Marie, I think you blame yourself too much, for you always ask advice from mamma and Mademoiselle, and often obey them, and you never complain of others, as I do. Besides, you are willing to speak of your faults to me, and I so much the younger."

"What would you think of me, Marguerite, if I did not listen to those whom God has so mercifully sent to me in my loneliness? But what shall I do when you are no longer with me?"

The tears were in Marie's eyes as I kissed her and whispered, "We will pray for you, my *sister*."

*Thursday, September 30th.*

Oh how frightened we have been during the last few days! A storm at sea and on shore are very different things. But it really makes me quite angry to hear the captain and officers say that we were not in any danger, because we were not very near the land. If our ship had foundered, I think we should have been drowned quickly enough without being thrown on the land. For my part, I should prefer to have the ship run ashore, for then we might have a little hope that some one would save us. At any rate, I should like to see the land, if only for one moment, before I died.

Sunday evening, after I wrote last, the storm grew worse and worse. We could not sleep, for the sailors were constantly marching over our heads, as they obeyed the orders of the officers of the watch. Whenever I think of that horrid whistle of the boatswain's mate, it makes me shudder. All through the dark night we could hear it so sharp and shrill. Then there would be silence on deck for a time, then a deep voice would say some-

thing, and the next moment the deck overhead was trembling under the tread of many feet, as the sailors obeyed the order of the officer on watch.

On Monday the rain and wind still continued. We could not go on deck, the battery was quite dark, with all the port-holes closed, and soon the companion-way was covered by a hood of tarpaulin to keep out the rain. It was very dull. Some of the officers were playing cards, and the good priests, M. Verrier and M. Bertrand, came in to see us, which was very pleasant. They told us a good deal about their missions, which interested us very much.

On Tuesday the wind was still higher. The poor Isère did not know what to do with herself; she turned from side to side as if she had a convulsion, groaning piteously, for all her planks creaked and cracked. Papa came to tell us not to think of going out to breakfast, for we could not stand upright. The captain sent our breakfast to our rooms, and if we had not been so frightened, it would have been funny enough to take our breakfast sitting on the floor like the sailors. The pitcher went in one direction, our plates and cups in another, and we had to eat as we could. Poor mamma looked very pale, and Mademoiselle was grave, and dear little baby was quite sick. He is cutting some large teeth, and this stormy weather makes him still worse.

We had to stay in the state-rooms all day, which was horribly tiresome. I longed for the day to be over, and yet when night came, I was so frightened. Neither mamma nor Mademoiselle went to bed, and every now and then papa would come in and talk to them about the storm. At last Marie and I got up and dressed ourselves. The children were all in the lower berths, for they could not keep in the upper ones. All that was on our



shelves rolled off, the clothes on the hooks fell to the ground, our trunks slid from one side to the other. What a confusion it was! As I begged papa to stay with us, he sat down for a little while, but when he saw us so frightened, he groaned and said—"Oh, what women! what women!"

At last, towards morning the storm fell a little. Yesterday was not so terrible, although the sea was still very rough, and so black and gloomy; we had quite lost our beautiful blue water.

We are a great way from the Cape now, and they say there is no danger. But as Marie and I were sitting on deck for a moment last evening, we heard the captain say to papa:

"We shall do, provided the wind does not rise again. It has changed, and would whistle us a different tune from this quarter, do you not think so?" I saw papa look at me out of the corner of his eye, while he replied:

"Oh, well, you can stand the whistle well enough, I think." But Marie and I both felt troubled, and did not tell mamma what we had heard. Oh, I hope that God will have pity upon us. . .

*Tuesday, October 5th.*

A very little more, and I should never have written my Journal again. Every one acknowledges now that we were very near to being lost. It makes one shudder to remember those dreadful days and nights, and yet I must try to write about them.

Well, Thursday night was, I believe, quite calm, but I do not know much about what happened, as I slept so heavily. But on Friday the vessel rolled heavily, and the sky was very dark and covered by masses of black clouds; the wind was so strong that we made *ten knots* an hour, and

they said at that rate we should reach Bourbon in fifteen days. But every one looked grave.

We made great progress before this strong wind until midday on Saturday, but we were very uncomfortable. The air was so heavy in the state-rooms, and yet it was almost impossible to go on deck. Mademoiselle took Marie and me up for a short time, but we were obliged to sit in one place, and look at the black, angry, gloomy sea. It made me feel almost terrified at the thought that perhaps we should soon all be at its mercy.

When I spoke to Mlle. about it, she reminded me that God's eye was upon us always, and that I must try to think of His care and protection.

"I know, Mademoiselle, that it is wrong to be so afraid," I replied, "but it seems so terrible to be drowned."

"It must be a quick death," said Marie, "but I confess I would rather die on shore."

"O Marie," I said, "you would only go to join your dear mother, but I should have to see mine die, and the children, and dear little baby."

"Do not let us talk about it any more, my children," said Mademoiselle; "let us have trust in God, and be hopeful."

At this moment the sailors began to make a change in the sails, and we were obliged to go down again; as we passed through the battery, I heard one sailor say to another:

"Well, old fellow, this is getting to be pretty warm work. In another hour the Isère will be dancing a fine jig!" I grew very pale, and was about to scream out, when Adèle, who had also heard these words, began to cry with all her might. Mme. Bontems was very angry, and scolded the sailor for frightening her daughter, but he only shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

Both Marie and I had asked Mademoiselle to allow us

to make a confession to M. Verrier, in case the storm continued so violent; we could not bear to think of dying without it. Mademoiselle had spoken to mamma about it, and she had consented, so we had made our examination and were prepared. Mademoiselle now came to tell us that M. Verrier was now with mamma, and that each of us should go to him in turn.

We all made our confession, and M. Verrier spoke to us all such beautiful and comforting words. Berthe was the only one who did not confess, and she said so piteously: "So I am the only one who has to keep their sins, and God will be angry with me!" So M. Verrier told her she might repeat some prayers, and acknowledge that she was often naughty, which she did on her knees, and with such a sober little face, that it was very sweet to see her.

We could not make up our minds to go to bed, for the waves seemed growing more violent every moment. The officers came from time to time to speak to us, and tried to look very cheerful and smiling to encourage us, but we could see they were anxious. Even papa tried to be gay, and when I said to him,

"O papa! why do you try to deceive us? You do not know how much courage God has given us!"

"I shall put it to the proof, my child," he replied, as he did indeed, but later.

Mamma begged Mademoiselle to go and ask after the good Sisters, and she took me with her. We found them calm and even smiling, and when I spoke of it, in surprise, they replied: "Oh, we have seen many storms before this one," which comforted me, as I thought we might, after all, escape. We went to see Mme. Bontems, and found her very much excited and frightened; her state-room was half full of water, and I felt very sorry for her. Made-

moiselle said all she could to comfort her, but she hardly listened to what she said, and was almost rude.

*Wednesday, October 6th.*

We had a great fright yesterday about poor little baby. He was lying on mamma's lap, when suddenly he was seized with a sort of convulsion. It did not last but a moment, and the doctor assures us that it was nothing very alarming, as many children have convulsions when they are cutting their teeth. Poor little fellow, he looks very pale to-day, and mamma seems to feel much troubled about him.

But I must finish the history of our terrible storm. Well, that unhappy Saturday night we children went to bed about nine o'clock, but mamma and Mademoiselle remained up. The wind howled so that it sounded like thunder, and the sea beat against the port-hole as if it would burst in at any moment. All of a sudden there came a great crash, and the deck above us trembled as if it were giving way. We thought the lightning had struck us, and mamma, falling on her knees, began to pray, while I sprang out of bed and rushed into her arms, crying, "It is all over! it is all over!" Mademoiselle was very pale, but calm, and she was trying to comfort Berthe, who was crying, while Marie was quieting Jeane. Stephanie slept like a little angel. Poor Babet was so frightened that she looked gray instead of black.

In a few moments, when we found the ship was still safe, mamma exclaimed :

"I must have Edward; some one must call him;" so Mademoiselle opened the door, and, seeing M. Patre, begged him to send papa to us. It seemed a long time before papa came; he had been on deck watching the storm. As he came in, mamma cried :

“What has happened, Edward?”

“Nothing new.”

“But that clap of thunder, did you not hear it?”

“Oh,” said papa, smiling, “I know what you mean. You heard that block which fell from the top of the main-mast on the deck, and it came very near my head, by-the-by.”

“O Edward!” cried mamma, “you must not go back again. I beg you will stay with us.”

“Why, my child,” said papa, “it would be easier for you to keep a fish alive without water than to keep a sailor shut up in your state-room during a storm.”

“Then the sea is everything to you,” said mamma, with tears in her eyes; “you would rather let your wife and children die without you, than give up for a moment this beautiful spectacle.”

“You are crazy, dearest,” said papa, kissing her. “If I thought we were to die, I should be with you, trying to save you, if possible. But it is not as bad as that yet, and now my place is on deck.” Mamma then begged him to promise that he would come back to us as soon as the danger increased, to which he agreed at once.

We did not go to bed after this, but laid our mattresses on the floor of the state-rooms, and tried to get a little rest. At two o'clock in the morning, just as I was beginning to feel sleepy, I heard mamma cry out in a piercing tone, “Edward! my children! Gustave!” We started up with a terrible shock, and then noticed that the rolling and pitching had stopped entirely, and the ship was leaning over and over always to one side, without raising herself.

“Oh, what is it?” I cried.

“It is the end,” said Jeanne, bursting into tears.

“Do not wake up the little ones,” said Mademoiselle.

“You are right,” replied mamma, “they will perhaps suffer less. Come here, Marguerite; cling to your mother;” and she bent over and kissed baby, while she prayed, “O dear Lord, have pity on my loved ones, on Edward, on me, on us all. O Caroline, what a moment of agony!”

“Take courage, my dearest,” replied Mademoiselle, kneeling down beside us, and drawing Marie and Jeanne close to her. “Do not let us despair, but pray.”

I was so startled that I could not speak; I had such a sharp pain from trying not to scream that I was almost choked, and I could only kiss mamma’s hands, without looking at her. We began to pray, hoping and hoping for papa, for what seemed an age, although they said it was a very short time. The ship was still leaning over, and how dreadful the quiet was—no cracking or rolling! We could hear all sorts of orders and commands from the deck. At last, as our hearts seemed fainting within us, the ship cracked, creaked, moved, and then raised herself very, very gently, and in a moment we were rolling again as usual! Oh how grateful we were to feel it again!

Papa came at last, and when I rushed to him and began to cry, he said, “What, tears again?” but he did not scold me. Mamma held out her hand, and said:

“Well?”

“Well,” he replied, “it was a critical moment, but it is past. In consequence of an order which was misunderstood, the vessel was involved for a moment, but she has righted herself.”

“But, papa, the storm is just as bad as ever.”

“You must try to get used to it, for it may last for twenty-four hours yet.” Papa stayed a little while with us, and when he went away, I saw he looked grave.



*To-day again. at 3 o'clock.*

Soon after papa had left us, we heard voices and cries in the battery, and we could recognize Mme. Bontems' sharp tones, as she bewailed her miserable condition, shut up in a dark hole to die, without any one to pity her. Mamma seemed sorry for her, and asked Mademoiselle if she did not think we ought to ask Mme. Bontems to come in to us. Mademoiselle said she had no doubt that it would give her much comfort to be with us, so she went out into the battery, in spite of the terrible rolling, to speak to Mme. Bontems.

The poor woman was very glad to accept mamma's offer, for she was very lonely and unhappy. But she said she was afraid that she would crowd us very much, and she was sure that we only asked her from charity. When they all came in, I whispered to Marie, "Let us try to be amiable." So I offered my mattress to Adèle, telling her she would find it quite comfortable. She replied, "Will not you lie down too, then?"

"Oh no!" I said, "I will sit up with Marie." She smiled, as much as to say, "Always Marie;" so I whispered in Mademoiselle's ear:

"Is it wrong for me to prefer to die beside Marie rather than Adèle?" Mademoiselle replied, softly:

"No, my child, but try to be kind and gentle, for remember that God's eye is upon you."

We tried to make the children as comfortable as we could, and they were soon asleep, but Mme. Bontems would go on talking, which was very tiresome.

She said that she had just heard one of the officers say that we were in greater danger now, for we were driving on shore, but he hoped the wind would change. This startled us all again horribly, and made poor mamma



very faint. Marie, who saw how much Mme. Bontems tired mamma, managed to call her to look at little Suzanne, and kept her talking for some time.

In the midst of it all I fell asleep, and when I waked it was bright daylight, the Bontems family were gone, and every one was awake. I could hardly dress myself, for the rolling was so terrible, but as it was daylight, it did not frighten me so much. Just as I was dressed, papa came in, and said to me:

“Well, my daughter, I promised to put your courage to the proof; now is the time. Will you come on deck with me and look at the sea?”

“No, no, Edward,” cried mamma, “I cannot allow it.” But I begged mamma so earnestly to let me go that, at last, she consented, only making papa promise that he would not let go my hand for a moment, and would bring me back very soon.

“I want to teach Marguerite to be brave,” said papa, “and there is no danger whatever.”

So I kissed mamma, and followed papa out of the state-room, but I could not walk without holding his arm. When we came to the foot of the ladder, papa said:

“Now you will see how the sea looks when it is angry; but let me see you behave like a sailor’s daughter—no tears or screams.” I did not reply, and at that moment I saw the sea. I shall never forget it. It was horrible, and yet beautiful, but it made me tremble. I can hardly describe what I saw. The ship was plunging and tossing, first one side and then the other, amongst waves that seemed like mountains, whose foam dashed over the deck into our faces. The deck was deserted, the water was streaming in all directions, the wind howled as if furious that it could not destroy us at once, and over all that

gloomy, black sky. I should have shrunk back in horror, but I remembered that behind those terrible clouds God was looking at us, and could save us.

At this moment the captain passed us, and said :

“Why, Guyon, how could you bring that child to see such a sight?”

“I am hardening her,” replied papa. He had me in his arms, and I was growing more accustomed to the waves, when suddenly I saw a huge one coming towards us that I felt *must* swallow us. I hid my face and clung to papa as I felt a dash of cold water over me, and at the same time a great blow, which seemed to tear me out of papa’s arms. I gave one little scream, and then I knew nothing more until I opened my eyes to find myself lying on papa’s bed, while he was leaning over me with actually tears in his eyes.

“I am not drowned then, papa,” I cried, joyfully.

“Not a bit, little goose,” he replied. “Come, try to feel better, so that you can go to your mother, who may be a little uneasy.”

“Oh, I feel very well, papa ; but what happened?”

“What happened was a wave on top of your head, but it need not make you ill.”

“But, papa, did you think I was cowardly to cry out?”

“No indeed, Marguerite ; on the contrary, you are a brave girl, and I am well pleased with you.”

“How proud I was to hear papa call me brave. I shook the water from my hair and my dress, so that mamma should not see me too wet, and went down below feeling very happy. I did not tell mamma about the big wave, but I described it all to Mademoiselle and Marie.

We could not have Mass on Sunday, as the sea was so very rough, but M. Verrier came to see us in our state-rooms.

At last God had pity upon us. Between eleven and twelve o'clock papa came to us, and proposed that we should all go up into his room on deck for a change of air. We knew afterwards that he had taken us there, because our danger had become so great that he wanted us where he could do something towards saving us, if possible. At this very moment the wind changed suddenly, as if by a miracle, and we were soon driving away from the land as quickly as we had before been driven towards it. How happy every one was at once! The captain (who had not left the deck before for many hours) came down to congratulate mamma and assure us of safety. We could hear every one talking and laughing, when before it had been so quiet, except the roaring wind and rushing waves.

When the captain and papa left us, we all fell on our knees and thanked God with all our hearts for His mercy.

To-morrow we hope to pass that unhappy Cape, and then we may hope for calmer weather.

*Thursday, October 7th.*

I hardly know how to write an account of my morning, for I have had a dispute, and to-day is my birthday, and I am eleven years old. And besides, God has so lately saved me from such a great danger. Dear Mademoiselle, pray read this Journal, and give me some advice. I do not think I was so very much in the wrong, and I wish you would comfort me a little.

Of course my dispute was with Adèle who always provokes me so much. I was playing with the children, and Adèle would meddle, and prevent them from doing what I said. When I told her she was very disagreeable, she screamed out so loud that Mme. Bontems came and spoke very crossly to me. This made me so angry that, when her

mother was gone, I told Adèle that no one liked her, but every one thought her very badly brought up, and I would never play with her again; that I had tried to like her, because, Mademoiselle, you had urged me, but it was of no use, etc.

But I need not tell you all I said. I know I was very disagreeable, but then Adèle said a great many hateful things about you, mamma, Marie, and all of us. I can see that Adèle has not really a good heart, for she forgets so soon any kindness that mamma or you show her. I want to tell you *some* of her faults now, because you will never listen to me at any other time when I speak of them.

She is very affected, and always trying to make people notice and admire her. She is very curious too, and always repeats every word that she hears other people say, and she does not always tell the truth when she repeats things to her mother, which seems to me very wicked.

I dare say she has good qualities, for she helps her mother take care of the children, and Mme. Bontems is always praising her for being so active and useful. But, dear Mademoiselle, I cannot learn to like her, and as I have told her I would not play with her any more, I must keep my word; so I beg you to say that I need not have anything to do with her now. If we avoid each other, there will be no more quarrels, which neither you nor mamma like.

Please give me an answer in *my Journal*, dear Mademoiselle, for it would make me ashamed to *talk* to you about it.

We passed the Cape last evening, which makes us all feel more light-hearted. Poor baby seems quite ailing, which makes mamma anxious; Stephanie, too, is not well. I was up early to-day, and ran to give papa and mamma a

birthday kiss. I do indeed feel like a big girl. Last year at this time I was in France; next year I shall be in Pondichéry. How many changes! Mamma gave me five francs for my birthday and papa the same, but Stephanie and Berthe could not make me any present, as we are at sea.

It is beautiful weather; the sky and sea are so blue that it is a pleasure to look at them, but we have little wind, and go very slowly.

*The same day—11 o'clock P.M.*

REPLY TO MARGUERITE.

You must know, my dear child, that ever since you began to write your Journal conscientiously, I have felt much interested in it, but I have taken no part in it, except when you asked me to do so. I shall write now a few lines, because I feel that I cannot pass over what you have asked in silence.

I am really grieved, my child, to see that, after all my teachings, you understand so little the true meaning of *charity*—to love God, and to love others for His sake. Or rather, you are not wanting in understanding this love, but you are not willing to practise it. Dare you say to God that you are doing all that He commands in loving and obeying those who are agreeable to you, and whose conduct pleases you? Is that what He means when He tells you to “love your neighbor as yourself?” Why should you except Adèle from this rule? You draw a horrible picture of her faults—but did God refuse to love even great sinners?

What right have you, Marguerite, to cast the first stone at your neighbor? If you can thus recount the faults of

another, how can you expect that God will consent to overlook and pardon your sins? It distresses me very much to see how you could sit down quietly, when you were no longer angry, and throw blame upon another, as it were, "in cold blood."

You are wrong, too, in refusing to see her good qualities, and quite mistaken in saying that she has not a good heart. She is often self-denying for her mother, her sisters and brothers, and is always ready to forgive an offence, even if quick to take one. When you have quarreled, were you to ask a favor of her, or hold out your hand to make amends, you would then see how soon she would forget and forgive.

But why should I say so much, when one word is enough? It is that which tells you to love your neighbor *for the love of God*. I think that you love God, Marguerite, or at least you wish to do so, for as yet your love is very feeble and imperfect. You must love, then, His children, who are your brothers and sisters, and any sacrifice which you can make in doing so will be acceptable in His sight. You will see that I have asked you several questions; I will leave it to your own conscience to answer them.

As to the permission to avoid Adèle, for which I am truly ashamed that you should have asked, I leave you free to take it, if you can really feel that such conduct would be pleasing to God and agreeable to yourself.

O Marguerite, my dearest child, you who are the subject of my most tender anxiety and my most earnest prayers, do not disappoint and grieve me too much. Let me see you, my child, filled and guided by that holy spirit of charity, without which, we are told, that all other gifts "are as nothing."



*Friday, October 8th.*

Oh, my dear good Mademoiselle, how much I thank you for these reproaches! They were very severe, to be sure, and cost me many tears, but they have done me so much good.

I cannot bear to think that I ever asked Mademoiselle for that horrible permission; it makes me ashamed to remember it. Without Mademoiselle, how wicked and unkind I should have been; but now that she has opened my eyes, I mean really to try to be more just and amiable toward Adèle. After breakfast, when I met her on deck, I told her that I was sorry that I had been so rude and cross the day before; and she was very pleasant, saying she had forgotten all about it, and offering to play with me at once.

This morning I was marked *perfect* for my History, but I do not deserve much credit for it, as I was so much interested in it that I could not well forget it. It was about the deliverance of Jerusalem by those dear Crusaders whom both Marie and I like so much.

The history of the Middle Ages interests me, too, greatly, although at first it seemed to me very confused. How pleasant it is to study, and oh! how many things I have still to learn!

*Wednesday, October 13th.*

Oh! I trust that God will again have pity upon us, for we are all very unhappy. Poor baby is very, very sick, and I can see that every one is anxious. Papa looks very grave, and although the doctor tries to encourage us, I cannot but remember how it was when M. de Laval was so ill, and the doctor said every day that he was better.

The day after I wrote last, Marie and I were dreadfully



startled by hearing mamma give a loud cry, and when we ran into her room, we found that baby was in a severe convulsion, his eyes wide open, and his poor little limbs quite stiff. For three days he was almost constantly in a convulsion, and the doctor could do nothing to relieve him, although he tried everything. Poor mamma is almost in despair; she cries day and night, and without Mademoiselle, I believe she would die.

I cannot bear to see our poor little darling suffer so dreadfully, he whom every one has loved and petted. I only wish that I could take his place.

O my God! I beg of you make my dear little brother well again. He seems a little better to-day. Pray, pray, continue to protect and help him.

*Thursday, October 14th.*

Baby was quiet all day, but last evening he had a terrible attack. When the convulsion was over, he was so cold and still that we were all afraid he was — No, I cannot write it. The doctor was very much troubled, and mamma nearly fainted.

Sister Alexis came to help us, and we all waited upon the doctor and Mademoiselle, who were trying to revive the poor little darling. Mademoiselle was so good to me, and whenever she saw I could hardly control myself, she would ask me to bring her something, or she would whisper to me, "Go and pray for your little brother, my child."

A prayer always comforted me, but how sad it was to see baby so changed. His face looked so old, and he moaned constantly. When he opened his great blue eyes, he did not seem to see us, and mamma would say so piteously, "Look at me, my angel! smile at your mother," it brought tears into our eyes.

Once, when the door was open, I saw old Mario looking in, and when he saw "the little admiral" so pale and changed, and mamma kneeling beside the bed gazing at him, he did not speak, but two great tears rolled down his rough cheeks. I took hold of his hand and whispered, "Pray for us," but he went away quickly without a reply, although I could hear him muttering to himself, as he went on deck.

The captain and officers seem really distressed, and even the sailors try to be as quiet as possible.

The poor little darling sleeps constantly, but I can see that this sleep makes them all uneasy. They are putting compresses of vinegar and water on his head all the time, but unfortunately we have no ice.

Stephanie is almost ill from grief, so Sister Honorine has taken her to their room, where she will be away from poor baby's sufferings. I am so glad that mamma and Mademoiselle are willing to let me stay with them, for I cannot bear to be away from baby for a moment, I am so afraid something might happen if I went away.

. . . . .

*Sunday, October 24th.*

Can I ever have the courage to write of our terrible sorrow? No, it is not possible, and I have cried, too, so much that I can hardly see, and my hand shakes very much. Oh, baby, baby! dear little angel! How can I say that you are no longer with us; that we shall never see you again, except in heaven. Oh, it is too dreadful! I cannot submit to it! I beg God will pardon me for saying so, but I loved baby too much.

*Tuesday, October 26th.*

I could not go on writing the other day, for I began to sob and cry so hard that Mademoiselle came and took me in her arms and told me I must put away my Journal. To-day I feel better, and want so much to write that Mademoiselle has consented, although she has made me promise to stop as soon as I feel badly.

I feel that it will be a comfort to me to write about baby, for it seems so blank and lonely now without him. It seems as if every one were dead. It seems so hard to believe it. He was just beginning to run about, and say little words. He could call our names, and he laughed and played so sweetly. Mademoiselle tells me that we are not the only ones who suffer, but when I think of poor Gustave, and how he would feel—

I had to stop again, for I could not help crying. Marie was so good to me, and came to beg me to go on deck for a little fresh air, but I could not bear to see the sunshine. It makes my heart ache, too, to see poor mamma lying there so still and pale, not eating or sleeping, and hardly speaking to any one.

*Wednesday, October 27th.*

I have prayed for strength and courage to-day, before beginning my Journal, for I want very much to tell about our poor baby's death, both for my own sake and for mamma's. Yesterday, when I began to cry again, and could not finish writing, I thought I heard mamma's voice calling me very feebly; I ran to her side, and when she opened her arms to me, I felt almost too happy, for it was the first time she had noticed me for many days. After kissing me many times, she asked me what I had been doing.

“I was trying to write my Journal, mamma.”

“Poor child!” she said, and two tears trickled over her pale cheeks.

“But, dearest mamma, if you wish, I will not write about it.” She looked at me very earnestly, and said:

“On the contrary, write *all—all*,” and then she fainted away, as she has done many times since that sad day.

Mademoiselle came to her at once, to revive her as well as she could. What should we have done without Mademoiselle, she has been such a blessing to us all! Mamma has hardly looked at any of us now for several days. Poor Berthe has been very unhappy about it, but Stephanie behaves like a little angel; she comes and kneels beside mamma’s bed and, kissing her hands, says:

“I will not speak of baby, dear little mamma, for that hurts you, but I am going to pray for you here.”

It is very sad to look at my dear papa, he is so unhappy; and he shuts his sorrow all in his own heart, and will not speak of it to any one. It even makes him seem stern, so that I dare not say a word to him. It is as if we had no papa or mamma just now, and what should we do without Mademoiselle?

Well, I see that where I last spoke of poor baby, he was sleeping very heavily, but it was not an easy sleep that helped him. He breathed very hard, and seemed to suffer all the time. Papa was very uneasy, and stayed with us all that night. Mademoiselle allowed Marie and me to stay with her, and we all watched together. Mamma never left her place at the head of the bed, although papa urged her to go away several times, but when he did so, she passed her arm around Mademoiselle, and looked at him so sternly that papa said no more.

The doctor was with us, constantly trying new remedies,

which did not, however, relieve the poor little love at all ; indeed, they only seemed to trouble him. At last mamma turned to the doctor, and looking full in his face, with such a piercing look in her eyes, said :

“ Can you save him for me ? ” The doctor said nothing, but turned away his head.

“ Thén,” cried mamma “ you can at least leave him in peace,” and she fell on her knees, putting her arms about baby, while her tears poured over his face.

But when the terrible moment came nearer and nearer, mamma was very calm, like a statue cut out of stone, while papa walked up and down, and could not bear even to look at baby. All Friday morning the poor darling remained in the same state, and we all knew that he was dying. Oh how dreadful it was ! The kind Sisters came constantly to see us, and sometimes Berthe and Stephanie would steal to the door on tip-toe ; but they could not keep back their sobs and tears, and had to go away at once. The good priests helped us more than any one else, for without them I do not know how poor mamma could have borne it all. It was their words only which she seemed to hear.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, as we were all around baby, mamma suddenly gave a cry, and we saw that the great blue eyes were open and looking into mamma's face, while the poor little mouth was smiling sweetly. Mamma bent over him, crying : “ Oh, my angel ! my darling ! do not leave me ! smile at me once more ! ” Baby looked at her for several minutes, smiling all the time, and then, in a moment, we could not hear his breath. It was over—and he was in heaven.

*Thursday, October 28th.*

In spite of all my efforts, I had to stop writing yesterday, for the sobs almost choked me. It seemed to me as if I could still hear mamma's piercing cries as she flung herself beside baby. "My love, my darling, my baby, come back to me, or take me with you! What shall I do without you?" and many such heart-breaking words. Poor papa broke down at last, and falling on his knees beside Mademoiselle, he laid his head on dear little baby's hands and cried like a child.

Mademoiselle was our comfort; she turned at once to mamma, who had clasped baby in her arms, and then fainted away. She took the dear little angel away from his poor mother, and leaving him in my care, she carried mamma with the help of Babet into the other room, and laid her on the bed. The doctor said we need not be troubled for mamma at present, for the fainting fit was really a relief to her. When Mademoiselle had done all that she could for mamma, she came back to baby, and sent Marie and me to watch by mamma. All that we could do was to kneel beside the bed, and pray with all our hearts that God would comfort her and save her from despair.

Mademoiselle washed and dressed dear baby so sweetly, putting on a long white dress and little white cap, from under which his pretty curls looked so beautifully. He looked as if he were asleep; the look of pain had quite gone from his dear little face, and as he lay on Mademoiselle's lap, I could hardly believe that I should never see his blue eyes open again, or the sweet little mouth smile.

But it was too dreadful when mamma recovered from her fainting fit, for suddenly we heard her cry: "My



baby, Caroline, I want my baby." Mademoiselle and papa both went to her and tried to calm her, but she only asked for baby. She then tried to get up and go to him, but she was too weak to stand. Mademoiselle then told Babet to go and ask the doctor and M. Verrier to come into the next room, while she went and brought baby to mamma.

When poor mamma saw him looking so calm and smiling, she cried :

" Oh, Caroline, he is asleep, only asleep. Wake up my darling, and look at me." But baby's eyes did not open. Then she began to cover his face and hands with kisses, sobbing as if her heart would break. Suddenly she stopped, and looking at Mademoiselle earnestly, she said :

" No, Caroline, it is impossible. God cannot ask such a sacrifice of me." And she broke out into sobs and cries. M. Verrier came in and while he bent over and kissed baby, he said gently to mamma: " God has given him to you, my dear daughter, and now He has taken him again. Cannot you say, ' Blessed be His name ? ' "

" Oh, M. Verrier, ask God to take me too, and I will bless Him."

" And your other children, your husband, and that dear son that you have left in France ? "

" Oh, my Gustave. I had forgotten him. Edward, can we ever live without our baby ? "

Papa took mamma's hand, but he could not speak, and his eyes were full of tears.

Mamma continued to talk about baby, his sweetness and pretty ways; that she should keep him always as he was now in her arms, no one must ask her to give him up. At last she grew so excited that the doctor spoke to papa and Mademoiselle, and said they must try to soothe mamma and take baby from her.



It was very difficult, for poor mamma was not like herself, but almost crazy. Both Mademoiselle and M. Verrier talked to her so kindly and gently, and said so many beautiful things about the love and pity which God felt for her in her great sorrow, that at last, after a long time, mamma yielded, and let them take baby, but she fainted as she did so.

*Friday, October 29th.*

It is two weeks to-day since baby died. I shall never forget the 15th of October, the most unhappy day of my life. I want to write all the particulars of these sad days, because mamma may wish some time to see my account, but now it seems as if it would be very very long before mamma could bear to read about it.

After baby was taken from poor mamma, he was placed on the bed in our room, and there he remained all night. How lovely and calm he looked! Stephanie and Berthe begged Mademoiselle to let them see baby, and she consented, for she felt sure that they would not be shocked or frightened. It was touching enough to see them standing beside the bed. Berthe thought he looked so lovely, she could not bear to leave him. Poor Stephanie's heart was too full for her to say a word.

Mademoiselle wished to watch beside baby that night, although the good Sisters offered to spare her the fatigue. Marie was to sit by mamma, who had fallen into a heavy sleep that we were afraid to disturb, and I begged Mademoiselle to let me sit with her. She would not allow me to sit up all night, but I stayed with her until very late. What a beautiful night it was; the port-hole was open on account of the heat, and I could see the blue sky covered with stars, and the calm sea over which we

passed so gently. It seemed so peaceful, and yet how sad and heavy our hearts were!

When Mademoiselle saw my tears falling, she took me on her lap, and said so much to comfort me, that after a little while without knowing it I fell asleep, and Mademoiselle undressed me and put me to bed, without waking me.

When I waked the next morning, I felt such a weight at my heart. "What can it be?" I said to myself; but when I sat up and saw the bed, with the little white figure upon it, I understood it all. Mademoiselle told me that poor mamma had only aroused from her heavy sleep, to fall into a sort of stupor, from which no one could rally her, and that it was best not to disturb her at present, since they must remove our dear little angel. "So soon, take him so soon, Mademoiselle?" I cried. But Mademoiselle quieted me, and said it must be so, as they must do what they could to preserve the dear little body, until we could bury it at Bourbon, for mamma had begged so earnestly that they would not put him into the sea.

"Where will they take him, Mademoiselle?" I asked.

"To your papa's room, my child, but you cannot follow him; even I shall not stay with him."

What a shock it gave me! I could hardly consent to obey Mademoiselle. I went in to see mamma, after begging Mademoiselle not to take baby away until I had given him at least one last kiss. Mamma was lying quite still with her eyes open, but she did not seem to see me, and when I kissed her and spoke to her, she did not move. It was terrible to see her.

When Mademoiselle had taken baby in her arms, and I felt that soon he would be gone from our sight forever, I had an attack almost like anger. It distresses me to think

of it now, but I believe I was crazy with sorrow. Sister Alexis tried to quiet me, but I felt really angry with her, and she was so good!

Mademoiselle said that all the officers and sailors stood with their heads uncovered as she came on deck with her precious burden, and the captain came to meet her, with tears running over his cheeks. He loved baby very dearly.

Unhappily, when my attack of anger seized me I must have disturbed mamma, who no doubt suspected what was happening. Suddenly, and before any one could prevent her, she got off the bed and opened the little door between the state-rooms. How startled I was to see her standing there like a statue. She cried out so bitterly when she saw the empty bed!

Fortunately Mademoiselle soon came back and was able to soothe her. But now she has become so languid and sad, she never speaks to any one but Mademoiselle; she listens to the good priests, but she never answers them.

Sometimes she says to Mademoiselle, "Oh, why did I come?" but she never speaks so before papa, for she knows how it would grieve him. The doctor seems to feel very anxious about mamma, and he and papa have long conversations about her.

*Saturday, October 30th.*

They tell us that we shall probably reach Bourbon now in a few days. I do hope that the change of going ashore, if only for a short time, will do mamma some good. I do not feel as if she would ever be any better if she stays in her state-room day after day. After we leave Bourbon we shall still have five weeks at sea before we reach India.

How sad it makes me to think how soon we shall leave Marie and Jeanne! The sorrow of dear baby's death has made me forget it a little, but now, when I begin to talk

about Bourbon, I feel how hard it will be for all of us to say good-by to Marie. She feels it too, I am sure, for I often see the tears in her eyes.

I have been so much happier for the last two days, because I have been able to talk to my dear papa, and perhaps comfort him a little. It was Mademoiselle who managed it. She came to me on Thursday evening, and said :

“Marguerite, you must go on deck for a little fresh air. What would your poor mother do if you were to be ill?”

“Oh, Mademoiselle,” I replied, “unhappily it would make little difference to mamma,” and the tears were in my eyes. Mademoiselle took me in her arms and said earnestly :

“Do not think so, my child. Your poor mother is so overwhelmed by her grief, that now she can feel nothing else ; but a mother’s heart is always the same, full of tenderness for her children. Your mother loves you dearly, Marguerite, even if she does not show it now, and for her sake you must take care of yourself.”

“But, Mademoiselle, if I could only comfort her a little!”

“You cannot understand, Marguerite, what it is to lose a child. God alone can comfort her in this great sorrow ; even the most tender and devoted love cannot do it, and it is this thought which almost ‘breaks my heart!’” Mademoiselle hid her face in her hands and could not speak.

I threw my arms around her, and tried to console her, for I could understand how bitter it must be to her to feel that she could do nothing for mamma, whom she loved so fondly.

When Mademoiselle had persuaded me to go on deck, I found that it made me feel very badly to go up the

ladder, where they had carried dear little baby, and then the fresh air made me feel quite faint, as I had so little of it lately. Mademoiselle took me to papa's room, who said rather sternly that I could stay there.

I felt almost afraid of papa at first, for he was so grave and cold sitting at his table, with paper and ink before him, but not writing a word. At last I said to him softly:

“Do I trouble you, papa?”

He replied quite severely:

“Why do you ask?”

I felt so frightened that I began to tremble and did not say another word. Presently papa laid down his pen, and looking at me said:

“Well, what do you want?”

“Only to have you talk like my papa.”

“Really! But I do not feel like talking.”

“It is just for that reason, papa, because you are unhappy, and I too, that we ought to understand each other.”

Papa did not say anything, so I went on, with my heart beating very fast:

“What will become of me, if you and mamma both keep me away from you? Mamma, as you see, is too ill, and you”—Papa looked as if he wanted to forbid me to go on. “Well,” I said, “I will not speak of you; but indeed, indeed I shall be ill if I cannot go near my mother or father,” and then my heart grew too full, and I burst into tears.

Papa got up, and taking my hand drew me down beside him on the sofa, and I leaned my head on his shoulder and cried still more. But papa did not scold me; on the contrary, I could feel him stroke my hair, and it made me so happy! After a little while I began to talk to him about mamma and about our dear little angel, and he did not seem to dislike it. When I put my arms around his neck,

and told him I wanted to kiss him for dear baby, he kissed me very fondly in return, and I saw tears in his eyes.

Before I went down I said :

“Papa, I have a favor to ask of you.”

“What is it?”

“That you will let me come every day and stay a little while with you, I like it so much!”

“No, no, you had better be with your mother.”

“But, papa, I could come here too. Besides, what can I do for poor mamma now? She does not even see me, and I am sure she would like me to be with you.”

“Very well,” said papa, kissing me, “come whenever you like.”

And I have been there two or three times, and papa smiles whenever I come. Mademoiselle says she thinks he likes to have me. How glad I am!

*Monday, November 1st.*

It seems as if there was always some new event coming to us now! This about which I am going to write now is partly pleasant and partly sad. Mamma does not know about it yet, for she is so weak and feeble that we do not talk to her of anything exciting.

Yesterday after Mass, Mademoiselle said to me :

“I will leave you with M. Guyon, Marguerite, for he wants to speak to you.” Papa had been at Mass, and it has seemed to do him good, since baby’s death. I looked at him in surprise, but he beckoned me into his room, and sitting down said :

“I have asked for a private interview; will you condescend to listen to me?”

“Yes indeed, papa, but you pretend to be joking, and yet you look sad.”



“You are right, Marguerite, I do not feel very much like joking. But listen to me and promise me to be calm.”

“I will try, papa.”

“What would you say to staying at Bourbon, instead of going on to India?”

“Oh papa, I should be delighted if any one stayed.”

“Every one will stay, if you mean your mother, Mademoiselle Valmy, your sisters, etc.”

“And what about you, papa?”

Papa did not answer me, and I cried:

“But you could not go without us, papa? It is impossible that you would think of leaving us!”

Papa's voice trembled as he said:

“I am greatly troubled about your mother, Marguerite. I am afraid to keep her any longer on the Isère, where she has so many sad associations. My plan is to leave her with the rest of you at Bourbon, until she can regain her strength, and be able to fight better against her great sorrow. The doctor advises it, and hopes much from the benefit of the climate at Bourbon. You can all join me afterwards in India.”

“Oh papa, and you will have to go all alone! You will be so far away from us, suppose you should fall ill, and you would have no one to nurse you! Take me with you at least, papa.” Papa patted my head kindly, and replied with a smile:

“I should like that well enough to be sure, but I could not carry you away from your mamma, Mademoiselle Valmy, and there is Marie too. How does it happen that you are not delighted at the idea of staying with her?”

“Oh papa, it would make me very happy if I only had you, but without you it will be miserable.”

“Then you do love your father a little?”



“Oh papa, how naughty of you to ask such a question!”

Papa put his arm around me, and kissed me several times, then he said gravely:

“We cannot avoid the separation this time, my child, for the doctor tells me that it is the only way in which I can hope to restore your poor mother. So now run and talk to Marie of the plan, but be careful not to let your mother hear of it at present.”

Marie is so happy to keep us with her that she consoles me in spite of my sorrow at losing papa.

*Wednesday, November 3d.*

Mamma now knows all. They were obliged to tell her, as the captain says that we shall be at Bourbon tomorrow night. Mademoiselle undertook to tell mamma of papa's plan, but it made a very trying scene for them all. When papa came in, mamma threw herself into his arms and begged him to forgive her for not showing more courage, but she would try to do better, and then she implored him to give up the idea of leaving her.

“Edward, have pity on me,” she said; “do not ask another sacrifice of me, in giving up *you*. It is more than I can bear.”

After she had said this and much more, she grew pale, and would have fallen, if papa had not caught her.

But papa would not allow himself to be persuaded, although he was much grieved at mamma's distress. He sat down beside her, and spoke so kindly and gently, telling her all his reasons for making such a plan. He told her how much better he thought it would be for all of us to be prepared for the climate of India by staying for a time at Bourbon.

“Then stay with us at Bourbon,” mamma begged. But papa told her that that was impossible, since his duty to his government would not admit of such delay. Papa told her, too, how anxious both he and the doctor were for her, if she remained any longer on board this sad ship.

Mamma would not be convinced; she said she should carry her sorrow with her wherever she was, and that since she had decided to go with papa, it was cruel for him to leave her now. But after a time, when papa had spoken of Marie and Jeanne, and how happy they were to keep us with them for a time, mamma seemed to be somewhat comforted, and she was also too much exhausted to make any further objections.

Papa is to stay with us at any rate for a month at Bourbon, which will be very pleasant.

*Thursday, November 4th.*

To-day is Mademoiselle's birthday, and I have asked God to bless her, and I have been to give her my good wishes with many kisses. I have been able too to kiss mamma, although she was very sick again last night, and is so weak that she can hardly speak to-day. When I whispered to her how happy it made me to be near her, and feel that she really loved me, she said :

“Did you doubt it, my child?”

“I thought you had forgotten me, mamma; you never kissed me, or even spoke to me, and it made me so unhappy.” Mamma clasped me in her arms and said:

“I need your kisses more than ever, my darling.”

Marie and I have had a long talk about mamma, and we both mean to try and nurse her so tenderly and carefully that she will not miss papa too much. Marie loves

mamma very dearly, and what a comfort and pleasure her love is to me!

They are calling me to come on deck, and see the land, which we are approaching rapidly. Marie and Jeanne both feel quite excited at getting to Bourbon again.

*In the evening, 9 o'clock.*

I want to add a few lines to my Journal, for perhaps to-morrow I cannot write. I have seen Bourbon, and the island seems quite small to me. Marie was quite distressed at the thought of coming back without her mother. She said softly to me:

“When I left here I had my dear mother, and I come back an orphan.”

“Oh no, Marie, do not say so,” I replied, “for you have found a second mother.”

The wind was favorable for us, but as we are not near enough to Bourbon to enter the harbor before night, the captain has decided not to attempt it until to-morrow. At daybreak we shall anchor at Saint Denis, which is the capital of Bourbon.

It is quite strange to see the flames of a volcano, from one of the mountains of Bourbon, of which Marie has often told me. It looks like the fire from a great chimney, and is beautiful, as it is growing dark.

Oh how glad we shall be to leave the ship—if we only had our darling baby!

*Friday, November 5th.*

The voyage is finished; we have cast anchor. There lies Bourbon before me, as I write. Papa called Marie, Jeanne, and myself very early this morning, so that we could go on deck with him to watch our arrival. We

passed along the shores of the island so closely, that we could see people walking about—gentlemen in straw hats and white pantaloons, and a good many negroes. M. Suze pointed out the different parts of the Island to us; and Marie and Jeanne were quite touched when they saw first what they call the Champ-Borne, for it is there that their uncle, M. de la Caze, lives, and farther on, the Quartier Français, where an aunt lives.

We arrived at last at Saint Denis; but it is tiresome that there is no harbor, it is like being anchored in the open sea.

The town is very pretty, lying at the foot of a dark mountain, which makes a fine contrast with the white houses, each surrounded by a pretty garden. It looks very bright and gay.

Papa has gone on shore to see the Governor, and make arrangements for our leaving the ship. He was to see M. de la Caze too, and let him know about Marie and Jeanne. Babet is crying for joy at the idea of seeing her family again. Before I close my Journal, I want to thank God for bringing us safely through this long and dangerous voyage. I beg He will pardon me, if I have been ungrateful in my sorrow about dear baby, and I hope to be more patient and cheerful at Bourbon.





MARGUERITE AT BOURBON.







## MARGUERITE AT BOURBON.

---

SAINT DENIS, ISLE BOURBON, *Sunday, Dec. 5th.*

**I**T is a month to-day since we arrived at Bourbon, and I feel that it is quite time for me to begin my regular work, and to write in my journal again. Besides, I always feel my journal is a great comfort to me when I am unhappy, and now I begin to feel so badly at the idea of losing papa so soon.

He is to leave us on Thursday of this week, and I hardly know what we shall do without him. He will not feel so anxious now in leaving mamma, who has been somewhat better during the last few days. She is still, however, very weak, and has not been able as yet to go to dear baby's grave, although she has wanted to do so very much.

But I want to write all about her last hours on the *Isère*, for we remained on board some time after I had finished my journal. Papa went on shore to visit the Governor, and just as he was about to step into his boat to return to us, a gentleman came up to him, and, asking if he was not Captain Guyon, introduced himself as M. de la Caze. Papa was of course delighted to see him, and begged him to come with him at once on board the *Isère*.

Marie and I were at the port-hole, very impatient at the delay, when suddenly Jeanne exclaimed:

"I see uncle Adrien with M. Guyon!" how delighted

we were! Mademoiselle asked mamma if she felt able to see M. de la Caze, and as mamma said yes at once, a very few moments brought papa and M. de la Caze to our state-room. Jeanne wished to meet her uncle with a cry of joy, while Marie grew very pale, and stood quite still. M. de la Caze came up to Marie with tears in his eyes, and, taking her in his arms, said to her most affectionately: "My dearest Marie, what a pleasure to have you once more! But what cruel trials you have had, my child! My poor, poor sister. I seem to see her again, as I look at you; but we shall try to make you happy, my child; the whole household is rejoicing at your coming. Every one will try to make you forget your great sorrow." He then turned to mamma, to whom papa presented him. Mamma held out her hand, and said earnestly:

"God be thanked that I have been able to deliver to you in safety my precious charge." The tears came again into M. de la Caze's eyes as he replied that no words could express the gratitude he felt for the love and kindness which she had shown towards his nieces. Mamma said, however, very simply: "Every mother would have done the same, M. de la Caze."

Papa then took M. de la Caze away to talk to him about settling us at Saint Denis, where the Governor had told him we should be most comfortable. M. de la Caze begged that papa would make use of his country-house, in case he desired to leave the town, and said that he would be most happy to look for a house for us in Saint Denis, as papa was a stranger there. He wanted to take Marie and Jeanne with him at once, but when he saw how distressed both mamma and I were at giving them up so soon, he consented to leave them with us, although their aunt was so anxious to have them.

It was really sad on the ship that evening, everything was so quiet, the deck seemed deserted, for all the passengers had said good-by to us, and we were alone. It is always hard to separate from those with whom one has been day after day for so long a time. In saying good-by to Adèle, I forgot all about our quarrels, and as I kissed her I said how glad I should be to see her on shore. She promised she would come to see us.

As Marie and I were sitting on deck during the evening, I said to her :

“See how mournful the Isère looks, as if she felt deserted by every one!” Just as I spoke a boat came near, and we saw that in it was M. de la Caze, who had come to see us again. He went to mamma’s room, where he stayed a long time talking to mamma.

When we went down mamma called Marie and me, and told us that M. de la Caze had found a house for us already. Mme. Dumont, his aunt, had most kindly insisted upon our taking her house, as she was about to leave for the country, and had no need of her house in town.

Papa and mamma did not want to accept this generous offer at first, but wanted Mme. Dumont to let them hire the house from her. M. de la Caze, however, said that it would only wound his aunt to propose such an arrangement, so there was nothing to do but accept her kindness very gratefully. So M. de la Caze was to come for us the next morning, with all the necessary means of carrying us and our baggage on shore.

*Monday, December 6th.*

I had to stop writing yesterday on account of the heat, which was so great that I could not do anything comfortably.” How strange it is to think that they are now suffer-

ing from the *cold* in Paris, where people are going about stamping their feet and blowing their fingers!

Well, M. de la Caze came for us the next morning with a large boat, and the captain gave us a fine one belonging to the Isère, so that we could all go ashore very nicely. Poor mamma had to be carried on deck, and helped into the boat. She had not left her room before since that cruel day, and was so agitated that she fainted as she tried to say good-by to the captain. There were a good many people on shore watching us land, which was embarrassing, so that we were very glad to find that M. de la Caze had provided a chair with bearers for mamma, and a palanquin for the children, while Mademoiselle, Marie, and myself drove in M. de la Caze's carriage. What a caravan we made! If we only had had baby, how amused and happy we should have been!

We who were in the carriage reached the house first, and even Marie felt a little shy at the idea of meeting Madame Dumont. As we entered the enclosure, as they call the garden, we saw Mme. Dumont sitting in the covered gallery, and Marie then went to her and presented Mademoiselle and me. I was glad that I knew beforehand how kind she was, for her manner seemed so stiff and cold. But she made us very welcome, and although her manner was stiff to mamma too, I saw the tears in her eyes.

She stayed with us several days, to see that we were quite comfortable in our new home. She insisted on leaving some servants for us, in spite of all mamma could say, and she showed Mademoiselle how she could carry on the housekeeping with the least trouble. She left the "goden," or storeroom, well provided with rice, sugar, coffee, and other things, and indeed was as kind and thoughtful as

any one could possibly be. She has now gone to her country-house, and left us in possession of our new home.

But I want to tell how it was that our darling baby was brought ashore. It happened two days after our arrival, and was a very touching sight. The captain, officers, and all the passengers followed the little coffin to the church and cemetery. Poor old Mario had asked to be allowed to carry it, which he did, assisted by another sailor. They told us it was really pitiable to see the rough old sailor stand sobbing beside the grave which was to hold his "little admiral," while the tears ran over his brown cheeks.

Now it is all over, and baby sleeps in his little grave, over which they have placed a slab of white marble, on which are the words: "Given back to God, who gave him to us." There is a cross at the head of the grave, and papa has had some young trees, called filaos, planted about it, so that it will not look so sad. I like the cemetery very much, although it is not at all like Père-la-Chaise, but is quite close to the sea.

*Tuesday, December 7th.*

I began my lessons yesterday, but I found it a little hard to study, and I am afraid that I have lost a good deal.

I had a sweet letter from Marie this morning, with the good news that her uncle had given her permission to come and stay a few days with us, as papa was going away so soon. It is just a month since she and Jeanne left us, and I do not get used to their absence at all. Although Marie writes to me very often, I seem to miss her more and more every day.

I have forgotten to say that we all wrote to Gustave the day after we landed here, as there was a vessel about to

sail for France. Even poor mamma wrote a few lines to her *only son*.

*Sunday, December 12th.*

We are constantly having *new events*, and the last one was the departure of my dear papa. How much we miss him, and how empty the house seems without him!

How happy we were all made by seeing Marie and Jeanne once more. I had grown so impatient for them to come, that, when they really arrived, and I had Marie once more in my arms, I could hardly let her go, and I actually cried for joy.

Marie thought mamma was looking very thin and pale; it is because she is so troubled at the idea of papa going away. Sometimes I hear her saying, as if to herself: "To have left one child, given up another, and now this new separation comes upon me! It is too cruel!"

Sometimes she thinks she is quite strong enough now to go with papa; but both the doctor of the ship and the one we have here say decidedly no.

I stopped a moment to eat my lunch, and how nice the litchis were which Mme. Dumont sent us! It is a very pretty fruit, with its red skin and white flesh.

Mario and Georget both came to bid us good-by, and poor little Georget really cried. He wanted me to write a letter to his mother for him, but I thought it would please her much more for him to write himself; so Marie and I both helped him, and he did very well, although his letters were very large and black. He was delighted when mamma gave him a little more money than he had earned by waiting upon us, and jumped for joy at seeing it.

Mario did not cry when he said good-by, but he looked very sad, and when mamma took his rough hand in both her soft ones, and thanked him for all that he had done



for her little angel, he could hardly speak. He would not take any money at all from mamma, so at last she took a locket which she wore from her neck, and asked him to wear it always as a remembrance of her and baby.

“Faith, ma’am,” said Mario, and his voice was quite husky, “if ever there were angels on the earth, it was the little one and you. It makes me better to see you, and if you hear some day that old Mario has died like a Christian, and not like a dog, it will be owing to you and the little one.” He hid the locket in his shirt, and said it should never leave him.

Mamma made him very proud too, by putting papa in his charge for the rest of the voyage, and it is a great comfort to think how well he will watch over him. We gave him a good dinner and some wine before he went back to the ship, which made him very happy.

*Monday, December 13th.*

How well I remember all the details of our last evening with papa! We were all together in mamma’s room, and she was suffering very much; indeed we all felt so badly that we could say very little. We were all gathered very close around papa, knowing how long it would probably be before we could have him again.

As we were all sitting looking mournfully at each other, our man, Janvier, came in to announce the priests, who wished to take leave of us. I think it was a comfort to mamma to see them, although she was too weak to say much to them. She thinks very highly of M. Verrier in particular, and always listens to him very attentively. He talked a great deal to her of how she should accept this present trial, and of how necessary it was to bear our cross in this world, if we hoped to enjoy heaven hereafter. He



himself gives us the highest example of this courage, since he has devoted his whole life to God's service.

Papa, too, seems to have great respect for these kind priests, and says they are intelligent, tolerant, and zealous men, in fact true apostles. Mamma confided papa to their special care, and we all begged them to remember us in their prayers.

The captain came to bid us good-by earlier in the day, and spoke so kindly of papa, telling mamma that he looked upon him as a brother, and that he would do anything he could for him during the rest of the voyage.

It was very sad when papa left us to go to bed, for we were very much afraid that we should not see him in the morning. He would not promise to call us, and even spoke quite sternly when we begged him to do so. Mademoiselle stayed with mamma ; and as soon as Marie and I were in our room I confided to her my plan. It was to sit up all night, so that I might watch for papa in the morning, and give him a last kiss, in spite of himself. Marie thought that Mademoiselle would not like me to sit up, and even suggested that papa might scold me ; but I was quite resolute, so she said she would share my watch. This rather troubled me, but we were soon established in two arm-chairs, and I made a resolve not to close my eyes. But I was getting very drowsy when some one came into the room, waking me with a start. It was Mademoiselle, who said gently, as if she suspected what we were doing : " What does all this mean ? "

I threw my arms around her, and begged her so earnestly to let me carry out my plan, that she soon consented, and went back to mamma.

The night seemed terribly long, and if it had not been for the cancrelas, a disgusting kind of beetle, I should

certainly have fallen asleep a great many times. Those horrid creatures seemed to have been sent especially to keep me awake.

As soon as the daylight began to come, I grew very impatient, and could hardly stay in my chair. Every one was asleep, at least no one was moving, when suddenly Marie said, "Listen!" and I could hear very, very soft footsteps passing the door. I peeped out and saw Janvier, who went to papa's room. I felt that the time had come, and how fast my heart beat!

After a few moments Janvier went down and came back with another negro, who helped him carry down papa's last trunk. Then very soon I heard papa's door open, and I knew he was coming himself, but I could not stir. He went into Stephanie's and Berthe's room, looked at them without speaking, then stopped for a moment at our door, but did not come in, on account of Marie and Jeanne. As he passed on I whispered quickly to Marie, "Tell Mademoiselle," and ran softly after papa.

I took his hand and said in a whisper: "Do not scold me, I wanted so much to kiss you once more." He only replied by pointing to mamma's door and saying, "Hush," but he did not look angry. Papa took me into the parlor, and, sitting down, placed me on his lap.

"When did you get up, little one?" he asked. "It is hardly daylight yet."

"I did not go to bed at all, papa, so as to be sure to see you." The tears came into papa's eyes, and he kissed me without speaking. But afterwards he spoke so kindly to me about what I must do for mamma, as he left her in my care; that I must try to set a good example to my sisters, and profit by all that my dear Mademoiselle would do for me.

When at last papa got up to go, I clung to him and begged him to wait only a very little longer, but he would not yield, and we stepped out into the gallery to meet there Mademoiselle and Marie. Mademoiselle came up to papa, and, holding out her hand, said :

“Did you really think you could leave us so? Elise is waiting for you, you will not refuse to see her!”

“Pray spare me this sad scene, dear Mlle. Valmy,” said papa, pressing her hand.

“You need not be afraid,” said Mademoiselle; “Élise will be calm, for she has spent the night in preparing for this last interview.” So papa went away to mamma, while we remained waiting in the gallery.

When he came back to us, although he was very pale, he was composed. He thanked Mademoiselle again and again for having so encouraged and supported poor mamma as to make her quite brave at the last. But Mademoiselle would not allow him to praise her.

“It is not *my* work, M. Guyon,” she said; “there is only One who could comfort her, and to His care we commit you;” but her voice trembled too much to conclude.

“Papa,” I exclaimed, “let me go on board with you!”

“No, no, my child, it is too early; and who would bring you back?”

“I am sure Mademoiselle would come.”

“But how could I leave your poor mother?” asked Mademoiselle.

“Wait one moment, and I will ask her,” I said.

I found poor mamma weeping, but the moment she understood what I wanted, she not only consented, but urged us to go.

“But you, mamma?”

“I need to be alone, my child, with God,” she answered.

So in a few moments Mademoiselle, Marie, and I had put on our bonnets, and started for the ship with papa. The captain and officers were very kind, and made us welcome. We went with papa to his cabin. How sad it was to think how lonely he would be! We could only stay a short time, for they were already lifting the anchor, so the last words had to be said, the last kiss given. May God preserve and guard my dear papa while he is away from us, and grant that we may soon all be together.

*Wednesday, December 15th.*

While we were at breakfast yesterday Janvier brought us a letter from France; it was from Gustave! What a pleasure it was! I seized it to run at once to mamma with it; but Mademoiselle stopped me, as she said any sudden shock, although pleasant, might do mamma harm. It was such a good idea for papa to beg the governor to examine the mail for India, and retain any letter which came for mamma; we should have had so much longer to wait had Gustave's letter gone on to Pondicherry. How happy we were to hear from him, and yet his letter cost mamma many tears. He spoke so often of baby, sending him love and kisses. Poor Gustave, what will he say!

He told us that he had seen Alberic several times, and liked him very much, which did not surprise me. We were delighted, too, to find that both he and Alberic had received the letters which we had sent by the Leonie.

*Thursday, December 16th.*

To-day it is the turn for Marie and Jeanne to be made happy by a letter from Alberic. Marie has read it to us, and you can see how warm-hearted Alberic is, in the tender way in which he writes to his sisters. He spoke very

highly too of Gustave, who is working very well, and stands high in his class. I do hope that Gustave and Alberic will grow to be friends, such as Marie and I are, for they will be so much happier now that we are so far from them.

To-day I went to the catechism class for the first time since I have been in Bourbon. How strange it all seemed! There were so many negroes among the scholars that I was very much surprised. They are not slaves (as they are taught separately) but mulattoes.

Marie and Jeanne, who were with me, told me that the mulattoes were not received in society; and when I asked if it was because they were badly educated or not well behaved, they said: "No, but it was not the custom to visit them." Mademoiselle then explained to me that it was a custom arising from a prejudice which she thought unworthy of a Christian and kind-hearted people, and she hoped the time would soon come when such prejudices would disappear. It does seem very hard that they should be shut out of society, when some of them are clever, talented, and beautiful, only because they have a darker skin than we have!

*Friday, December 17th.*

We have really had an *event* which has made me so happy! I am sure that God feels pity for us, and sends us this pleasure to console us. But I have a long story to tell about it.

M. de la Caze arrived last evening, and we were all feeling very badly about giving up Marie and Jeanne again. M. de la Caze went out to pay some visits, and we were all in mamma's room, talking sorrowfully of the separation. All at once I cried:

“Oh, Marie, if I dared, I would beg your uncle to leave you with us always!”

“And why not?” said mamma. I was so surprised that for a moment I could not speak.

“Oh, mamma, I am sure you have a plan,” I exclaimed at last.

“Yes, I have a plan, which Caroline and I have discussed very often of late. I hope to make M. de Caze feel as I do, provided that it will not make Marie and Jeanne unhappy to leave their uncle and aunt.”

“Not to be with you, dear Mme. Guyon?” said Marie, who was trembling as much as I was.

Mamma then told us how much better she thought it would be for Marie and Jeanne to be able to go on with their studies under Mademoiselle’s care, for they had already made such good progress, and she hoped that M. de la Caze would feel willing to let us have his nieces while we were in Bourbon.

How many plans we made, and how impatient I was for M. de la Caze to come in! He did not return, however, until so late in the evening that mamma could not see him, and I felt it very hard to go to bed in suspense. I could hardly sleep, I was so anxious and excited.

This morning my lessons were all disarranged, as Marie and Jeanne were to go away. M. de la Caze was with mamma for so long a time that the carriage was at the door, and the servant had carried down the trunk before we heard anything.

At last they called us, and we rushed pell-mell up the staircase and into mamma’s room, eager to hear what M. de la Caze had decided. Mamma held out her arms to the two sisters, saying:



“Thanks to God and your good uncle, I may keep you, my dear little girls.”

“So you want to rob me of my nieces, Mlle. Marguerite?” said M. de la Caze to me.

“Oh, yes,” I cried, “for we love them so much!”

Little by little we heard all about it. Mamma had asked M. de la Caze what plans he had made to carry on his nieces' education, and found that he and his wife felt that the little girls would have to go to a boarding-school, much as they regretted parting with them. Then mamma had unfolded her plan to him, and he seemed much touched by her generosity and thoughtfulness. He agreed with mamma that his nieces could not hope to find elsewhere such a teacher as Mademoiselle, and he only hesitated about accepting mamma's kind offer from fear that he was asking too much of both mamma and Mlle. Valmy.

However, when mamma explained how it could give us nothing but happiness to have Marie and Jeanne while we were in Bourbon, he accepted the plan very gratefully. Only he wished to keep his nieces with him until the month of January, so that their aunt may see them a little longer.

He also urged mamma to pay them a visit at once, as a change of air might be good for us all, now that the heat is so great. But mamma said she was not strong enough to move at present, but hoped to come to them before we left Bourbon.

Then M. de la Caze begged her to entrust Stephanie, Berthe, and myself to his wife's care; and after a little time mamma consented to let Stephanie and me go to make them a little visit *next Thursday*. Berthe was too little to go away from home. We are to stay several days, and come back to mamma for New-Year's Day, while Marie and Jeanne will follow us a little later. It will be



the first time I have ever left mamma and Mademoiselle. I am afraid I may be a little homesick, but then I shall have Marie.

*Sunday, December 19th.*

Oh! this heat, it is almost enough to kill one! Poor Stephanie feels it very much, and is so languid and dull that, if we would let her, she would sleep all the time. Even Berthe, lively as she is, is overwhelmed by it, and I can do hardly anything. I fall asleep constantly over my books, so that my lessons do not go on very well.

Poor Berthe was quite inconsolable when she heard that Stephanie and I were to go to Champ-Borne, while she remained at home. Mamma tried to console her by promising to keep her in her room, and telling her that she would have Mademoiselle all to herself; but Berthe still feels unhappy about it.

She distressed mamma very much yesterday by complaining of her "ugly black dress, that made her so warm," so that mamma cried and asked her if she did not want to wear any mourning for poor baby. This made Berthe feel very penitent, and she promised mamma she would never complain of her dress again. But mamma and Mademoiselle have concluded to have thinner dresses made for us, and as a pedler arrived this morning we were able to get something at once.

These pedlers are very amusing, with their great boxes brought by negroes, and full of all sorts of pretty things. They are usually women, and are very pleasant and well behaved, and know very well how to sell their goods.

Last evening we had a great fright. We were all sitting in the gallery, where it was a little cooler, and Berthe was running back and forth; suddenly she cried out:

"Maguitte, Maguitte, come and see this queer-looking

creature crawling on the ground." Stephanie and I went to see; but as soon as I looked at it I felt sure it was a centipede, of which Marie and Jeanne had often told me that they stung very badly. So we called out at once for Janvier, who came and killed the creature for us. It was very horrid-looking, flat, and brown, with rows of legs on each side, and a pair of sharp claws. Janvier told us it bit very badly, and now I feel all the time as if one was crawling upon me. The beetles, too, last night really drove me out of my room, and I begged Mademoiselle to let me stay with her. She laughed at my cowardice, and told me I must try to get used to them.

*Tuesday, December 21st.*

Mamma was able to go for the first time yesterday to the cemetery where dear baby was laid. She took me with her, and of course Mademoiselle went too. We started very early, to avoid the great heat of the day.

Mamma was very brave after we arrived at the cemetery until we reached baby's grave, but then she gave such a terrible cry, and fell on her knees almost fainting. I begged Mademoiselle to take her away, for I was sure she would be ill again. But Mademoiselle raised her very gently, and spoke so sweetly to her, that, after a time, mamma became more composed.

It was terrible to see her at first, sometimes with tears falling like rain, and then with her eyes quite dry, but with such a look of despair in them that I was almost frightened.

But Mademoiselle seemed to know what to say to her, and she knelt beside her for a long, long time, talking of baby, of heaven, and of the time when mamma should go to him never to be parted again. Mamma was more calm when we came away; but the visit was too much for her,

and she had to go to bed when we reached home. She picked a few flowers from baby's grave to send to papa.

. Wednesday, December 22d.

We had a little rain yesterday, which was very refreshing to us all. We all sat out in the gallery during the evening, and were very happy, as mamma was able to be with us. I cannot understand how Clara and her mother could find it so dull in the country. It seems so charming to me, although we are very quiet. The creoles think we must find it very dull after Paris, and are very kind in coming to see us very often ; but when we are by ourselves there is so much to hear and say that the time passes very quickly..

Stephanie and I love to hear mamma and Mademoiselle talk about their school-days, and of all that they used to do when they were young. It is all as interesting to me as any very pleasant book.

Yesterday Mme. Villiers sent us an enormous basket of fruit, so that we might taste the nicest of everything which they have in this country.

How many different kinds there were! Mangoes of several kinds, and very nice, like a very fine pear ; then bunches of letchis ; large pine-apples, which were delicious ; attes, a fruit that seems filled with perfumed cream ; sapotes and pomegranates, which last are beautiful with their bright-red seeds, and very cool and refreshing in this hot climate. We hardly know Mme. Villiers, and she is certainly very kind to us.

Mme. Vintimil, too, has been very polite, and sent us last week a large quantity of fresh pork, sausages, black-pudding, and all sorts of pork preparations. M. Vintimil, too, was so kind as to bring us this morning some *mangoustans*,

a sort of fruit which is quite rare even here, and very delicious. He took the trouble to send to one of his cousins, who has this fruit, to get some of it expressly for us. Certainly the creoles are wonderfully kind and obliging; people would not take so much pains to please us in France. What a strange country it is, too, where the trees never lose their leaves, and where you never see frost or snow!

I think I have never spoken of the sugar-cane in my journal, although I love them so much. We made acquaintance with them first at Rio.

*Thursday, December 23d.*

I was quite surprised this morning at catechism to see Adèle amongst the Sisters' scholars, and wearing their uniform—a white dress, blue sash, and straw bonnet with blue ribbons. I was very glad to see her with the good Sisters, for she needs so much to be taught. When she was asked her catechism she recited very well, but in such a very, very loud voice that I felt almost ashamed for her. I tried to nod to her, but she seemed not to see me, although she must have heard my name when I was called to recite.

The church in Saint Denis is not at all handsome or like those we have in France, but still I am very happy there; for somehow I do not feel so far away from France, or papa, or Gustave, when I am in church. Mademoiselle says it is because I feel there that I belong to the great family of Christians, which is found everywhere in the world.

As I shall not be with Mademoiselle on Christmas-day, she has said a good deal to me to prepare me for that festival. I shall try to think often of her words, for they make me feel always better, purer, and nearer to God.

I shall miss one catechism, but I shall study the lesson all the same. Mamma and Mademoiselle have made me promise to take my journal and write it regularly while I am at Champ-Borne, as they will like to hear all that we see and do there.

CHAMP-BORNE, *Christmas-day.*

It already seems to me an age since I left you, dear mamma and Mademoiselle, although in reality we saw you yesterday morning. Stephanie and I have been talking about you to-day, and we hope that you are thinking of us, and that Berthe is good and happy.

I must tell you, first of all, that we have been to Mass this morning in the church of Saint André. I tried not to be disturbed in my prayers by being in a strange church, but I felt rather shy, for there were so many new people, and every one looked at us.

I must tell you about our drive with M. de la Caze, which began very pleasantly, as the cabriolet was very comfortable, and M. de la Caze was very kind. He pointed out different things to us as we drove, and was so pleasant and lively that we were much amused. He talks very animatedly, as I suppose you have noticed; he uses his hands a great deal as he talks, and when he is excited his eyes grow very bright. This surprises Stephanie very much, because she is so quiet herself.

We passed several rivers on our journey, and near one of them we noticed huge rocks lying about, and fields covered with stones, which looked as if they had been burnt, they were so black; but when Stephanie asked if there had been a great fire there, M. de la Caze said :

“ Oh, no, all that is caused by a volcano, and you will find such places all over the island.” It seemed very strange.

Both Stephanie and I were really frightened at one place, called Sainte Marie, where we had to ford a river. When I saw that the water came nearly as high as my feet, I grew very pale, and Stephanie whispered: "Oh dear, oh dear! what will mamma do if we are drowned?" I think M. de la Caze saw that we were afraid, and assured us there was not the least danger; but we were not satisfied until we reached the other side.

At another place, called the Ravine des Chevres, we had a beautiful view of the sea. The road wound down the side of a hill so sharply that sometimes it seemed as if we must plunge into the sea; but how blue it was, and how quiet! I think dear papa must have fine weather. We saw several vessels, but not the dear Isère.

At Sainte Suzanne, another place, M de la Caze pointed out a country-place called the Quartier-Français, where Mme. Dumont lives. All the country-places have names; that of M. de la Caze is Badamier, on account of a splendid tree of that name that shades nearly the whole courtyard.

M. de la Caze showed me all the different sorts of trees—bananas, palms, cocoa-nuts, and many others; we saw, too, the places where they make cloves and coffee, and also many orangeries. We passed fields covered with sugarcane, but most of it is now cut, as it is the time for working it. It is a beautiful plant, with its long, slender stalk, and delicate green leaves, which hang down so gracefully. We saw maize and tapioca, the last of which M. de la Caze told me was very useful both for man and animals. But indeed I must stop, for I am very tired and will go and play.

*Sunday, December 26th.*

We were all so disappointed this morning to find that we could not go to Mass. I dare say, dear mamma and



Mademoiselle, that you will be surprised at this ; but it could not be avoided, for M. de la Caze's horse was sick, and we could not get another. Marie and Jeanne, with Stephanie and myself, read the prayers together, and tried to be earnest and full of good thoughts.

But I must tell you about our arrival here. We were beginning to feel terribly tired and hungry after our long drive, when suddenly M. de la Caze pointed to a large filao standing before us, and said :

“That tree seems intended to point out my place, for it stands just at the entrance of the avenue.” Oh, how delighted we were to hear that we were so near the house !

When we were about half-way up the avenue I began to see the house. I noticed something white in the road before us, which seemed coming toward us. I cried : “There are some people.”

“Oh, it is the children,” said M. de la Caze. I watched the white figures coming towards us, but I could not see Marie's black dress. How strange that she should not come to welcome me !

Stephanie began to feel shy at the idea of meeting strangers, when I pushed her and asked :

“Does not one look like Marie, Stephanie ?”

“Oh, no,” she replied, “for they all are in white.” M. de la Caze heard us, and said :

“It is Marie, with Jeanne and my daughter Marianne. My nieces are wearing white now at my request, on account of the heat.” This explained it all.

How glad I was to see Marie again, who looked strangely and yet very sweetly in her white dress. Jeanne, too, looked very nicely, and I think these white muslin dresses, which all the little girls wear here, are very pretty, so simple and cool. Marianne de la Caze had a very pretty



cherry-colored silk scarf tied around her neck, which looked charmingly with her white dress. She is very handsome, although very dark, with splendid black eyes, and a very graceful figure.

We found the other children playing near the house, and they all rushed to welcome their father, but ran away at once on seeing us. They are all very shy, even Marianue, who hardly spoke to us at all the first day, and even now says very little to us.

There are two older sons, one who has gone to sea, and another who has just sailed for France to finish his education. It is quite funny to think that we must have passed him on the ocean, for he sailed in the *Camille*, and there was a little girl on board named *Anna*. Do you remember the little bird we caught with the name of *Anna* around his neck?

Mme. de la Caze is very kind, and still handsome; but she frightens me a little, as she is quite grave, and I feel more at ease with M. Adrien. The house is not large, and is very simple. I was afraid when I saw the bedrooms that we were crowding them too much; but Marie told me I must not think so, for they were accustomed to have friends with them, and always managed to accommodate them.

We enjoyed our first day at Badamier very much; but indeed we have found every day pleasant. We walked in the avenue; where we were protected from the sun by huge trees, at which it was a pleasure to look. When the sun had gone down, Marie invited me to come and look at "our friend the sea"

Oh, how magnificent it was! It was very calm, but the roar of the waves, as they broke on the pebbles and rolled down again, was like a continual beautiful song. One thing, too, is so very pretty, that is, the green shores,

for the pebbles are covered with creeping vines having little bell-shaped flowers, which I am sure would delight Berthe.

*Monday, December 27th.*

Stephanie and I were made very happy yesterday by such a nice letter from Mademoiselle, with two lines from mamma, and Berthe's love in very big letters at the end. I showed it all to Marie, who enjoyed it with us.

Mme. de la Caze was so kind to Stephanie yesterday on account of her sore throat. (As it is now quite well mamma will not be worried.) Mme. de la Caze looked in Stephanie's throat at once, to be sure that it was not white, for it seems they have a terrible disease of the throat in Bourbon which kills many children. But Stephanie's was not bad at all, so she only had to drink a little lemonade, which I tasted too, and found very nice.

I think that Stephanie took cold last evening on the shore, where we were walking without anything on our heads. The strong breeze was very refreshing after the warm day, but we are not quite accustomed to it.

This morning Marie and I have been rambling in the great avenue, while the others were amusing themselves in different ways. How I wished for you all to be here!

There is a stream which runs all along on one side of the avenue, and separates it from the coffee-plantation, and on the edge of which we sat down every now and then to enjoy the songs of the birds. They were singing all about us, and with the sound of the running water as an accompaniment they made delightful music. The real country is so much more delightful than all the fine gardens of the Tuileries and Champs-Elysées.

Marie asked me if I would like to go into the coffee-plantation, to which I quickly said "Yes;" so she told me to walk behind her, so as to avoid the wasps' nests, as she

knew where to look for them. Suddenly I perceived the most beautiful red bird, which Marie told me was a cardinal. I can hardly tell you how brilliant his color was, nor how beautifully he looked amongst the green leaves!

While we were talking about the birds we forgot the wasps, and we came directly under one of their nests without noticing it. I shall never forget how frightened I was when I saw Marie's straw hat covered with the ugly yellow creatures. Marie cried out: "Bend down as much as you can and follow me, but do not be frightened." I was frightened, however, and Marie laughed at me well when she saw how pale I was.

Presently we came to a cross-path, which Marie took, and soon brought me to a little garden-patch, filled with different vegetables, and on one side a low hut.

"Here is where the keeper of the coffee-plantation lives," said Marie, "and we will pay him a visit if you like."

"Yes, indeed," I answered, "I would like it very much."

"But it may shock you to see him, Marguerite, although he is one of my protégés."

"Why, Marie?"

"He has a horrible disease. He is a leper." Oh, how startled I was, and as I said nothing, Marie said:

"No, do not come in if you dislike seeing him; I will just run in and see how he is."

But when I saw how brave Marie was, I felt ashamed of my horror, and said I would go with her.

We found poor Barabbé crouching on a mat, and apparently very cold, for he was shivering and trying to light a fire with a few sticks. But he did not seem able to do anything, and I could see that his hands were quite white, and his feet too, and horrible, as if partly eaten away. It made me shudder, and I did not dare go near him. But

Marie bent down, gathered the wood together, and soon had a nice little fire. Then she said :

“ Well, Barabbé, what are we to cook to-day ? ” I cannot repeat his words, for he talks so strangely, even worse than Babet. (Oh, I have quite forgotten to tell you how delighted Babet was to see us again. She waits on us so nicely, and was charmed with the dress we brought her.) Barabbé showed Marie the saucepan of rice, and she laid some flat stones in the fire, and putting the saucepan on them it was soon bubbling and steaming. Marie told him that I was a friend of hers, and he smiled and showed his white teeth, and indeed seemed quite gay before the warm fire.

He talked a good deal to me, and told me how they had put him there to keep him away from the other negroes ; that M. and Mme. de la Caze were very kind to him, but that he felt very lonely and banished until Marie came. Now he looked for her visits as his only happiness, and since Marie had told him about God, and had taught him to pray, he was never so lonely. Is it not beautiful in Marie ?

Before we came away Marie and I swept out the little hut, put the few, very few things in order, and cut him a bunch of vegetables that he might cook. He said good-by to us very pleasantly, and Marie said she could see that he was pleased by my visit.

*Tuesday, December 28th.*

I cannot write a great deal to-day, for we are going out after breakfast, and I have not much time. Last evening we took a long walk by moonlight, which was delightful. We went to see a friend of M. de la Caze, who has a sugar-plantation. The negroes were still at work, for they have not enough hands at present.

The gentleman and his brother-in-law walked home with us, and I was much interested to hear them talking politics.

I did not know how much I loved my own country until I came away from France ; but how very *French* the creoles are !

We sat on the veranda some time after our walk, for it was so beautiful we could not bear to go to bed. Suddenly, while I was talking to Marie, I saw such a queer creature, looking like an enormous spider, but with a white shell on its back.

“Oh, that is a crab,” said Marie; “they often come up here. Why, the other day I found one on the top of my mosquito frame.” This did not make me feel any easier; but Marie assured me they were harmless, unless I put my finger into its claw, and then it would rather be killed than let it go; but I told her I had no desire to try the experiment.

It is really terrible the number of creatures that they have here ! The mosquitoes nearly devour Stephanie and me, for they tell us they prefer European blood. Then there are so many lizards, which are harmless, and very pretty too. Yesterday little Helena brought us some lizards' eggs. You cannot imagine how pretty they are, exactly like a hen's egg, only so very small, not larger than the end of my little finger. Stephanie has put them in a box with cotton, and hopes to hatch them, which would be very funny. When we are walking we often see blue or green lizards running over the stones or sleeping in the sun.

But we are to go and spend the day with M<sup>me</sup>. Dumont, and I hear Babet calling us now.

*Wednesday, December 29th.*

Before I say anything of our visit yesterday, I must tell what has really troubled me. M. de la Caze has very kindly insisted upon keeping us a few days longer, as he says the country air has already made both Stephanie and myself look so much better. It is very pleasant here, and

every one is very kind to us, but I wanted to be with mamma on New-Year's Day, for it will be so lonely for her without papa, or Gustave, or dear baby. But mamma has written to say we may stay, and must try to get strong and rosy, so I will try to be contented.

We passed the afternoon at Mme. Dumont's yesterday, and a most beautiful place it is! Mme. de la Caze did not go with us, so M. Adrien took us all in a large carriage, drawn by mules, which seemed very strong and gentle.

When we entered the long avenue leading up to the house, I cried out with delight, for it was like visiting one of the chateaux in France. The house is immense, with four avenues leading to it of the most beautiful trees I ever saw, finer than any I have seen in France.

The gardens around the house were bright with all kinds of flowers, roses, heliotrope, forget-me-not, and many more I cannot name. The hedges were of Bengal roses, while the walls of the house were festooned with honeysuckle and jessamine. Then there were great clumps of pomegranate-trees, with their splendid red blossoms in the midst of glossy leaves. But what I admired more than all were some pretty trees, with light, delicate foliage, which were covered with magnificent flowers of so brilliant a red that they looked like fire. They call them "flame-trees."

I saw, too, the vanilla vine, which climbs up the trees, covering their trunks with a thick foliage. It is from the pod that they get the flavor we all like so much. It takes a year to prepare it, as it has to be picked and very carefully dried. But I might write a great deal more without saying a word of Mme. Dumont and her friends.

Both Stephanie and I were really frightened when we reached the house and saw the veranda full of people. Mme. Dumont had invited a number of guests to pass



New-Year's Day, and they embarrassed us terribly by looking at us and making remarks about us, although what they said was very kind.

Mme. Dumont welcomed us very kindly, and asked after you. She seemed very glad to hear that you found her house so comfortable and pleasant. After talking to Mme. Dumont a little while, I found that poor Stephanie was still clinging to my arm and looking so shy and miserable that I felt sorry for her, especially as I did not feel very brave myself. So I made a sign to Marie, who asked Mme. Dumont if we might go and take off our hats. One of her nieces, who was very shy, went with us, and never spoke to us. In the bedroom the negresses looked at us with the greatest curiosity, saying: "Oh, you are come from France, little Miss." They all seem to think it is so strange that we should be so red and white.

After lunch we went into the parlor, as the sun was still so very warm, and then I think my dear mamma would have been sorry for her poor Marguerite! All the guests of Mme. Dumont sat around and looked at me, while one of the gentlemen asked me all sorts of questions about France and our voyage. I was so embarrassed I could hardly speak, and when they laughed at anything I said which seemed at all funny, I thought they were making sport of me. I was so glad when we all went out under the trees.

How wild the children were! No one seemed able to control them. They ran back and forth, screaming, and often quarrelling and crying. They were very shy, too, and would not come near us, although they looked so prettily in their white or pink dresses with short sleeves and long curls that I longed to kiss them.

Stephanie was quite oppressed by the noise they made, and Jeanne whispered to me:



“What do you think Mlle. Valmy would say?”

The young mammas, however, seemed very quiet and ladylike, and I suppose they were all brought up in the same way. Marie says that the creoles are very fond of their children, but they cannot take the trouble to train them carefully. Sometimes it does them no harm to be so untamed, but again it does not answer so well.

But if the children are wild and shy, they are very kind, for they took a great deal of trouble to amuse us. They brought us all sorts of fruit to taste, and the little boys climbed the trees to pick it, as if they were cats. Even some of the little girls know how to climb, which surprised me very much.

We walked for a little while along the banks of the river Saint Jean, and the little boys brought me a quantity of delicious raspberries, which grow on the edge of the water. Sometimes they would even wade into the river to get the berries, and caught quite a number of shrimp too, which made a nice dish for dinner.

What a long dinner table we had! We had all sorts of nice dishes, but I had already eaten so much fruit that I had very little appetite. They gave me rice, too, instead of bread, which all the creoles use in that way; but I cannot get used to it, and the children seemed much amused to see me puzzled what to do with it.

Poor Stephanie bit into a pepper-corn, which hurt her so much that she burst out crying, and could hardly be comforted. The butler came with a hot coal, which he wanted to hold to her mouth to *draw out the pain*; but this frightened Stephanie still more, and she would not let him come near her. I felt really ashamed of making such a commotion.

After dinner we sat outside, while some of the young

ladies played on the piano and sang duets and choruses. It was delightful to sit listening to the music, in the beautiful moonlight. It was quite late when we came away, and I certainly enjoyed the day very much.

*Friday, December 31st.*

We went yesterday afternoon to visit a friend of Mme. de la Caze, who has a charming place and some nice children. I saw a great many things which interested me, but *one* most of all.

In a field quite away from the house I saw some bushes which looked as if covered with snow (listen, Berthe), and I called to Jeanne, who was near me: "Oh, what is that?"

Jeanne laughed and replied:—"Cotton."

I thought they were making fun of me, but Marie told me to come and look at it, and I saw it was indeed cotton. It looked so prettily, bursting out of its large pods. The children were much amused at my surprise, and gave me a quantity of the cotton, which Berthe shall have to make a pillow for her doll.

Then I saw the cinnamon-trees, cocoa-trees, from which chocolate is made, bread-fruit trees, of which the fruit is very nice cooked like fried potatoes. There were date and sago trees so large and beautiful that it was a pleasure only to look at them.

I enjoyed the visit very much, for I soon "made friends" with the daughters of Mme. Alaire; but Stephanie is so terribly shy. She never leaves my side, and never speaks a word. I wish dear Mademoiselle could teach her to be less timid. She is afraid, too, of being left alone in the dark, and I quite scolded her the other night because she cried when I went out of the bedroom for a moment. I told her she could not really believe in God if she was

so afraid to be alone, for He was everywhere and would take care of her. Marie said the same, only more gently than I did, and Stephanie promised not to cry again when she felt afraid; but I told her that was not enough, she must not even *feel afraid*.

*Saturday, January 1st, 18—.*

And I have begun this new year away from mamma, from my two mothers! Far from papa, too, and Gustave and Berthe, and our dear little angel in heaven! And last year we were all together. What a difference!

But I will not think too much of these things. I have already promised God to try to be more gentle, and reasonable this year, and I have asked for His help. This is to be the year of my "first communion!" What a happiness!

Last evening both Stephanie and I felt very sad, and I saw that she had tears in her eyes at bedtime. When I asked her what was the matter, she said:

"Oh, Marguerite, do you believe mamma is thinking of us?"

"Yes, indeed; did she not write that she would do so?"

"Yes, to be sure; but it is very sad not to be able to give her a kiss to-morrow!" And I agreed with her heartily.

We all four said our prayers together, and then each one had a prayer to say apart, asking God for His special help and for pardon for our particular sins.

We all kissed each other more affectionately than usual, for New-Year's Day, and you can tell how much we thought of you and Mademoiselle.

The children all went to wish M. and Mme. de la Caze "a happy New Year," and they were very kind to us too. I have been writing my journal early, because I want to see

the grand distribution of presents to the negroes, which takes place by and by.

*Sunday, January 2d.*

To-day we were all able to go to Mass, as we had two carriages, and Marianne went on horseback, which gave Stephanie a place. It is quite a journey from Badamier to the church at Saint André, but I was so glad to go. There were a great many people there, but the church is very plain and simple; still I like it very much. Most of the ladies wore large black or white veils instead of bonnets.

As we came out of church I heard some of them saying: "Oh, those are the little Parisians; how pretty they are!" which made me feel awkwardly again.

I must not forget to tell that M. and Mme. de la Caze were so kind as to give us each a present, as if we had been daughters or nieces. They gave us such pretty gold lockets; in mine was Marie's hair, and in Stephanie's a lock of Jeanne's. It was such a beautiful present, and a surprise too!

We passed our day very pleasantly. After breakfast Mme. de la Caze, Marianne, and Marie arranged the packages for the negroes on a large table, and in a little while the whole band arrived. The men had jackets or pantaloons of blue stuff given them, and the women dresses or underclothes, or colored handkerchiefs for the head. They all seemed greatly pleased with their presents, laughing and wishing every one "a happy New Year." I was surprised to hear them wish Marianne and Marie "a good husband!"

It is very funny to see all these different negroes and negresses. At first they all looked alike to me, and I could hardly recognize any of them. Now, however, I can tell the Caffres by their great flat and *very* black faces,

while the Malays are yellow, with soft, silky hair. Mme. de la Caze has a young Malay girl for a chamber-maid, who is very pretty in spite of the great holes cut in her ears, the fashion in her country. The Yambanes are the finest and handsomest of all the blacks, and the women are really beautiful.

The Malabars are from India, and are free. They look so well dressed in white cotton, which is draped around them quite gracefully. When they make any money, they put it all into bracelets, which they wear with much pride.

M. and Mme. de la Caze are both very good and kind to their slaves, but I do not think I should like to own them myself.

*Monday, January 3d.*

In the afternoon of New Year's Day, the blacks had made arrangements for a grand ball. I do not know what Berthe would have said to it if she had been here. I think the noise would have frightened her. It was certainly a curious scene.

M. de la Caze gave them some meat for their dinner, and a cask of wine, which they placed in the great avenue, which was given up to them. At first we looked at the dancing from the windows, but afterwards M. and Mme. de la Caze went down to the avenue, in order to please the negroes, and we went with them. Both Stephanie and I felt a little frightened, and kept very close to the side of Mme. de la Caze.

There was one great, strong negro in particular at whom I could hardly bear to look. He had a sort of diadem on his head, made of feathers, and held a large horse-tail in his hand, which he flourished in all directions. He seemed to be king of the ball, but he was horrible, with his great

rolling eyes and white teeth, as he went jumping and leaping amongst the dancers.

We did not stay very long, for some of the blacks soon became tipsy, but the ball lasted into the night.

We passed a very pleasant evening ourselves, playing cards and amusing ourselves, but I wished for my dear mamma, Mademoiselle and Berthe.

We have been taking a delightful walk this morning, and came home with our hands full of beautiful wild flowers.

*Tuesday, January 4th.*

Marie received such a strange present yesterday from her uncle ! M. de la Caze had already given her, as well as Jeanne, a very pretty shawl, but he added something else, and you would never guess what it was, my dear Berthe.

We had been making a visit to old Barabbé, when, as we came into the house, we met M. de la Caze, who said to Marie :

“My child, I want to make you a present which I feel sure you will value. Our young negress Evelynna has just had a little girl born, and I give it to you.”

“Oh, uncle,” said Marie, “you are very good, but—” and she hesitated.

“What is it, my child ?” said M. Adrien.

“I do not dare to tell you !”

“Why not ? Pray, speak, my child.”

“Well, uncle, I had resolved never to own slaves.”

“Oh, is that all ? Well, since this child is yours, can you not give her her liberty by-and-by ?”

“Oh, if you will permit that, Uncle Adrien, I will gladly accept your present.”

Marie kissed her uncle, who only asked her not to say anything to Evelynna at present about liberating the little

girl. And then we all ran away to look at the baby. Evelynna seemed very much pleased to hear that Marie was to own the baby, but begged her, that she would never take her child away from her. As you may be sure, Marie promised most earnestly never to do so, and Evelynna thanked her with tears in her eyes.

After we came away, Marie talked a great deal about the little girl, and asked me if I had any objection to have it called Marguerite. I replied that I should be very glad to have it named after me, so it will soon be baptized.

I must tell you a litte about Marie's plan for Barabbé, although it is so warm that I can hardly write. She has been troubled lest the poor man should feel neglected after we went away, so, after some hesitation, she decided to ask Helena to look after Barabbé, for although she is very young, she is very warm-hearted.

We took Helena to see Barabbé, and she behaved very sweetly to him, talking to him much more easily than to either Marie or myself. As we came home, Marie explained to her what she would like her to do for Barabbé, and Helena seemed greatly pleased and very proud to be trusted with the care of him. She promises Marie to get her nurse to take her to see Barabbé every day after we are gone.

*Wednesday, January 5th.*

I was very unkind to Stephanie this morning, and I feel truly ashamed of myself. I lost my temper because she would not wake quickly and get dressed, so that we could run down to see the sun rise over the sea. I spoke very crossly to her, and then, when I helped her to tie her bonnet-strings, I was rough and pulled her hair. This made her cry, which provoked me still more, and I am



afraid we should have had a quarrel, if Marie had not spoken to me softly, which checked me.

As we walked off together, I felt very sorry, so that I could not be easy until I had whispered to Stephanie, asking her to forgive me. She did so directly, and looked at me so sweetly with her great eyes that I could not help kissing her.

How beautifully the sun looked as it seemed to come up out of the sea. Its rays sparkled over the waves and up into the heavens, which were covered with lovely pink and lilac clouds, while the sea was so calm, and the air so fresh!

We went afterwards to the negro-quarter to ask after Marie's little girl, and I was much interested in looking at it. It is like a little town, for every family has its own house, with a garden, in which grow tobacco, pepper, and even flowers, while the paths leading from one house to the other look like streets. We went into some of the cabins, which were poor, but very clean. Helena has been several times to see Barabbé, who seems very friendly with her. M. and Mme. de la Caze also seem pleased to have her go, provided she always has her nurse with her.

*Thursday, January 6th.*

It is decided when we shall return to Saint Denis. We shall leave here on Saturday, and although I am very fond of Champ-Borne and Badamier, how glad I shall be to see dear mamma, Mademoiselle, and Berthe again! I feel as if the sight of their dear faces would make me jump for joy!

Yesterday my dear Marie gave me a terrible fright, but I feel a little consoled now, for I am sure she is mistaken. We were taking a walk before dinner along the shore, and

the sea was so beautiful with the setting sun that we felt as if we could never look at it enough.

Marie told me that her uncle had promised to let her stop at the cemetery of Saint Suzanne, in order to visit her father's grave, and she added that she hoped I would like to go with her. I replied "Yes" at once, and then Marie said something which gave me such a shock and such pain!

"When you are there, Marguerite," she said, "you will see the place where I shall probably be laid some day."

"Oh, Marie," I cried, "you grieve me!"

"Not at all," she said; "on the contrary, we ought to think of the grave as a friend. Think how sweetly we shall sleep there, and awake then never to die again!" But I could not bear to hear her speak so, and although we talked for a long time, and Marie said many beautiful things, and so earnestly that I saw she felt it all, I could not be convinced that death was not very, very sad and terrible.

At last she said to me:

"Marguerite, I must tell you something which I am afraid will make you unhappy, and yet I feel as if I ought not to hide it from you any longer."

"Oh, Marie, what is it?"

"Will you be courageous, Marguerite? I shall pain you, my sister."

"Tell me quickly, Marie; I cannot wait."

Marie hesitated, but her face was lighted up by such a lovely smile that she looked more like an angel than ever, and I could only gaze at her, not daring to say a word.

"Yes, Marguerite, I will tell you, but you must listen like a *Christian*. Well, I have the presentiment, no, almost the *certainty*, that God will call me to Him very soon."

I gave a great cry, and, catching Marie by the arm, I

turned so pale that she was frightened, and thought I was going to faint. She put her arms around me, and led me away where we could sit down under some bushes with our faces turned to the sea.

“ Oh, Marie,” I cried, looking into her face, “ what makes you believe such a cruel thing ? You are not ill, and you are not a prophet to know when you are to die.”

Marie smiled gently, and replied, putting her hand on her heart :

“ This tells me. I am afraid to understand it, and yet I ask it.”

“ But what does it say, Marie ? ”

“ I think I have disease of the heart.”

“ Oh, Marie, do not say so,” I cried ; and then my sobs and tears were so violent that Marie could only kiss me and try to comfort me, while I felt as if my heart must break. What should I do without Marie, my dearest friend and sister ! It was too much.

At last I was a little more quiet, and then I begged her to tell me why she thought she had any trouble with her heart. She said her mother had believed it, and had consulted physicians for her as well as for herself.

“ But, Marie, was it disease of the heart which caused your mother’s death ? ”

“ Yes, Marguerite ; and she lost a sister by the same disease. The physicians hoped the sea-voyage would cure my poor mother, but—” and Marie stopped while the tears filled her eyes.

Suddenly the thought came to me that it was because Marie had seen her mother die of this disease that she fancied her heart was wrong. I mentioned this to her at once, and she said her Uncle Adrien thought so too, and indeed several physicians had told her that there was no trouble

with her heart. This comforted me so much that I began to laugh and cry at once, and Marie could only say we would not talk any more about it until I was more calm, "and Christian," as she added with a smile.

You will see my journal, dear mamma and Mademoiselle; and Marie says she has no secrets from you. This conversation will make you unhappy at first, but I am sure you will think as I do, that Marie is mistaken.

I have written such a long journal, because we have a rainy day, and cannot go out.

*Friday, January 7th.*

How fast the rain is falling! It is almost like a second Deluge, but Marie and I have some pleasant books, so we can amuse ourselves nicely in-doors.

I find that I do not agree with Marianne about books, for she says she always turns over the page when she finds anything *moral* in a book. I used to do so when I was younger, but Mademoiselle has taught me so differently, and now both Marie and I are very fond of reading books which tell us of God and His great goodness and mercy.

I tried to renew my conversation of yesterday with Marie, but she was unwilling to continue the subject, and indeed I was only too glad to forget it.

I only hope this bad weather will not prevent us from starting to-morrow, for I shall be so disappointed! I think mamma would be a little anxious, as she is expecting us.

By-and-by Marie and I will put on our thick shoes, and go to say Good-by to Barabbé and Evelyna. Babet is delighted at the idea of going with us to Saint Denis.

I think M. and Mme. de la Caze feel badly to think how soon we shall all be gone. The house will indeed seem dull enough, for Marianne returns to school now also, and they are very fond of their nieces, especially Marie

To-day we had news from France through the papers, but no letters came for any of us. Marie and I both long to hear from Alberic and Gustave.

To-morrow I shall really see my dear little mother!

*Sunday, January 16th—SAINT DENIS.*

I am writing my journal at last beside dear mamma and Mademoiselle, but it has seemed as if I never should be near them again. Instead of reaching here when we expected, we were detained a week, and all on account of those terrible rains.

We had quite an adventure when we first left Badamier, and were all pretty well frightened. M. de la Caze thought we could cross the river, although it was much swollen, because we had a strong carriage and a good pair of mules. We all felt very timid, except Marianne, who urged her father to try the crossing, even if it was a little difficult.

We crossed the first arm of the river without much trouble, although it seemed terribly rapid and angry to me, but when we reached the second arm, where the water was dashing in a furious current, rolling with it large stones and branches of trees, M. de la Caze hesitated, and Phanor, the coachman, said he did not care to risk the crossing. So M. de la Caze told him to go back at once, for, as the water was rising all the time, there was no time to lose. Stephanie and Jeanne began to cry, and even Marianne hid her face and trembled.

The first arm was much more swollen when we came back to it, and just as we reached the middle of the stream the mules stopped, and Phanor could not make them move. I thought we must certainly be drowned, and suddenly Phanor gave a loud shout, which frightened us horribly, but he was only calling to some negroes, who were on the

river-bank. These good blacks joined hands and came wading out to us, singing merrily, although the water was dashing around them. Some took hold of the mules, and some lifted the wheels of the carriage, so that in a little while we were safely landed on the bank. What an earnest "Thank God" we all said, and how grateful we felt to the brave negroes who had come to help us! M. de la Caze gave them money, and we girls all thanked them, which seemed to please and amuse them greatly.

*Monday, January 17th.*

I did not finish my story yesterday, for I found it would keep me too long from my dear mamma, and now that I have her once more, I cannot kiss and caress her enough. She seems anxious too to have us with her all the time now, and although she is still very sad, I can see that she is amused by what we have to tell her. What a happiness it will be for papa when mamma is really well again!

But I must finish my story. After we were a little more calm after our fright, M. de la Caze ordered the coachman to go back, but said we would stop and pay Mme. Dumont a visit on our way.

Mme. Dumont was delighted to see us, and said that as we had said Good-by to Badamier, and could not reach mamma, she should keep us at Quartier-Français. I felt very timid indeed at first, but Mme. Dumont and her friends were so kind that we soon felt more at ease. M. de la Caze went off on horseback to tell his wife where we were, and he also sent a messenger to mamma over the higher ground to let her know why we were delayed.

How kind and hospitable the creoles are! They make you so heartily welcome, and seem so glad to have you un-



der their roof, that one cannot but be contented. How I wish mamma could see more of them !

I was very-much amused while we were at Réunion, the name of Mme. Dumont's place, in watching them make the sugar. What a lively scene it was ! The blacks were going back and forth, the machines turned, the mill crushed the canes, the great vats grew full, and you saw the sugar made, as it were, under your very eyes. First it is sugar and water, then sirup, and at last sugar, which is put in the sun to dry, and afterwards packed in bags, which go to France to be sold.

The great cart-loads of yellow canes are so pretty, and so is the great heap in which it is piled until used. Sugar-cane is very nice to eat too, and so is the sirup, only you must not take it too warm. We had a great laugh at Maurice, a little nephew of Mme. Dumont, who had a piece of bread to dip in the sirup. By mistake he went to a vat where the sirup was boiling and dipped in his bread. He shrieked with pain, for his fingers were quite badly scalded, but he would not give up the bread, all covered with nice sugar, although every one called out " Drop it, Maurice, drop it."

We had a great deal of *fun* too with the sugar, for we children used to pick out some of the large lumps, when they were dried, and then, making a little fire of sticks, we boiled our sirup, into which we stirred the fresh raspberries we picked on the river-bank, which made a delightful drink.

I enjoyed wading in the river too, for we used to take off our shoes and stockings, and, as the water was low in certain places, we could run about and catch the shrimp as we pleased.

I saw very little of Marie, for Mme. Dumont always



had so much to say to her, so I had to play with the little girls. I was not sorry when it was decided that the roads were safe, and we could start for Saint Denis. Oh, what joy it was when we arrived, and I rushed into the enclosure of our house, to be clasped in dear Mademoiselle's arms! She had tears in her eyes too, as she said: "My dearest child, so I have you once more!"

To our surprise, too, we saw mamma coming quickly to meet us, for when we left her she could hardly walk a few steps. Oh, how sweet it was to feel her kisses once more, and to see dear little Berthe, who hopped and skipped around us in a transport of delight. I could only thank God from my heart for bringing us all together again.

*Friday, January 21st.*

I went back yesterday to the catechism class, and I am so happy, because now I am really preparing for my first communion. I was afraid that all the interruptions I had had would prevent me from being ready as soon as I hoped, but Mademoiselle thinks that with extra industry I can make up the lost time.

Both she and mamma think I had better make my first communion before I leave Bourbon, even if it should keep us here rather longer than we expected. I feel that this is very good of mamma, for, of course, she is anxious to be with papa as soon as possible.

I like P'Abbé Morin, who teaches us very much, for he is kind and indulgent, and indeed the other priests are very nice, but I often think of P'Abbé Martin in Paris, and wish for him.

I have seen Adèle again, and this time she spoke to me pleasantly enough. I saw her when I ran to speak to Sister Rosalie, by Mademoiselle's permission, as we came

out of the church. How glad I was to hear about the other kind Sisters once more! They are scattered in different parts of the island, some in the convents, and some taking care of the sick in the hospitals. Sister Rosalie told me that Adèle had become much more gentle and polite, and she liked her very much. Mme. Bontems had started a little shop, having brought out some stock for it, and she hoped to do well. Mademoiselle asked for her address, so that we could go to Mme. Bontems and buy what we wanted. Adèle can only remain with the Sisters until after her first communion, for mother needs her help very much. I feel sorry for Adèle, for she cannot learn a great deal in so short a time, and it would make me very unhappy to leave my studies when I know so little.

Marie and I are beginning to work again regularly, indeed we have all resumed our lessons with Mademoiselle. Every day is very much alike; we get up at six o'clock, and as soon as we are dressed we all have prayers together in mamma's room. Then we take a cup of coffee before going into the enclosure to walk and amuse ourselves. At half-past eight we are all in the school-room, when Mademoiselle first reads to us from the Gospels or the Imitation before we begin our studies. Our first lesson is dictation, then verbs and grammar. But what Marie and I enjoy most of all is, repeating verses of poetry which we have learned. Sometimes fables from La Fontaine, or part of one of Racine's tragedies, or beautiful verses from Lamartine. We both love poetry dearly, and often, when we are walking together, we repeat to each other our favorite verses. What a happiness it must be to be able to write such beautiful verses, and feel that they are sure to do good and give pleasure to others.

To-day is a sad anniversary, that of the death of poor

King Louis XVI. What a sad history it is! How bitterly the poor Queen Marie Antoinette must have suffered, and that dear Mne. Eliazbeth! The French people showed so much courage and energy during that terrible Revolution, that it seems too sad that there should have been such monsters among them to spoil everything.

*Saturday, January 22d.*

I have not yet finished the history of our day. At half-past ten we have our breakfast, and then a recess until half-past twelve. After that we begin our lessons again, and while Mademoiselle teaches me music, Marie takes charge of the little ones, for she tries to help Mademoiselle as much as possible. Marie has had to give up music herself, as it fatigued her too much to practice, but she helps Jeanne with her exercises, and I teach Stephanie a little. I find it tries my patience very much when Stephanie plays the wrong note, but I try to remember how kind Mademoiselle has always been to me.

At half-past two we have our lunch, then Mademoiselle reads to us from the History of France, explaining anything that we do not understand so clearly and pleasantly that I am always sorry when the reading is over.

After this Mademoiselle corrects our abstract of the day before, and gives us a new one to write. Then comes algebra and geography, alternate days, as our problems and maps take some time to draw. Then we write a sort of composition. Sometimes I write in my Journal, when I have a great deal to tell. And then, if we have a little time before going to dress for the six o'clock dinner, Mademoiselle reads to us, and sometimes mamma even comes in to take her place, since poor Mademoiselle is often very tired.

After dinner we walk about in the enclosure, or sit on the veranda until nine o'clock, when the children go to bed. We often have visitors in the evening, for the creoles dislike being out in the hot sun, and they know, too, that we are all very busy with our studies in the daytime. Mme. Vintimil and several others come quite often to see mamma, for whom every one seems to feel sorry.

I have forgotten to say that the Governor and his wife have been very kind and attentive to us. Berthe is always charmed when she sees their carriage, with those pretty little Malabars, dressed in white, with red sashes and turbans; they call them the Governor's "*pawns*." It was the Governor who sent us the excellent physician who took care of mamma, and who has examined Marie since we came from Champ-Borne. He has given Marie some pills, and says we need not be uneasy, which makes me so happy and grateful to God.

. . . . .  
*Tuesday, March 8th.*

Oh, what a happy day we had yesterday, for at last we received our letters from papa! We had letters from Gustave too, and it really seemed too much happiness at once. The whole house was turned "upside down," and every one was too excited to do anything regularly. Berthe was too funny, running up and down stairs to show every one, even the servants, the dear little letter papa had sent her, as he did each of us. I do not see why she did not hurt herself by falling, or why she did not lose her letter. She was constantly dropping it, looking for it in great distress, and when she found it, bursting into peals of laughter and delight. Stephanie was very quiet, but she held her letter very tightly, and once I saw her kiss it.

Papa wrote to mamma of his arrival in Pondicherry, and described his reception, which was quite imposing and very kind. He thinks we shall like the country very much, but tells mamma he does not wish us to come on until I have made my first communion, as I have had so many interruptions. By that time, too, we shall be more accustomed to the great heat. Papa says he is quite well, and I hope it is true, but I think he might tell a little fib to prevent us from being uneasy.

The letters which papa sends us from Gustave are very sad; he cannot be consoled for our absence, although he works hard to try and occupy himself. It breaks one's heart to read the messages he sends for poor baby, whom he loved so dearly.

Gustave gives us news of Clara, who seems worse instructed than ever. She no longer has a governess, and Mme. de Baldi changes her masters every fortnight. M. Guer, who knows Mme. de Baldi very well, has tried to remonstrate with her about her management of Clara, but she grows angry, and will not listen to him.

Gustave said he had met Cecile Dufon one day. She was as smiling as ever, but the tears came in her eyes when she asked if he had heard from me.

Gustave had already been once to the grave of Mademoiselle's parents, and sent her a flower he had picked there and pressed. Mademoiselle was very much touched by his thoughtfulness. We do not expect to have a reply to our sad letters to poor Gustave before the end of May. How long it seems to wait!

Papa speaks with much affection of the good priests from whom he parted at Pondicherry. They sent us many kind messages, as did also the captain and all the officers of the Isère. Papa was good enough, too, to ask our old

Mario and little Georget what word they wanted to send us, and they gave him many respectful regards and messages. The Isère was all in good order, and I wonder if I shall ever see her again. I really feel fond of her, although we were all so terribly unhappy on board of her.

*Wednesday, March 9th.*

To-day is Stephanie's birthday, and she is eight years old! She is so quiet and sensible for her age, that she really seems like a big girl. I have promised her that after this I will try not to speak of her and Berthe as the "little ones." I too am growing fast, so that my dresses have to be lengthened. At the time of my first communion they are to be made quite long, and we are to leave off our mourning for dear baby at the same time. I do not think that mamma will ever give up a black dress.

Oh, how warm it was to-day as we came home after Mass! There is not a breath of air, for I have just been looking at the trees, and not a leaf stirs. How I hate such weather, and I feel afraid that something is going to happen, for Janvier said at breakfast that he thought we were going to have a tempest.

We were expecting Mme. Dumont to-day, but she will hardly start in such heat. How very kind she is to us! She will not let mamma look out for another house, although we are staying so much longer than we thought at first, nor will she let us hire her servants who wait on us. She insists we are doing her a favor by employing them.

Stephanie has begun to-day to write a journal, but she says she shall never have patience to write as much as I do, and I think that will be better, my journal is *so long*.

*Sunday, March 13th.*

I have always said that a tempest on land would not



frighten me after what I had seen at sea. But I know now that it can be terrible at land too, for we have had a great fright. I only wonder that our house was not blown away.

As I wrote on Wednesday the heat was terrible. It made us all feel badly, and even when evening came it was no cooler. Jeanne and I were walking on the piazza after dinner, and Jeanne was telling me about all the hurricanes which she could remember, when we were startled by hearing low moans in the enclosure next to ours. We ran in-doors quickly, although the servants called to us that it was only the dogs howling at the approach of a storm. It made me very uncomfortable, and then the sky had such a strange color—like copper.

As we were going to mamma, who had sent for us, we heard a carriage stop at our gate, and presently some one knocked. Idala opened the gate, and there was Mme. Dumont! She came with her coach laden with packages of all kinds for our enjoyment, fruits, and nice things in abundance.

When mamma welcomed Mme. Dumont and expressed some surprise that she felt able to travel in such weather, she replied that she thought, as we had never experienced a hurricane before, she might be of some use to us. How warmly mamma thanked her, and how thoughtful it was for her to do such a thing!

Mme. Dumont sent the servants out at once to lay in provisions for several days, and then ordered all the doors and windows to be barricaded. I could see that these were serious preparations, but I did not feel afraid, for I was really curious to see such a storm as Jeanne had described. Now I am ashamed of my selfishness, when I think of the poor people who have lost their crops, some of them their



houses and all they possessed! The vessels too on the coast, for they had to warn them all to leave the harbor, as they could not protect them. There are *fifteen* vessels now absent, about which there is great anxiety.

On Wednesday evening M. Vintimil and M. Léo de Veilles came in to see us and offer their assistance. They were delighted to find Mme. Dumont with us, as she knew so well what to do. They both begged mamma to send for them at any hour if she needed them, and M. de Veilles said the same to Mademoiselle, as he bade her good-by.

“Oh, Monsieur,” I cried, “you do not know Mademoiselle; she is never frightened as we are.”

“On the contrary, I think I know her very well,” replied M. Léo. “She is never alarmed for herself, for she never thinks of herself, but she may be anxious for others, of whose comfort she thinks constantly.”

I like M. de Veilles so much; he is so fine looking, and his history is interesting too, for he has remained a widower, although he was married only three years before his wife died, and he looks so sad and dignified!

We went to bed after the gentlemen had gone, and although I was very nervous, I must have fallen asleep, for I was suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by a great racket and a feeling of cold. The window had flown open, and the tempest had really begun.

Marie came in at this moment, and I saw she was dressed. She told me mamma and Mademoiselle were awake, and they had all wondered that I had slept so long. I wondered myself when I heard the noise of the storm. The house trembled, and every moment it seemed as if doors and windows must give way to the furious wind and rain. Mme. Dumont came to tell us we need not be alarmed, but we could not feel secure. As we were not willing to

go back to our rooms, Mme. Dumont advised us to bring our mattresses and put them on the floor in mamma's room. Indeed, she was kind enough to go with Mademoiselle to help her move them.

Mme. Dumont herself had to *beg hospitality* at our hands, as she could not stay in her own little room, where the rain was coming in on all sides. Indeed, all the upper rooms were wet, except mamma's, in which we all assembled. The poor negresses had to take refuge in our dining-room, for the wind had carried off the roof of their cabin, and they had no shelter at all.

After a time Mme. Dumont asked us to come out into a sheltered corner of the veranda, in order to get a better idea of the storm. I shall never forget the grand sight. The poor trees seemed to be writhing in agony, as they tossed and bent, first to one side, then to the other. Each gust, as it came, carried off a quantity of leaves, which darkened the air; sometimes there would be a crash as a large branch would go, and even now and then a whole tree would be overturned. I could not help feeling sorry for them. The wind seemed like a wild beast, which would rest for a few moments (and this quiet was even more startling than the tumult) and then come roaring back again to maim and destroy. Sometimes Jeanne and I had to cling to the sides of the veranda to avoid being swept away or deluged with the torrents of rain. Now and then the poor birds' nests were tossed to the ground, scattering the eggs or the little ones in all directions. Janvier brought us some of the young birds, but I am afraid we cannot save them.

*Monday, March 14th.*

The storm lasted all through the morning of Thursday, until our enclosure looked like a battle-field, covered with broken branches, crushed fruit, and all sorts of rubbish.

But our neighbors suffered even more, for the roof of their house was carried away, and as it had only one story, all the rooms were exposed. The family had to take refuge in the negro-cabin, where they were terribly crowded and uncomfortable.

As soon as mamma heard of their condition, she was very anxious to ask them under our roof, but when she proposed it to Mme. Dumont she did not seem at all pleased at the idea. Mamma looked astonished at her hesitation, when Mme. Dumont, explained that they were *mulattoes*, and as she had never had any intercourse with Mme. André, she did not wish to begin now. She spoke so decidedly that mamma could say no more, but I exclaimed :

“ Well, at least we can send them umbrellas to protect them ! ”

Mme. Dumont did not look pleased, but Marie told me to be quiet ; and, going over to her aunt, had a little talk, and in a few moments Mme. Dumont consented to send for Mme. André. The poor lady and her children had the greatest trouble in getting over to our house through the storm, but she seemed very grateful for our protection.

It seemed very funny to see the children, all of different colors, for some of them were quite fair, like the mother, and others like the father, who was very dark. There is a great prejudice against *mulattoes* in Bourbon. Mme. Vintimil told mamma, the other day, that the mistress of a school in Saint Denis had been obliged to refuse the care of a little orphan girl, who was brought to her by the child's uncle. Her father had belonged to one of the best families in Bourbon, but the mother was a *mulatto* ; and the school-mistress found she should lose all her best scholars

if she took the little orphan. It seems to me a very unjust prejudice.

When Mme. André left us in the evening, as her husband had found a room where she could be sheltered, she thanked both Mme. Dumont and mamma very earnestly for the kindness they had shown her. Mamma told her we should be so very happy to see her after the storm was over, but Mme. Dumont was as cold and stiff as ever.

The wind fell a little on Thursday evening, but came up again in the night, and raged all day Friday with more fury than ever. It did not seem as if the house could stand.

M. Vintimil and M. de Veilles ventured to come to us several times during those two days, although it was almost dangerous to be out. They brought us sad stories of the misfortunes which had happened—houses torn down, a bridge carried away with negroes upon it, all of whom were drowned; but saddest of all, a vessel, which could not keep off the coast, was thrown on the rocks, crushed into a wreck, and several sailors were lost. It made our hearts ache to hear of it all.

The wind fell again on Friday evening, and on Saturday it was so much more quiet that M. Vintimil and M. de Veilles came to ask us to go out and see the havoc the hurricane had made. Mamma declined going herself, saying the sight would make her too sad, but she allowed me to go, and Mademoiselle went too to take care of Jeanne and Berthe, who could not bear to stay at home.

I had been in the house so long that I was very glad to get out, but what a sight it was! The king's garden, where we went first, was utterly destroyed—trees torn up, the flower-beds ruined. The alleys were all choked with branches, and the ground covered with a mass of fruit, ripe and unripe, crushed and spoiled.

In the town the streets could not be recognized, for the trees were almost all destroyed, and many of the houses were much injured. Over all was a thick carpet of torn leaves. But on the harbor was the saddest sight of all. The waves were still black and angry, and the empty harbor, with no vessel to be seen save the poor wreck lying on its side, with its masts buried in the sea, made one's heart sink. I thought of the Isère, and how we, too, might have been crushed on those cruel rocks!

The gentlemen took us at last to a point where we could see much of the devastation at once, but the houses surrounded by water, the trees stripped of leaves and branches, made so distressing a sight that we grew pale and sick, and Mademoiselle said we had seen enough, so we hurried home to describe it to Marie and Stephanie.

*Tuesday, March 29th.*

My dearest Marie is fourteen years old to-day, but any one would say she was fifteen, she is so tall and grave. She is quite a young lady, but she is very kind to all of us who are younger, and does not look down upon us at all.

Some of the vessels have returned since the storm, and the gentlemen say it is a pitiable sight to see them, without masts or boats, as if they had come from a great battle. Several of the ships were wrecked, some on the coast of Madagascar and others on the Island of Mauritius.

One poor vessel foundered at sea, and the wind was so violent that no one could go to the aid of the crew, so all were lost. It was horrible to think of it! One young lady was lost whom we had seen in Saint Denis. She had gone with her husband, because they thought there was some danger, and both went down together. How it made our tears fall to hear of these disasters!

*Friday, April 8th.*

Oh, these horrid centipedes, how terribly they bite! I know now how painful it is, for I have had quite an adventure.

One evening we had quite a number of visitors, and, among others, Mme. Louis Vintimil, who had brought her little Ida to see us. She is a sweet little girl, and, while I was playing with her, she coaxed me to sit down on the floor of the veranda. I said no, for I was afraid of centipedes, but she repeated "Ida wants it, Ida wants it" so cunningly that I sat down. I had forgotten about the centipedes, when suddenly Berthe cried out:

"Oh, look on Ida! look on Ida's sleeve!" and then ran away as fast as she could.

I looked at Ida and saw an enormous centipede, which just then ran off Ida's sleeve and began to crawl up her arm. The poor child began to scream, but did not move, she was so terrified. I was dreadfully frightened, but unfortunately every one had gone into the parlor, and there was no one to help Ida but myself. There was not a moment to be lost, for the creature began to crawl on to her neck, so I tried to brush it off with my hand, but I was not quick enough, and it caught my finger and bit me so terribly that I could hardly shake it off. I screamed out with the pain and ran towards the parlor, from which in a moment every one rushed to meet us. Little Ida was almost in convulsions from fright, and altogether there was a grand hubbub.

I was almost wild with pain, and it was a long time before my finger grew any better. Mamna very kindly took me in her room for the night, as I could not sleep, and Marie sat beside me and comforted me. And she helped me very much, for when my pain grew very bad, as my hand



and arm ached and swelled, Marie whispered to me to be brave, and submit to God's will. She reminded me of a conversation we had had with Mademoiselle, who urged us to offer to God each and every pain we suffered, whether great or small.

At first the pain was all I could remember, but after a time, as Marie talked in her gentle voice, a great quiet came over me, and although the twinges of pain were very bad still, I could bear them much better. It did not seem much to offer to God the bite of a centipede, but I do not think He would despise it.

Yesterday Mme. Louis Vintinil came very kindly to ask after me, and brought little Ida, who cried when she saw my swollen finger. She kissed me, and was so sweet that it was touching to see her.

I have been reading a good deal, as I cannot use my hands. I have been very much interested in some of Miss Edgeworth's stories, and it helps me with my English too.

Mademoiselle is reading to us from Bossuet now, and very delightful it is, he writes so simply and yet so beautifully.

*Sunday, April 17th—Easter Day.*

What a lovely festival Easter is! The most beautiful of all the year! How I love all the gayety and rejoicing after the mourning and sadness of Holy Week.

Marie and I had a long talk about many such things as we came home after Mass this morning. It seems to me as if Marie really likes the sad memories of Passion Week better than the rejoicing of Easter. When I said so to her, she replied:

“Perhaps it is so, Marguerite, and yet all the sufferings of Our Lord would be no comfort to me without the Resurrection. Still I think that where we love very much, we



are even more willing to share the sufferings than the joys of those we love."

"Ah, yes, Marie," I cried, "and you understand the sufferings only too well, when you are so ill as you are sometimes!"

"That is nothing when we look at the Cross," said Marie, "and then what hope it gave me to-day to hear the preacher speak of the *empty grave*."

"Oh, Marie, do you still have those sad thoughts? Pray, do not make me feel so sad on this happy festival!"

"We will not say any more about it, Marguerite, but let us go and speak to Marianne, who I see there with her school-friends."

Last evening Marie had a letter from Alberic, who spoke very kindly of Gustave; I am so glad that our brothers like each other.

Mme. Dumont has sent us a great basket of splendid fruit, oranges, mandarins and lemons, all tied up in great bouquets, such as they make of the early cherries in France.

*Thursday, April 21st.*

Oh, how empty the house seems without Marie and Jeanne! I can hardly forgive M. de la Caze for sending for his nieces without giving us more warning. He sent the cabriolet and Sylvain to-day with a note to mamma, begging her to allow his nieces to come to Badamier for three or four days, to be with Marianne, who has a vacation. They also want to have Marie's little baby, Marguerite, baptized. Mamma did not like to let Marie and Jeanne go alone, but M. de la Caze had been kept at home by business, and said they would be quite safe with Sylvain. Jeanne was delighted at the idea of seeing the plantation again, but Marie is always sad when she bids us good-by.

*Tuesday, May 3d—QUARTIER-FRANÇAIS.*

It is twelve days since I last wrote in my Journal, and I little thought at that time what a shock was in store for us. I was writing in the school-room by the open window, thinking all the time of Marie, when I saw a negro come running into the enclosure. He said something hastily to our servants, and in a moment I heard Idala exclaim: "It's not possible. Mamzelle Marie! Mamzelle Jeanne! not possible!" I began to shake all over, but I rushed down stairs in a moment, and stood before the negro, who I now remembered to have seen at Mme. Dumont's. Janvier was raising Babet from the ground, for she had fainted. I must have looked very white, for Idala cried out when she saw me:

"Oh, Mamzelle Marguerite, you must not die too!" I tried to speak, but could not; at last I pointed to Babet, and said:

"What ails her!"

"Oh," said Idala, "she loved her little mistresses so."

"Idala," I cried, shaking her as if I were in a rage, "do not tell me that anything has happened to Marie!" She did not answer, and only looked at me in a frightened way, when suddenly Mademoiselle appeared. I staggered towards her and fell into her arms, crying:

"Oh, Mademoiselle, help me; they want to tell me that Marie—" and sobs choked my voice.

Mademoiselle put her arms around me tenderly, and, sitting down on a bench in the veranda, comforted me, while she urged the negro to tell his message.

"The young ladies have been thrown from the carriage," he said, "and I am afraid Mamzelle Marie will soon be dead."

It was too much; everything grew black around me, and

I heard nothing more. When I came to myself I was in the parlor on the sofa, and Mademoiselle was bathing my forehead. As I raised myself I said :

“Oh, Mademoiselle, tell me that what that man said is not true !”

“Be brave, my child,” replied Mademoiselle, with her eyes full of tears ; “Marie needs us and asks for us.”

“Oh, Mlle., then she can speak ! she is not so ill as I thought !”

“Let me finish, my child ; Jeanne is not badly hurt, but Marie has been more injured. Mme. Dunont has sent for a surgeon, and her carriage will take us back in an hour, if we can go.”

“Oh, let us go, let us go !” I cried.

“But are you strong enough, Marguerite ? Agitation would do Marie great harm, and you could not see her unless you could control yourself.” I raised myself from the sofa, and, wiping my eyes, said steadily :

“See, I am not crying, and then to see Marie would comfort me so much !”

“Mademoiselle kissed me, and said :

“Now I will go to your mother. What news I have to tell her ! Pray to God to support us all, Marguerite !”

After Mademoiselle had gone, I tried to comfort Babet, who was sobbing in a corner of the room. At first she would not listen to me, persisting that her dear little mistresses were to die before her, and she loved them so much, more even than her own sons. At last she grew more quiet, but begged me most earnestly to let her go with us to see Marie. I promised I would ask mamma.

Notwithstanding all Mademoiselle’s care, poor mamma was so shocked at the news of the accident that she was quite ill. Of course it was impossible for her to start at

once, indeed she felt she should be a care rather than an assistance. So she begged Mademoiselle to go, and take me with her, since I felt strong enough. She would join us to-morrow, and she begged that Mme. Dumont would send her news of Marie at the earliest hour possible the next day.

So we started, the surgeon, Mademoiselle, Babet and I. What a journey it was! Mademoiselle was very silent, Babet cried, and I longed to drag the carriage with my own hands. As we turned into the avenue leading to Réunion (I forgot to say they took Marie and Jeanne there, as the accident happened near the house), my heart seemed to grow cold and faint.

Mme. Dumont was waiting on the piazza for the surgeon; she looked very grave, and I ran to her, crying:

“Is he too late? is he too late?”

“No,” she said, “let us hope not,” and she led the surgeon towards the staircase. My heart seemed bursting, and I do not know what I should have done without Mademoiselle. She led me into the parlor, whispering:

“Courage, my child! be brave and trust in God.” In a moment Mme. Louis Vintimil came to us, and Mademoiselle begged her to tell us how the accident happened, promising that I would be brave.

*Wednesday, May 4th.*

Mme. Vintimil then told us that until they reached the Ravine des Chèvres the sisters had proceeded very safely. The horse had seemed very restive and ugly, but Marie drove very well, and Sylvain kept close to them; Jeanne was nervous, but Marie was quite calm, and managed the horse nicely until they reached the Ravine. She was driving slowly, as it was a rough place, when, at a turn of the road, they came upon a cart with one mule fallen on the

side of the road. This frightened the horse, who began to gallop, notwithstanding all Marie's efforts to stop him. Sylvain ran after the cabriolet, and Jeanne screamed, "Stop us! stop us!" which only made the horse go faster. At this moment a drove of beeves came upon the bridge directly in front of the horse, which would have to pass through them; the horse began to rear frantically, which was horrible on such a narrow, high bridge.

Jeanne cried, "Jump, Marie, jump!" and before Marie could prevent her, she was out of the cabriolet with a bound. Marie thought she must be killed, and was about to follow her, when the horse went off like a flash; he was wild with fright. Marie thought only of Jeanne, and, dropping the reins, jumped from the cabriolet, which was now dashing over the road, making it much worse for her. She fell violently to the ground, and then rolled to the bottom of a little ravine which was full of stones. When they found her, a quarter of an hour later, she was unconscious and covered with blood!

Jeanne also fell in jumping from the cabriolet, and, striking her head against a stone, was stunned for a few moments. But she came to herself by the time the negroes, who were driving the beeves, and Sylvain reached her, and she begged them at once to follow poor Marie. She was so shaken by her fall that she could not stand, and I hardly know what would have become of the poor girl if M. and Mine. Villiers had not passed at that moment. They took Jeanne at once into their carriage, and then followed the negroes who were searching for Marie.

When poor Sylvain and the other negroes brought Marie, bruised, bleeding, and apparently dead, to the carriage, I can hardly bear to think how Jeanne must have felt.

They brought her at once to Réunion, where Mme.

Dumont, although terribly shocked, was calm and collected, and did all she could to restore Marie. After a time she came to herself and asked for Jeanne, but she was so dreadfully weak and prostrated, that they expected every moment would be her last. After a time Marie rallied enough to understand how ill she was, but she was very calm, asking only to see a priest, and that they would let her uncle know of the accident, as well as ourselves, whom she "would like to see once more, if possible." This was the sad story, and how many tears fell while we were listening to it!

I began to be so impatient to hear something of my dearest Marie, for the surgeon remained for hours shut up in her room. At last M. de la Caze came to speak to us. He looked very pale and agitated, but said that M. Lebel, the surgeon, spoke hopefully of Marie; she suffered terribly, however, for she was covered with wounds and bruises, and had one arm broken. At this news I cried out, and M. de la Caze put his hand on my shoulder, saying:

"She begs to see you, my child, but you must be calm, or I shall never dare—"

"Oh, Monsieur, I will be calm, I assure you, when I am with her."

"The broken arm is not a serious injury," continued M. de la Caze; "but what makes me most anxious," he added in a low voice, "is the shock, with her *trouble of the heart*." This then was what we had to dread; how my heart swelled as I thought of it!

As soon as the surgeon had set the arm, he gave Marie a soothing draught, and urged her to try and sleep. But she said she could not do so until she had seen us, for she had heard that Mademoiselle and I were in the house.

I shall never forget how my poor Marie looked, lying



on the bed, weak as a child, and her face, which was as white as the pillow, surrounded by a cloud of her beautiful hair. Mademoiselle bent over her, and, kissing her forehead, whispered how we thanked her for sending for us; but when I stood beside her I could only say:

“Oh, my sister!” for my voice would choke with sobs. Marie’s sweet eyes looked at me lovingly and encouragingly, and she said very, very feebly:

“Mine. Guyon?”

“She will come to-morrow,” replied Mademoiselle; “she was too much agitated to-day.”

“Oh, I shall injure her,” said Marie sadly.

“Do not talk, Marie,” said Mme. Dumont; “you must try now to be quiet, and we will leave you.”

Poor Jeanne was asleep, with Babet beside her, so rejoiced to watch over her young mistress. Marie desired it, so they allowed Mademoiselle and me to sit with her, while she composed herself to sleep. Sad as it was to see my dearest Marie in such a state, what a comfort it was to sit by her and nurse her!

*Friday, May 6th.*

I could not write yesterday, for I was absolutely *left in charge* of Marie. Mme. Dumont insisted upon taking mamma and Mademoiselle to see Mme. de la Caze, so I was left alone with Marie, who grows better daily.

I forgot to say that mamma came to Réunion the day after the accident, M. Vintimil having most kindly made all the arrangements for the carriage and other matters. That kind Mme. Dumont insisted upon taking mamma with Stephanie and Berthe into her house, although she had already with her M. and Mme. de la Caze with their children.

How kind the creoles are! Mamma cannot say enough



of what she calls their "patriarchal hospitality." If the cause of our being here were not so sad, we should all be so happy here, in this beautiful house, with all these kind people. I hope when they are able to move Marie to Badamier, that M. de la Caze will invite us there, for it would break my heart to leave Marie now.

Mamma is delighted with Badamier too; she says it is so quiet and peaceful. I am sure that if mamma could live in such a place with papa and all of us, that she would soon grow stronger and better. Even now, after this second shock, she begins to look better, and has more color in her pale cheeks. Stephanie and Berthe are as happy and well as possible, out all day long, with plenty to amuse and interest them. As for me, I would never leave Marie, if mamma did not make me go out sometimes for exercise. I asked Marie the other day if she thought she would be killed when she jumped from the cabriolet, and how she felt. She said at first she thought only of Jeanne, but as she was falling over those rough stones, which hurt and bruised her so terribly, she cried: "O God, have mercy upon me!" Then she asked me to tell her how we had first heard of the accident, and when she saw by my trembling voice and the tears I could not keep back how much I had suffered, she stretched out her left hand (the right she cannot move yet) and holding mine, said:

"Oh, Marguerite, how happy I am in your love! and yet—" The tears came into her eyes, and I asked quickly:

"What is it, Marie?"

"It troubles me to think what would have become of you, if I had been killed."

"But, Marie, why should you trouble yourself about such terrible things, since God has been so good as to cure you?" She smiled sadly, and said:

“Let us always love each other, Marguerite, but let us love the Friend who can comfort us above all else.”

“Oh, Marie, do I not love Him since He has brought you to life again?” And then I would not let her talk any more, since I was her nurse, and must see that she did not get tired.

*Sunday, May 8th.*

This morning Mme. Dumont took mamma, Mademoiselle, Jeanne and me to Mass at Sainte Suzanne. Oh, how earnestly we thanked God for having saved Marie, and prayed to Him to cure her completely!

The church at Sainte Suzanne is very simple, even poor looking, but I liked it. It stands surrounded by beautiful trees, and looking down upon the sea.

Nearly opposite the church there is a large fine house, which Mme. Dumont says belongs to a French lady, who has opened a boarding-school. She lost her husband in France, and being left with but little property and four little girls, she came out to Bourbon, where she has a sister living, and hopes to support herself by means of teaching. We saw her at the church with her four little girls, all in mourning, and some of her scholars.

The sugar-cane is in blossom now, and is so very pretty. I have never seen the blossoms until now.

*Monday, May 23d—CHAMP-BORNE.*

Here we are very happy at Badamier, although we shall never forget Mme. Dumont's kindness to us all. It is a month since the accident happened, and Marie has gained strength much faster than any one thought she could. She still has her palpitations, and suffers a good deal; when I think, too, of her as she was before the accident, I see how

changed she is! Very weak and thin, but then how much she has had to bear!

The journey from Réunion did not fatigue her very much, but she is so patient and brave, that it is not easy to tell how ill she feels. She stayed in bed all day yesterday, but to-day the air was so delightful that M. de la Caze wanted her to breathe it out-doors. So he had a lounge put under one of the great trees for her, and I have been sitting beside her.

How happy it has made me to see my dear sister once more in the open air, and to think that we may soon be able to study and work together again. Marie too has enjoyed the pure air, the lovely blue sky, the smiling aspect of everything around her. After a few moments she said she would like to try and walk a little, so, with the help of my arm, she went slowly down the avenue to one of our favorite spots, close to the little brook we both love so much. Marie thought she would like to rest here, so I had the couch brought down for her, and I established myself on a rock at her feet.

As Marie looked around her with such a contented smile, she said :

“O Marguerite, do you not feel how God is here, in the midst of all this sweetness? Marguerite, do you think you love Him as you ought?”

“Not as much as I ought, Marie, but still very much.”

“If you only knew, Marguerite, how I pray every day that you may learn what I have learned, that it is He that we should love beyond and above all others.”

“Then, Marie, you love Him more than you love me?”

“Oh yes, my sister; but after Him there is no one so dear to me, I believe, as you are.”

“That satisfies me, Marie,” I said, kissing her. “I could not ask for anything more.” After a pause, Marie said:

“Marguerite, I love you so dearly that I wish you would let me talk to you from my heart.”

“And why not, Marie?”

“Because you have not the courage to hear what I want to say, dear Marguerite; you are only preparing more unhappiness for yourself by refusing to see my state and the sorrow before you.”

“But, Marie,” I said a little impatiently, “why should we think of such things, now that God has been good enough to cure you?”

“I am very grateful, Marguerite, that He has given us more time, but I feel and know that we ought to be prepared. If you will not think of what may happen, you refuse the grace which God will give you to bear our separation.”

“Well, Marie,” I said, “tell me what you want to say, but it breaks my heart—” and I burst into tears.

Marie put her arms around me and whispered:

“Do you think it is only for my own satisfaction that I want to speak of what is so painful to you? No, it is for you, Marguerite, for it frightens me to see how much you love me. If our friendship, which is so sweet, should only prove in the future a sorrow to you—” and here Marie’s tears fell too fast for her to continue.

“No, Marie,” I cried, “do not be uneasy about me. Teach me only to love God as you do above all else, and then perhaps He will save you if He is satisfied with me.” Marie smiled and said:

“Thank you, Marguerite. Now we can speak plainly, and it will be good for both of us, will it not?”

As I was about to reply, I started, for M. de la Caze

stood behind us. I do not know how much he had heard, but he looked agitated, and speaking tenderly to Marie, told her she was fatiguing herself too much and must go in.

As we entered the house we met old Barabbé, who was delighted to see Marie again, although shocked to find her so changed. Little Helena seems to be devoted in her kindness to the poor old man.

Mademoiselle calls me for my catechism, to which now I give more attention than ever since the time for my first communion is so near.

*Friday, May 27th.*

We had yesterday a great surprise, and a great pleasure ! I was reading to Marie after breakfast, and the children were playing in the dining-room, when little Pierre announced that some one was coming in a carriage. They all ran to the window to see, and soon began a discussion as to who it could be.

Jeanne said it was a cabriolet with something black in it.

“No,” said Berthe, “something *blue*.”

“Hush,” said Stephanie, “it does not matter ; do not quarrel about it, we shall soon see.”

“Oh !” cried Jeanne at last, “we are both right ; it is a blue dress and a black veil, and it is a sister.” As I heard this, I exclaimed :

“Can it be one of our sisters on the Isère ?” and I ran to the window.

At this moment the cabriolet stopped, and I saw it was dear good Sister Alexis. How joyfully I ran to meet her, and she too seemed happy to see us again. She had heard of Marie’s accident, and that we were all at Champ-Borne, so, as she was living quite near us, she could not resist the temptation to come to us. How it agitated poor mamma

to see Sister Alexis and talk to her of the ship and her dear baby. But it did her good too, for Sister Alexis said so much that was comforting to her.

We were very sorry to have several visitors while the sister was with us, for we should have enjoyed more to see her alone. Some of the ladies were talking about France, and one said:

"It is only in *Paris* that one can enjoy life; to live here in Bourbon is to *vegetate*."

"You are right," cried a young lady, looking around her scornfully, which was not very polite to Mme. de la Caze; "how miserable our houses must look to Europeans, and what a monotonous life we must seem to lead!"

"You are mistaken, Mademoiselle," said mamma; "Parisians know how to appreciate, I trust, what is good and noble; and to many of them this simple, hearty hospitality and these united households would seem far beyond the gay, frivolous life of a great city."

"Oh Mme.," said one of the gentlemen, "you forget the pleasures of wit and intelligence, and yet you are so fitted to understand them!" They all said a great deal more to prove that Paris was everything delightful, and Bourbon only dull endurance.

After they went away, M. de la Caze remarked how strange it was that all creoles sighed for France, thinking it the only place to live in, and yet few went to Paris who did not after a time regret their little island, and feel glad to return.

Sister Alexis left us only too soon, but we shall certainly go to see her before we go back to Saint Denis.

I am going to walk with the children while mamma is with Marie. I like very much to watch the coffee gathering, which is going on now. They spread the grains on a



great platform before the store-house to dry them, which unfortunately turns their fine red color into brown. Every night they put them in a heap, and cover them with mats, the next day they are spread again, until quite dry.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

*Saturday, June 18th—SAINT DENIS.*

Everything is in confusion in the house, for we are all preparing for the grand festival to-morrow, and as the archbishop is to pass our gate and give us the benediction, we have to arrange an altar. We are almost smothered in flowers, for Mme. Dumont, Mme. Villiers and M. de la Caze have sent us huge baskets full of flowers, and great palm and cocoa-nut branches. M. de Vintimil and M. de Veilles are at work in our enclosure, which looks beautifully with all the green and the lovely wreaths which Marie has made. She cannot run about like the rest of us, so she lies on the couch in the veranda, while I bring her flowers, thread and scissors as she needs them. Mamma and Mademoiselle, assisted by Mme. Vintimil, are arranging the altar.

The children are flying around everywhere, delighted with the confusion and disorder. This festival makes me think of the triumphal march of our Lord Jesus Christ when he entered Jerusalem, and the Jews strewed palm-branches before Him with songs of praise. And yet how soon they changed their praise into abuse and insult. It is dreadful to think of it! But *we* serve and praise Him always.

*Monday, June 20th.*

What a pity that yesterday has passed already! We had a lovely morning, the altar was all ready, and was



beautiful. How graceful the palm-branches are! We put them on each side of the altar, and the effect was beautiful with the drooping vines and wreaths of bright flowers. Marie and Babet kept the children, while mamma and Mademoiselle took Jeanne and me to the church.

What a fine sight it was when we reached the open square, crowded with persons waiting to join the procession! There were several schools, with the pupils all in white, with colored sashes. I could see both Marianne and Adèle looking very serious, and I tried to be so also, but the bustle and noise distracted me very much. But all at once, when the priests appeared everything was quieted. The archbishop, who was under the dais, elevated the Host, and every one fell on his knees. The procession then started, singing chants as they passed from one street to another. It seems that this procession passes one year through the lower part of the town along the shore, and the next year, through the upper streets and over the heights. This year it was to take the lower part of the town, and our house was the most distant point it would reach before turning back to the church.

Poor mamma was much agitated as we came in sight of the sea, which brought, of course, many thoughts of papa and poor baby. The music too was beautiful, partly military, as if we had been God's army; and then what an imposing sight it was, as the great harbor lay before us studded with vessels, while the long procession wound along, with fluttering banners, and the forts saluted with their loud, strong voices. Oh, how beautiful and how striking it was!

From time to time we came to the different stations, when the archbishop pronounced the benediction. How delightful it was when we reached our station, and as

the archbishop stood amongst the flowers, I felt that God was really blessing us and all we loved.

*Wednesday, June 29th.*

Yesterday was a very sad day! We had a mail from France, which brought us letters from poor Gustave, after he had heard the terrible news about dear baby. Mamma made herself ill, for she shed so many tears. Indeed it seemed to bring our grief all back to us, and it was as if we had just lost the dear little love. Poor Gustave, he says he can hardly believe it. M. Guer told him the news, but he feels as if there must be some mistake, that he must be dreaming. I understand that so well, for I felt so myself for a long time. Gustave feels very anxious about mamma, and begs us all, but me in particular, to send him news of her. I have written already, but I shall write soon again, for I know if I were in Gustave's place I should be so troubled about mamma.

We had kind letters from many of our friends, but the most beautiful was from M. P'Abbé Martin. How kindly and consolingly he wrote. I had a letter from Clara, who seems very sorry for our loss, and indeed I always knew she had a kind heart. But I was surprised to see her letter so badly written, and with so many faults. I should be sorry to be rich, if it made me so ignorant.

Marie and Jeanne had letters from Alberic. What a good brother he is! And so is Gustave, for he writes to me so tenderly, and seems to have forgotten all my bad temper.

*Saturday, July 16th.*

How quickly the time passes, although the days seem to me so long! Here we have come to the week of the Retreat, and then my first communion! How earnestly I have

longed for it, how truly I have prayed to be fitted for it! I feel so happy, I can only say over and over again in my heart, "Thanks, thanks, O my God."

He has indeed been very good to me, as Marie says. He has given me a mother such as few children have, then my dear Mademoiselle, who is always trying to make me better, and also my dearest sister Marie, who is like no one else in the world. I believe I know that I am grateful for it all. And now God has sent these good missionaries, who can preach to us during the Retreat. One of them, M. Laly, is very eloquent, and all his companions look up to him, although he is the youngest. The missionaries are on their way to Japan, and what noble men they are! It makes my heart beat to think how much they give up; and they are going perhaps to *martyrdom*, and all for the sake of Our Lord!

The captain of the vessel who brought the missionaries came to see mamma, as he had brought her a letter from Uncle Henry. The captain spoke of these priests as "heroic men," and said every one on the ship respected and admired them.

Marie will follow the Retreat, as she and Jeanne want to renew their first communion with me.

To-morrow I shall make my general confession. I pray that God may see how earnestly I repent of all my sins, and how much I want to correct them! May He give me His grace to purify me, and make me at least good as Marie is good.

FIRST DAY OF THE RETREAT, *Monday, July 18th.*

Our Retreat began last evening after vespers. Mademoiselle allows me to continue my journal, for she knows that I shall only write of holy things, since my mind is now so full of them.

Yesterday after vespers our places were given to us, and then M. Laly gave us a lecture; I can hardly believe how happy I am, and yet I am afraid M. Laly said much, however, to encourage us. He said God knew just how poor we were, how full of faults, but He came to us all the same to give us all we needed, and to fill our hearts full of grace and love. He comes to us holding out His hands and calling us; all we need to do is to throw ourselves at His feet and say humbly, "My Father, I have sinned."

I shall never forget all his beautiful words, but I wish I could describe his voice and the look which he seems to send right into our hearts.

This morning M. Laly preached upon *Death*. He told us we ought to begin at once to prepare for it, for even young as we were, it might come to us at any moment. He said, too, how wicked and foolish it was for us to be so afraid of it. We were walking towards it every day, and yet we closed our eyes and *would* not see what was before us. And then when the time came for us to die, we were shocked and startled as if we had met an enemy instead of the kind friend who might lead us to Our Lord.

As he spoke of the happiness of dying, I thought of my dear Marie, and my tears fell fast. She was not near me, as she sits with those who have made their first communion. I am with the Sisters' scholars, and next to Adèle, to whom I try to be as kind as possible. She is very gentle, and seems very much improved.

We shall go to church twice a day during the three days of Retreat. Mme. Villiers has kindly lent mamma her carriage for a week, so that she will not have too much fatigue.

SECOND DAY OF THE RETREAT, *Tuesday, July 19th.*

Yesterday evening our lecture was on the *Judgment*.

It seemed to me as if we had really come to that terrible day, when God will ask us to give account of all the good and evil we have done. I wish I could write down all that M. Laly said, but I should never have the time. Marie is taking notes, however, and she promises to let me copy from them by-and-by.

M. l'Abbé Morni has told us how we should act, with order and quiet, on the day of our first communion. He asked the young girls to dress as simply as possible, and also alike, since there would be no distinction of rich and poor before the altar; we should all stand there as sisters. My dress will be very plain—white muslin, with a veil of the same, a wreath of fresh white roses, and a bouquet at the waist. These flowers will be placed on the altar afterwards.

*Wednesday, July 20th.*

I shall not write much to-day, for I feel too much excited and moved. Mademoiselle urges me to calm myself, and thinks my Journal will do me good.

Yesterday evening the *holy* missionary, as he is called, preached to us on *Penitence*, and this morning on the *Eucharist*. To-night we shall not have a lecture, as we go to confession. Indeed we ought not to need one, as we have already heard so much of which we can think constantly. How my heart turns to God, and how earnestly I desire to feel that He is near me, ready to hear all my prayers and grant my petitions! How beautiful to feel that He is Our Father, always forgiving, kind and patient!

How I wish that my own dear papa were here, that I might beg him to forgive me for all the wrong I have ever done to him. I shall write to him to-night, and I pray, too, for him, for Gustave, and for all I love.

*Thursday, July 21st,*

THE DAY OF MY FIRST COMMUNION, AND THE HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE.

I shall only write a word, as we are about to start for the cemetery, and go from there to the church. But I must put down one word to mark this day, the most beautiful in my life. I am so happy, so very happy, I feel as if in heaven there could be no greater happiness. I cry, but I am happy; I cannot say much; I can hardly pray, but in my heart I am talking to God continually. I must stop; I will tell the details of this happy day another time. Now I go to be confirmed.

*Saturday, July 23d.*

It is two days since my first communion. How I wish I could bring it back! But, alas! it must always remain behind me.

I will go back to Wednesday, the day of confession. After I had finished my Journal, Mademoiselle read to us a chapter from "the Imitation," and then we each prayed by ourselves. Mademoiselle then called me, and reminded me of the sweet and sacred duty I had to perform, to ask pardon of all whom I had offended in any way, for I must be in peace with all the world before going to confession. I threw myself in her arms, I even wanted to kneel before her, and cried:

"You, first of all, you, whom I have pained so often, I do indeed repent, and promise to be good in future, and give you only pleasure. Forgive me, forgive me!"

She held me in her arms, and, with tears in her eyes, said:

"Ah, my dearest child! I do indeed forgive you, and I pray God to bless you now and always. But go to your mother, my darling."

As I ran into mamma's room I found her looking sadly



at papa's portrait. I fell down at her knees, and said, with many sobs :

“ Oh, my dear good little mother ! I beg you to forgive me, and give me your blessing, and papa's too ! ”

Mamma bent over me, and, kissing me repeatedly, said :

“ Bless you, my child ! I bless you and forgive you. I must tell you too, at this solemn moment in your life, how much you have done to correct your faults. By your struggles and your perseverance, my child, you have given me great satisfaction. You have consoled your mother, my darling child. ” Oh, how happy I was !

“ Mamma, mamma, ” I cried, “ you are too good. And will you not give me papa's blessing ? will he not forgive me too ? ”

Mamma took papa's portrait, and, putting it to my lips, said :

“ When I speak for myself I speak for him too, Marguerite. He would indeed forgive you, for he has spoken to me already of your improved temper and disposition. ”

Oh, how delicious it was to feel mamma's arms around me, and to know that she was contented with me ! When I left her I went to Marie, who said tenderly she had nothing to forgive ; to Jeanne, who asked me to forgive her ; to Stephanie, who cried, and to Berthe, who laughed. Then to each of the servants, to whom I had often been impatient and cross. They all spoke so nicely to me, and seemed so interested.

At last we started for church, and when I approached the confessional my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. We had to wait a long, long time, for there was such a crowd. But I prayed all the more earnestly for the pardon I was about to receive.

At last my turn came, and, after making my confession,



as I listened to the solemn words of the priest, I could not keep back my tears, and I whispered from my very heart: "O God, forgive me, forgive me." A real feeling of peace came to me, however, when it was over and the priest said: "Now go in peace, my child." I still shed many tears, but they were comforting, not sorrowful.

The evening was delightful, although, of course, very quiet. We talked a little, but not very much; my heart was too full. We sang some chants together, and I would willingly have spent the night in praying, but Mademoiselle insisted I should go to bed.

Early the next morning, as I heard Babet's steps, as she came to wake us, I thought gladly: "The day has come, the day of my *first* communion!" Every one was so kind to me. Mamma put on my dress and veil with her own hands, while Stephanie looked at me with her great eyes full of awe, and Berthe danced about me in delight.

Even the servants seemed to look at me with respect and consideration.

When we reached the church, and I saw all my companions, like a great white cloud, filling the benches, my heart was filled with joy and gladness; I exchanged some kind words with Adèle, for I wanted to feel entirely at peace with every one.

The archbishop addressed some beautiful words to us, in the name of Our Blessed Lord, and then in ranks we approached the sacred table. My limbs trembled under me, my heart beat almost to suffocation, yet how happy, how more than happy, I felt!

*Sunday, July 24th.*

Of this most solemn moment of my life, what can I say? I have often heard it said that when the heart feels most,

the lips say least, and so it must be with my pen. I can only say that much as I had thought of this sacred moment, much as I had prayed for the inestimable blessing and privilege, the reality far exceeded my expectations. I, who had been impatient, vain, unreasonable so often in the past, felt a great peace and strength bestowed upon me, far beyond what I had ever had before.

I did indeed bow down both head and heart to adore Him who had said to all of us: "This do, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me."

When we came back to our places, I fell on my knees and prayed more earnestly than I had ever done for each one of those I loved. I remembered, too, all who had been kind to me and indeed all I had ever known, trying to forget that I had ever disliked or felt angry with any one.

When we came out of the church, I found myself surrounded by all our family, each one coming to kiss me and say some kind words. Mlle. Berthe had a great many questions to ask, but I could make but little reply, my heart was so full.

In the afternoon we went again for the Confirmation. The archbishop spoke again to us, reminding us of the apostles, and how they had been confirmed by the Holy Spirit, feeble men growing strong and wise through the grace poured upon them to support and enlighten them. He told us that these gifts of the Holy Spirit would come to us too, according to our needs, if we only prayed for them with the full strength of our hearts; that we should receive faith, love and hope, and the power to resist all temptations, if we earnestly desired to live and die for Our Saviour.

The archbishop then approached each one of us, laying his hands on our heads, signing us with the cross on the

forehead, and giving us the little blow which represents the injuries and outrages we are prepared to endure for Our Lord.

It seems that Mlle. Berthe, who had mounted upon a bench in order to watch me during the ceremony, was not at all pleased with these little blows. She said :

“I do not want the archbishop to slap Marguerite,” and they had great trouble in keeping her quiet. I said to her afterwards :

“Some day you will be very happy yourself to have that little blow.”

“No, indeed,” she replied ; “all the rest yes, but not that ; I should never like it.” She is such a child !

Berthe seems determined to try all my good resolutions, for the very day after the great ceremony, while I was down stairs, she went to my wardrobe, and began turning over all my things. When Stephanie told her I would not like it, she replied :

“Oh, Maguitte will not scold me, she is too good now for that.”

But this morning it was too much, for she seized my Journal and was about to tear out some of the blank leaves to use as drawing-paper when I caught her arms.

“You must not get angry, Maguitte,” she cried, “for I have read in here all the promises you have made to God.” Then she had read what I had never intended any one but mamma, Mademoiselle, and Mariè to see ! I felt very badly, and ran to Mademoiselle for consolation. She has promised to speak to Berthe, but tells me I must hold fast to my patience and forbearance.

*Monday, July 25th.*

I have a little more to tell about the happy day we had together in the enclosure, and talked of all we had thought

and felt during the day. We seem only closer together, since I too have approached the altar. I trust I shall never forget all I have vowed on this happy day, and I shall always try to bring it back to my memory, by going to my Journal.

Yesterday we had letters from papa. How kind it was for him to remember the time of my first Communion, and send me his blessing with many loving words! He does not ask us to come to him yet, and he took great pains not to let us know the reason, but we heard from the vessels that there is a terrible epidemic among children now in Pondicherry. So we are still detained here.

I have not said that we had long letters some time ago from Gustave and M. Guer. The latter says Gustave works well, and gives so much satisfaction that mamma may well be proud of her son.

: : : : : : : : : :  
: : : : : : : : : :

SALAZIE, *Thursday, August 18th.*

We arrived here last Saturday, but I have not been able to write before, as we were all in confusion. Even now I am not very comfortably arranged for writing, as we have only one table for the two rooms, and neither bureau nor secretary. Really the houses at Salazie cannot be called very convenient. However, it is so beautiful here, indeed so magnificent, that we ought not to complain at any little discomforts.

Mamma, who has seen the Alps, says that some of the scenery here remind her very much of that country. Mademoiselle, too, is quite enthusiastic about it, and said yesterday that she could hardly imagine a country which had greater attractions, beautiful sea-views, and then these

magnificent mountains. We are all very happy; and with *Mme.* Louis Vintimil's family and *M.* de Veilles we have a charming time. If it were not for our anxiety about dear Marie's health, which caused us to come here, how delightful it would be! After the terrible attack of palpitation which Marie had last week, the physician said we must give her change of air at once, and although mamma felt overwhelmed at the idea of the long, hard journey to Salazie, she consented to start without delay.

It is all very rough here, but *M.* de Veilles has explained that it is only a very short time since they discovered the valuable mineral spring here, and that the first settlers had enormous obstacles to overcome. The roads were terrible, and the country perfectly wild and very rough. After a time they will have good roads for carriages, and then everything else can be improved gradually. To-morrow I will describe our journey and arrival here.

*Friday, August 19th.*

We slept one night at *Mme.* Dumont's, and started at sunrise the following day. Mamma, Marie, Jeanne, Berthe and I were in the large carriage, while *M.* de la Caze, *Made-*moiselle and Stephanie were in the cabriolet. Soon after leaving St. André we reached our halting-place, where we were to meet our baggage, chairs and palanquins, and the negroes who were to carry us. There too, to our surprise, we found *M.* de Veilles. He said that as *M.* and *Mme.* Vintimil were established at Salazie and did not need him, he had come to help *M.* de la Caze to take care of us. It was certainly very kind of him.

*M.* and *Mme.* de la Caze were very anxious to come with Marie, but it was very difficult for them to leave home on account of their house, little children, and negroes.

So when they found that we were only too happy to watch over my darling Marie, they put her entirely in our care. M. de la Caze made the journey with us, and now, since his return, mamma sends him a daily bulletin of Marie's health.

After meeting M. de Veilles, we had our breakfast in the open air, which was very pleasant. The morning air had given us famous appetites, and we found Mme. Dumont's provisions excellent. What a pretty place the halting-place was! They called it "The Watering-pot," on account of a cascade which came tumbling down the mountain, through vines and leaves, sprinkling everything around far and near with a fine rain.

Neither Marie nor mamma were fatigued as yet, and I felt so happy that I ran off with the children to look for raspberries, which grow there in great quantities. We brought them to mamma and Mademoiselle on great leaves, and how delicious they were, with their sweet perfume!

When we started the second time, we presented a strange spectacle. Mamma went first in a sedan-chair with Berthe; then came Jeanne and Stephanie in a closed palanquin, so that they should not be frightened at the precipices; after them Marie and I were carried in an open palanquin, and Mademoiselle was behind us in a chair made for this sort of travelling. It had holes through which poles were passed, which were held by negroes, but I do not think it was very comfortable. M. de la Caze headed our caravan on horseback, and M. de Veilles closed the procession also on horseback.

What a peculiar company we made. I was constantly putting my head out of the palanquin, to watch our progress, although I felt that any movement made it harder for the poor negroes who were carrying us. I could not help feeling sorry for them, although they seemed very



cheerful, and sang as they climbed up the mountains with us.

We passed one place which was called "the Staircase." The mountains rose high and straight far above our heads on each side, in a way that was almost terrible. I am sorry I cannot describe all these beautiful sights, but I do not think I shall ever forget them. There was one cascade that fell from a height of fifteen feet, and then the dense forests covering the sides of the mountain. The great trees towered above us, with their trunks covered with moss, while beautiful vines fell in wreaths from the branches. Marie told me the names of some of the trees, and one of the negro porters told me about a great many more of them. At a certain height, some of the highest mountains have only palm-trees, and higher still only bushes and a sort of reed like a bamboo, which they call calumet.

*Sunday, August 21st.*

I could not write yesterday, for we took so long a walk that we were away from early in the morning until sunset. I have nearly entire holiday at present, although Mademoiselle gives me a little with which to occupy myself every day, so that I may not be quite idle. To-day I have resolved to write my Journal, although I hear the children calling me to come and play in the forest, which is a great temptation.

I want to be near Marie, however, for she is not at all well to-day, having another attack of palpitation. I put my hand over her heart just now, and was shocked to feel how fast it was beating. Poor Marie, how much she suffers! But I will try to believe that this pure air will cure her.

This morning we had Mass in a little hut, which they are



using until they can build a small church. It was very touching to have the service in this humble place, for it made one think of God's goodness, since He is willing to come to us whenever we call upon Him, either in a grand church or poor hut.

I have not yet described the end of our journey, which was accomplished happily, although we were all very tired. Indeed, Marie was so exhausted by the rough jolting, although our porters were as careful as possible, that both Mademoiselle and I were very anxious about her. She laid on the mattress of the palanquin, looking so pale and weak that I began to be afraid the journey was too much for her. When we arrived at last, we found the Vintimil family delighted to see us, and the little ones really cried out with joy. Our hut we found very small, *two rooms and a veranda*, and that was all; but we put Marie to bed without delay, and she had a good night.

The next day we found we had a delightful situation, at the foot of a thickly-wooded mountain, where we can wander all day amongst the ferns and wild flowers, under the great beautiful trees. We all enjoy it greatly. Mamma and Stephanie are gaining color and appetite. Berthe is like a little rose, and a little bird too,—her face is so fresh, and she sings all day long. Jeanné grows larger and prettier every day, and Mademoiselle and I are always well. If it were not for Marie, we should be so happy! But I do not want to be unreasonable, for now that we have brought her where so many come in search of health, surely she must be benefited. Mme. Vintimil says they are expecting now some ladies and gentlemen from Mauritius, who are coming to try the waters here. She thinks it will be very pleasant for us, since they are always very good friends with the Bourbon people.

Yesterday Mademoiselle and I went with quite a large party to the spring and to "the Lake of the Water-fowl," one of the most beautiful lakes of Salazie. The warm spring is in a narrow valley, and they have put up on each side funny little huts for the bathers, which look like birds' nests. "The Lake of the Water-fowl" is very beautiful, situated at the foot of a high mountain, which rises three thousand feet above it. The lake, too, is very far above the sea, like everything at Salazie, so that the fish which swim in its clear waters are far above the heads of the birds at Saint Denis!

We breakfasted in the forest, and how delightful it was! There was laughing, singing, and running about, while some of the party told stories of interesting adventures in hunting wild goats through different parts of the mountains. One of the boldest hunters was an M. Villiers Adam, who risked his life any number of times in hunting over the wildest mountains, and seemed to enjoy the danger of it.

If Marie gets better, we shall have more of these parties. I think we shall stay at Salazie all through the month of September, and then go back to Saint Denis to prepare for our journey to India. How I wish the physicians would order Marie to take a voyage! How gladly we would take her with us!

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

*Thursday, September 1st.*

Marie is very ill; I can no longer deny it. Ah! what shall I do, what shall I do? I am writing my Journal beside her, because I cannot bear to leave her. She begs me, too, to occupy myself, for she cannot bear to see me with the tears in my eyes, looking so wretched and unhappy.

Just now, as she was falling asleep, she looked so pale and feeble that the tears fell from my eyes upon her forehead as I leaned over her. She opened her eyes, and, with a sweet smile, said softly:

“Do not despair, Marguerite. I do not suffer so much now, and it does me good to know you are near me while I am asleep.”

So I have begged mamma not to let the children disturb Marie, and I am writing by her bed. But it oppresses me to hear her hard, quick breathing. The physician here is uneasy, and begs us to send for another to Saint Denis. We expect M. de la Caze to-night. Marie has been ill since last Sunday, but I was not anxious until to-day. Mamma and Mademoiselle, however, have been uneasy for some time; and Marie says herself that she has felt she was losing strength every day since the bad attack she had before we started for Salazie, and she has been so brave and has never told us! How I pray she may be mistaken. O God! thou knowest it all, let me keep Marie. Make me poor, sick, unhappy; only let me keep my darling friend and sister!

. . . . .

*Sunday, September 4th.*

I have been to Mass this morning, and have prayed so earnestly for Marie! I think she is better, and M. de la Caze seems hopeful, although he has tears in his eyes when he speaks of Marie. He has sent for Mme. de la Caze, to whom mamma will give her bed, and will sleep herself on the floor. We are all with Marie constantly, all wanting to nurse her. Jeanne is very sweet and tender to her, and rather inclined to dispute my right to be so much with Marie. She said a little sharply:

“I am her *true sister*.” But I replied:

“O Jeanne! but am I not sister and friend too. But do not let us quarrel; we can *both* wait on her.”

As I raised Marie’s pillows to-day, for she seemed to be breathing so painfully, I said :

“Are you more comfortable, Marie?”

“Yes, much more so; thank you, Marguerite.”

“But, Marie, why not tell me when you are uncomfortable?”

Marie raised her eyes to the crucifix, which hung before her, and said very softly :

“I have a better bed than *He had*.”

“O Marie!” I cried, “but He does not forbid you to take relief.”

“And you see I do accept it. O Marguerite! let us both look to Him and be resigned.”

“Marie, there is one thing, you see, only one, which I can never accept.”

“And it is that very thing, perhaps, which God will ask.” As I was about to reply, Mademoiselle came to us, and reproaching Marie gently for speaking so long, led me away.

Then I thought of Marie, and how resigned she was to God’s will, and of mamma, who had given up baby, and did not rebel, in spite of her terrible grief. Should not I, too, be willing to make an offering? But I cannot think of it all, for my heart is so full.

*Monday, September 5th.*

Marie is not so well to-day. She is sitting up, because she could not stay any longer in bed, so we have put her in a large chair with pillows, and a foot-stool for her feet. She breathes better than in bed. She had a terrible attack of suffocation this morning, and I was so frightened. For a time she could not breathe at all, and after she recovered, she lay for hours without the slightest movement.

Mme. de la Caze and mamma prepare the medicines ordered by the two physicians; one arrived from Saint Denis last evening. They try to make us think that this attack is the effect of the air here, and will pass. How hard it is to see Marie suffer. I can see how painful it is to Mademoiselle, too, although she is so calm and quiet. She does Marie so much good by talking to her gently of such things as can help and strengthen her. I can do nothing but give her now and then a cooling drink, and yet how I long to help her!

*Tuesday, September 6th.*

I am going to write a little to-day, as it is the only thing I can do in Marie's room, since they have forbidden me to talk to her. Mamma and Mme. de la Caze are here too, but do not speak, as Marie must be kept very quiet. Mamma's tears fall very often, for now that she sees M. and Mme. de la Caze so anxious, it depresses her very much.

Yesterday I resolved to talk to Marie calmly and without hesitation. When she waked she pointed to "the Imitation," which Mademoiselle had in her hand, and asked her to read the chapter entitled "On a Happy Eternity and the Miseries of this Life." Mademoiselle's voice trembled with feeling as she read of the earnest longing for heaven and the sufferings on earth, but Marie's face was beaming. Her eyes were fixed on the crucifix, and, as Mademoiselle finished, I heard her whisper:

"Oh, the blessed dwelling in the celestial city! When, oh when shall I be with Jesus!" As Mademoiselle kissed her, she said:

"Thanks be to God, dear child, that He has so strengthened and fortified you by His love."

"Ah, yes, I love Him, I do love Him, but not enough yet; and I sometimes think that I do not *fear* enough."

"Fear is not necessary," replied Mademoiselle, "save for those who do not *love* enough. For you, dear child, it is useless, and indeed would offend God, who has overwhelmed you with benefits."

"Yes, overwhelmed; and what a blessing He has given, in calling me to Him so young!"

"O Marie!" I cried, "you do not think of us when you speak so." Marie smiled, and, putting out her hand, drew me close to her, while she whispered:

"I think of you always, Marguerite, and how sweet you would make my death, if you would only be resigned."

"O Marie! that horrible word!"

"No, not horrible; Christians ought not to feel it horrible."

"But, Marie, it is always a separation!"

"Yes, Marguerite, and it grieves me to make you suffer; but think of me that I go to join my dearest mother, my father, grandfather, and, above all, that I shall be with God!" She was exhausted, and I bent over her, begging her not to talk, and accusing myself of selfishness in wanting to keep her here. Marie put her arms around me and held me closely for some time. At last she whispered:

"O Marguerite! how I shall love you in heaven! how I shall pray for you!"

"Ask that I should die too, Marie."

"No, think of your father, mother, and Mademoiselle Valmy. I shall ask God to give you courage." Then, after resting a little, she spoke to me of Jeanne, her dear little Jeanne, asking me to love her as a sister, and also to treat Alberic as a brother. Indeed, she said many heart-breaking things to me, but I listened quietly, although I felt overwhelmed with grief.

To-day she is very much exhausted, although the physicians still speak hopefully.



. . . . .  
 SAINT DENIS, *Thursday, September 22d.*

It is a fortnight to-day. Yes, it was Thursday, the 8th, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Ah, how I have prayed! But I will be calm, for I promised Marie. . . . Marie, oh, my sister, where are you! Why have you gone! Why have you left your Marguerite! How can I live without you! No, Marie, I cannot be resigned, for you see my heart is broken, and it is too great a sorrow.

I stop and try again while the tears *will* fall. What can I do but write my Journal! My studies, they are so distasteful to me! Then we are getting ready to go to India, and I am not well, so mamma will not let me study. At present I can think of nothing but Marie, and how I shall live all my life without her! I think and think; I cannot say all that is in my heart. O Marie! I suffer so much, so very much! And you cannot comfort me any more, you who always tried to console me in the least trouble I had. And this is so great a trouble! And I am so young, and need you so much. . . . .

*Friday, September 23d.*

I shall begin again to-day to try and write my Journal. Yesterday mamma stopped me, for she came in and found me crying, so she said I would make myself ill, and sent me to Mademoiselle. I have begged her to let me write to-day, for I want to tell of my last days with Marie, and nothing else will console me.

Marie *dead*, can I ever believe it! Cold and stiff like poor baby, and, like him, put away from our sight! Oh! it is terrible!

But no, I will *not* complain, for I promised Marie, and she sees me now. Only sometimes I think, oh, if I could only feel that she was in Pondicherry or in France, even



if I could not see her—but never again! It seems as if my heart *must* break.

As I have said, Marie was terribly exhausted on the 6th; her weakness increased so that she could only speak to ask for a priest. Unhappily M. l'Abbé Margy had left Salazie after Mass on Sunday. They sent for him, but he did not arrive. Mademoiselle comforted Marie greatly, however, praying with her and speaking to her of God and His great goodness and mercy.

With it all I felt hopeful, for the physician from Saint Denis had gone, saying that he thought Marie would rally from this attack, and as long as there was a breath of life, we might hope, on account of her youth. I know now that he had no hope, but he spoke in kindness, and indeed his words did support us.

But mamma felt terribly, and so did Mme. de la Caze, although she was very brave. Her husband was more cast down than she, for he would stand behind Marie, looking at her with such a piteous expression it was enough to break one's heart.

We did not go to bed, but towards morning Marie fell asleep, more quietly than she had slept for some days. They said it was a good sign, and I went away into another room to thank God for His goodness. I fell asleep in a large chair, and when I wakened Jeanne was standing before me.

"She is much better," she said, and in my delight, I threw my arms around her and kissed her. I went at once into Marie's room, and I can see her now, as she was then. Sitting in a large chair, in a fresh white dressing-gown, with her lovely hair falling on her shoulders. How lovely she was, and it seemed to me she was not so thin, there was a change since the night before.

As I knelt down beside her, Marie put her two little hands on my head, and said softly :

“If I dared, I would bless you, my dearest sister.”

“O Marie! it would be so sweet, but you are not old enough to do so.”

“It seems to me that I am,” she said, with such a lovely smile, “for there is now no age for *me*.”

“Oh, why not, Marie!”

“Because I am entering eternity, darling,” and, bending over me, two tears fell from her eyes on my face. Oh, if I could feel them again!

*Sunday, September 25th.*

We were all at Mass this morning, in our deep mourning, which mamma has permitted us to wear for our dear sister.

The morning of Wednesday continued good. Marie could breathe more easily, and could speak without suffering. The children thought she was cured, and were full of joy, but I could see that M. de la Caze, and indeed mamma and Mademoiselle, looked very sad.

In the afternoon M. l'Abbé Margy came, and Marie saw him alone. She made her confession, and then begged him to perform the last offices for her, saying calmly :

“My father, they are mistaken about my state. I have very little time to live. Indeed, I hope and believe I shall be called away to-morrow.” M. Margy yielded to her entreaties, and promised to come the next day and administer the communion. He was much struck with Marie's composure, and said he had never before seen so much faith, resignation, courage and love as this young girl now showed. Oh, my sister, how could any one see you and not love and admire you!

During the day Marie was very calm, looking forward

with so much happiness to the next day, when she would be brought so near to Our Blessed Lord. The night, too, was quiet; and in the morning Marie seemed still better, although very weak.

Mamma and Mademoiselle had prepared a little altar with our table and some linen draperies, and we put on it some beautiful flowers which had been sent to us. Marie pointed to them, and said:

“You will keep them, Marguerite, in memory of this day!” As the daylight grew stronger, Marie seemed a little anxious, and said to Mademoiselle:

“Pray that I shall have time, and that M. Margy will not be too late.” But Mademoiselle soothed her with words of trust and hope.

At last Jeanne announced “M. Margy.” As the good priest came in, we all fell on our knees. He then said a few touching words to Marie, reminding her of the joys of heaven, towards which she was so fast approaching.

“One step more, my child, and you will possess them. That step Jesus will take with you, leading you gently, as one of His own. Let your heart, then, be filled only with peace, love and hope. For you there shall be neither trouble, terror, nor sadness. Since Jesus is with you, who can be against you?”

Then, approaching Marie, he gave her the sacred wafer. She rose to receive it, and would even have knelt if her weakness would have allowed her to do so. After Marie had received, she sank back on her pillows, and lay so entirely without movement for some time that I was frightened. As I was about to touch her, Mademoiselle checked me, saying:

“She is calm and happy; do not disturb her.”

At this moment M. Margy was summoned to attend a

dying man at the warm springs, and had to leave us. He approached Marie to say adieu. She seemed distressed to part with him, saying :

“Oh! my father, how I wish you could be with me till the last.”

“I will return, my child.”

“It will be too late, but give me your blessing now.” M. Margy laid his hands on her head, while the tears came into his eyes as he pronounced the solemn words of his benediction. As he left the room, he said :

“What an angel she is! Oh! if the world could know what death is, when one has faith, love and hope.”

I could no longer deceive myself about Marie's condition. I felt that she was dying, and I thought my heart must break!

*Monday, September 26th.*

Marie seemed better after her communion, and, indeed, slept for a quarter of an hour. As she waked, I was standing beside her, and she signed to me to come near her, as she whispered to me :

“Listen to me, dearest.” I was startled to hear how feebly she spoke. She kissed me and, after a pause, said :

“I am going to leave you, Marguerite; but Jesus has given me strength to say yet a few words.”

“O Marie! tell me what you want to say.”

“I am leaving you to Him, my sister, as I hoped to do. Commune often, and always pray for me.”

“Ah! Marie, you will not need it.”

“Do not refuse me; I shall always pray for you.”

“O Marie!” I cried, hiding my face, streaming with tears, “I shall not see you any more.”

“Life is short,” replied Marie, tenderly, “and you must live to console your mother. Be an example to the little

ones. Love my Jeanne well, and be a sister to my poor Alberic." At these words she grew very faint, and as I felt her hands grow cold in mine, I cried out in terror. Mamma and Mademoiselle and Mme. de la Caze came to us at once. They bathed Marie's temples, opened all the doors and windows, and in a short time she recovered, but she grew weaker every moment. Presently she asked for Jeanne, and when she came to her, she kissed and caressed her fondly, leaving with her messages for all who loved her, Alberic, Mme. Dumont, and even remembering poor old Babet and Barabbé.

She then said farewell to her uncle and aunt, begging them to watch over Jeanne and Alberic, and thanking them for their love and kindness to the three poor orphans. She forgot no one, leaving loving words to all. When she turned to mamma, she could hardly speak, for poor mamma's sorrow was overwhelming. She was seized with suffocation, but, rallying at last, said :

"O Mme. ! you have been a mother to me. She to whom I am going now will bless you." Mamma could not answer, and was obliged to leave the room.

Marie's eyes, so full of love and gratitude, turned to Mademoiselle, but she did not speak. At last she whispered feebly :

"For you I have no words ; you have been my guardian angel." As Mademoiselle, who was trembling violently with emotion, leaned over her, she added : "Stay here—close to me—help me till the end."

Mademoiselle knelt close to her, holding the crucifix and saying : "This is our hope."

Marie tried to take the cross, but her hands were too cold, so I held it for her, while Mademoiselle read the prayers for the dying. Oh, how could I bear to see her die !

Soon Marie had an attack of suffocation, then very soon another, and each attack left her more feeble. A little later she asked what time it was ; they told her three o'clock. She murmured :

“Soon, soon ; pray for me ; good-by.” Her eyes sought for the crucifix, and, as I put it to her lips, we heard her whisper :

“My Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.” At this moment she had a terrible attack, and, as it passed, she opened her eyes, looked for a moment at the crucifix, and then, with a sweet, quiet smile, she was gone.

*Tuesday, September 27th.*

I was so ill yesterday after writing, that mamma scolded me. But my Journal is now my great consolation.

As I saw that my dear Marie was gone—she could no longer speak to me nor look at me—I was seized with a sort of despair, and was about to fling myself upon her, but Mademoiselle restrained me, saying solemnly :

“Do not touch her ; she stands now before God ; rather let us pray together.” As I fell on my knees, I was awe-struck at the thought that Marie, trembling but happy, was now rendering account of her life before Our Blessed Lord.

But we, we—what was to become of us ? As the question rose to my lips, I could bear no more, but fell fainting beside my sister, as cold and still as she.

When I recovered, I found myself in a room with mamma, who was kneeling beside me and looking at me so tenderly. At first I could only cry out in my misery, forgetting everything but that Marie was gone from me forever. Mamma said all she could to calm me, but with little effect, until at last Mademoiselle came in. I flew to meet her, crying :



“Is it really true—is she dead? I shall not see her or speak to her again! I am all alone now.”

“No, not alone, my child,” said Mademoiselle; “you forget the friend to whom Marie left you.”

“I do not forget, but—”

“You trouble Marie even now, in the midst of her joy, if you will not strive for courage and submission.” She then urged me to compose myself, and come and look once more at my dear sister, otherwise the physician, who already spoke gravely of my excited state of mind, would send me away, as he had sent Jeanne and Stephanie.

“I have promised for you, Marguerite,” she said, “that you will be calm, and will show yourself worthy of the angel we have lost.”

I followed Mademoiselle with trembling steps, and looked at Marie once more. Oh, how pure and beautiful she looked! She wore the same dress she had had for my first communion, and as she lay with her hands folded on her breast, she looked like a beautiful statue of the Virgin. Every one who saw her was struck by her great beauty.

The news of our loss had spread through the mountains, and numbers of the kind country people came to offer aid and sympathy. Each and all had heard of her goodness and piety, and of her saintly death.

I will not speak of the sweet but cruel moments that I spent beside my dear sister, nor of the terrible hour when she was taken away forever to make the journey to the cemetery of Sainte Suzanne alone and cold in her narrow coffin!

We left Salazie as soon as we could, and made the descent of the mountain with heavy hearts, missing our dear Marie at every step. Stephanie was with me in the palanquin, and the dear child did all she could to comfort me.



She seemed to think only of me and my distress, and said to me so sweetly :

“May I not try, Marguerite, to fill Marie’s place with you?” But my sorrow was too great to let me feel that *any* one could fill that place.

M. and Mme. de la Caze wanted to carry us to Champ-Borne, but we did not feel that we could bear to be there without our dear Marie. We spent one night with kind Mme. Dumont, and then came at once to Saint Denis, for we had received letters from papa urging us to come to him by the first *good* ship which would leave Bourbon for India. Mamma is, of course, rejoiced at the prospect of seeing papa so soon, and she thinks, too, that it will be better for me to be taken from these sad associations in Bourbon.

I am not sorry to go, for now that Marie is not here, I have nothing to keep me. I am grieved that I shall be so far from her grave, but as mamma can make up her mind to leave dear baby behind her, I must not complain. We shall sail in the Jean Bart early next month.

Jeanne is with her uncle and aunt at Badamier ; she was very sick for a week after she left Salazie, but is now quite well. She is to go to school with Marianne. Poor Jeanne, what a sister she has lost ! Mamma has written to M. Guer, begging him to prepare poor Alberic gently for the terrible news, and has written to Alberic also, telling him of her sorrow and sympathy. But, in spite of all, I know how sad he will be !

. . . . .

*Saturday, October 1st.*

I must try and be calm, so that I can remember all my conversation with Mme. Louis Vintimil, which has dis-

turbed me so much. I did not think I should have any more trials, and now I have one which puts such a heavy responsibility upon me. I cannot ask any one to help me, for I dare not speak to mamma. The thought of such a thing would almost kill her.

But I must tell the story.

Mamma and Mademoiselle were afraid that my grief would make me ill, and urged me constantly to go out, although I assured them that it made me more unhappy. As they could not always walk with me themselves, they often sent me with M. and Mme. Vintimil, who seemed greatly distressed at the idea of losing us so soon. Yesterday morning they came to beg me to spend the day with them, and although I urged mamma to let me stay at home, she insisted that it would do me good to go.

After breakfast, during which I had only spoken a few words to M. de Veilles, who seemed to understand me, and was very sad and troubled himself, I went up to see little Ida. When I had played with her a little while, Mme. Louis Vintimil came in and sent Ida away with her nurse. She then closed the door, and, locking it, said :

“Do you know, Marguerite, that I want to talk to you about something very important?”

“To me, Madame?”

“Yes, and I hope you will listen attentively.” I said :

“Certainly, Madame.” But I was surprised and a little alarmed by such a preparation.

Mme. Vintimil sat down before me, and, looking at me earnestly, continued :

“You must believe, my dear Marguerite, that I should not speak to you now on this matter, if you were not going away so soon. I know well how great your grief is, and I am only afraid I shall cause you more sorrow.”

“Oh! Madame, I cannot be troubled about anything but Marie now.”

“I am glad you will listen to me, Marguerite, and I know how brave you can be.”

“Oh! it is Mademoiselle who has taught me how religion can make me strong.”

“It is of her that I want to speak to you, Marguerite.” I was startled; I thought, “Can Mademoiselle be ill, like my poor Marie!”

Mme. Vintimil then went on to speak of Mademoiselle, and said how much they had all learned to love and admire her. She praised her goodness and unselfishness so sincerely that I could only thank her with tears in my eyes.

“You can understand, dear child,” she said, “how grieved we feel at the idea of losing Mlle. Valmy, as well as your dear mother and yourself.” Suddenly it occurred to me that Mme. Vintimil wanted to take Mademoiselle away from us for her own little girl, and I felt that was rather too much! Madame Louis added:

“I am sure you feel as we do, Marguerite, that you would do anything to make Mlle. Valmy more happy.”

“Ah, yes, Madame,” I cried, “although, since I have been so sad, I am afraid I have not thought of her as I should.”

“Then, my dear, would it pain you so much now as before if Mlle. Valmy were to leave you.”

I jumped up, crying:

“Leave us, Madame, and for whom, if you please.”

“Be quiet, Marguerite, or I cannot continue. I was afraid of this. I see that you love Mlle. Valmy for yourself and not for her. Should it make her happier to leave you—”

“Oh! Madame, you do not know Mademoiselle; she

would never wish to leave us.' She is perfectly happy with us. She has said so to me a thousand times."

"She is happy certainly by comparison; indeed, as a governess, she could not be more delightfully situated; but—"

"Then what do you want, Madame?"

"That she should have a home of her own, children of her own to love and cherish. I know well she would never leave you all to be governess elsewhere, but to be *married*, and have thus a protector and friend who would surround her with the love and devotion which she now gives to others—it is this which I ask for her, Marguerite."

I was so struck by these words that at first I could not speak. At last I said:

"Madame, I am sure that Mademoiselle does not wish for such happiness. She has promised mamma—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Mme. Viintimil, "and for that reason I cannot speak to Mlle. Valmy again, as she has already refused our offers. But I speak to you, Marguerite, for I feel sure you would wish to do everything to secure Mlle. Valmy's happiness, and also because you (after your dear mother) are the principal obstacle to our wishes. So I trust to *you*, Marguerite, for help. By urging Mlle. Valmy to listen to my uncle Leo, you will do much to give happiness to one who has suffered greatly. He offers her his name, his high position, his large fortune, and asks only in return the joy which she alone can give him, for he will never love anyone else."

"It is M. de Veilles who wants to marry Mademoiselle!" I cried in astonishment; "I had never thought of it!"

"Do you not think he is worthy of such a wife?"

"Oh yes, Madame; we all like him so much."

"*All?* Marguerite, then perhaps Mlle. Valmy will still accept him."

"I hope not, Madame."

"O Marguerite! think of my poor uncle!"

"But, Madame, she has already refused him."

"She has refused him, I feel sure, Marguerite, on account of her devotion to you, to whom she would sacrifice everything. I am almost certain that she appreciates my uncle, and—"

"But, Mme., I am sure that Mlle. does not think of marrying. She is too old."

"Too old! Are you crazy, Marguerite? Because she has been a mother to you for so long, you think Mlle. Valmy old at twenty-eight, but no one else would agree with you. My uncle is thirty-six, so their ages are well suited."

"But, Madame," I cried in despair, "I cannot meddle with it. Ask Mademoiselle to say yes or no, and we will submit."

"I tell you, Marguerite, she has said no again and again, saying that nothing would induce her to leave you."

"You see then!" I cried, with tears in my eyes.

"I see, Marguerite, how fond she is of you, and also that she knows how much you love her, and she would give up everything for you. I want you, Marguerite, to find out whether Mlle. Valmy has affection for my uncle, and if it is so, I beg you to induce her to marry him. I am sure that if she sees you brave and resigned to losing her, she will then be willing to listen to her own heart." How hard it was in her to ask such a thing of me.

She talked to me for a long time, telling me how soon I should be able to take Mademoiselle's place with mamma, and how happy it ought to make me to do all in my power to console her for the separation. I am sure I never can console her. But at last I consented to *fulfil my mission*, as Mme. Louis called it. She kissed and thanked me, say-

ing that her uncle and family would always bless me for what I had done; but all the same, I think she was very cruel to ask it of me!

And now I cannot think of anything but my dear Mademoiselle, and I wonder how it could be that Marie's death should have made me less tender towards her. I shall have to speak to her on this painful matter, but I must wait until I am a little used to the idea, so that I shall not begin to sob and cry in the midst of my talk.

Oh, what shall I do without my dear Mademoiselle, who has been both friend and mother to me for so long! And then what will become of my education? It is all very well for Mme. Louis to say that I am very far advanced in my studies, and that no doubt I shall find plenty of masters in Pondicherry. I am sure I know very little of what I ought to know, and no one will ever teach me like Mademoiselle.

When I looked at her yesterday and saw her so sweet, even in the midst of her sorrow, always thinking of others, I felt how happy she could make M. de Veilles. When she took Stephanie and Berthe on her lap, and talked to them firmly, but gently, I said to myself:

“Ah, how well she would bring up her children! What a mother they would have! After mamma, there is no one like her!” I had to run away and cry, feeling somehow jealous of these children. I am so much puzzled about introducing the subject to Mademoiselle, so as not to show her my sorrow until she has really said “yes” to M. Leo. But I shall pray to God to give me strength for this, as for all my other trials.

*Monday, October 3d.*

I prayed so earnestly at Mass, yesterday morning, for courage to undertake my great interview with Mademoi-



selle, that I grew brave at last. Ah, God never forsakes us, even when He tries us!

I shall not write all I thought and felt before the time comes, for I should fill pages of my Journal. At breakfast I was so troubled and uneasy that both mamma and Mademoiselle noticed it. At last, just as I had made up my mind after breakfast to go into Mademoiselle's room, I met mamma at the door, and when she said, "Are you coming in, Marguerite?" I said "No," and ran away. Afterwards, when I thought mamma was safe in her room with Stephanie and Berthe, I was watching for a chance to go in, when out popped Mlle. Berthe, crying:

"What are you about, Magnitte, prowling around Mademoiselle's room all the morning?"

"I am not prowling. I am waiting for you to go away."

"Well, that is polite. Cannot I go to Mademoiselle at the same time as you?" and she opened the door, crying: "Look, Mademoiselle, Marguerite is afraid to come in." Mademoiselle came towards the door, saying a little sadly:

"How long is it since my little Marguerite was afraid of me?" I felt as if I must fling myself into her arms, but I thought I ought not to *begin* by showing her my affection.

Presently Berthe ran away, and Mademoiselle said:

"It is a long time since you have paid me a visit, Marguerite. But you have had something on your mind since yesterday, my child; will you not tell me about it?"

"O Mademoiselle! it is sorrow."

"Yes, my child, I know that only too well, and I feel it all the more that you will not let me try to comfort you."

"What do you mean, Mademoiselle?"



“ You almost turn away from me, Marguerite. It seems as if you had tried to avoid your mother and me ever since the cruel moment when you lost Marie. You have shut up your heart from us, Marguerite, which is not natural to you, and this makes you suffer still more.”

“ But, Mademoiselle, ought I not to try and be resigned ? ”

“ Certainly, my child, and I should never advise the contrary ; but religion does not deny us the comfort of the loving hearts which God has given us—and where will you find more tenderness than with your two mothers ? ”

“ O Mademoiselle ! you are too young to be my mother.”

“ And what gave you that idea, Marguerite. Have I not always treated you like a mother ? ”

“ Oh yes, and that is why I never thought of your being young, but now—”

“ Well, what is the change, for I am growing older every day,” said Mademoiselle, smiling.

“ Because I think—that is, others think, at least some people—that you might still like to *marry*.”

I was so glad I had said the word at last. I did not dare look at Mlle., but I felt I grew very red. She said :

“ I marry ! What made you think of such a thing, Marguerite ? ”

“ It is strange, is it not ? ” I cried joyfully. “ But no, I mean—”

“ Well ? ”

“ It is very hard to talk about it, Mademoiselle ; but I want to tell you that it is very good and generous of you not to want to leave us, but indeed you must not let us prevent you from marrying.”

“ And what makes you think that you prevent me ? ”

“But, Mademoiselle,” I cried, “have you never refused any one?”

“Dear child,” said she kindly, “your interest touches me very much; but what does all this mean? I do not understand.”

“O Mademoiselle!” I cried, “do not think I am meddling; it is not my fault,” and the tears were in my eyes.

Mademoiselle put her arm around me, and, drawing me to her, said:

“My child, is this your own idea?”

“Oh, you see it is not then?” I cried. “So much the better I can tell you then that some one has charged me to ask you.”

“For what?”

“For yourself. They ask you in marriage, Mademoiselle.”

“This is rather a strange way to ask! Who asks it?”

“Mme. Louis Vintinil; that is, *she* asks you for her uncle Leo.”

“And she gives you this message? She has chosen a good messenger, my poor child.”

“Yes, indeed, Mademoiselle, for I am going to ask you to accept him. Mme. Louis says he will never be happy without you, and that you will be sure to be happy with him, so I ought to want you to marry him.”

“Yet, Marguerite, it would separate us; have you thought of that?”

“Oh, you must not think of me at all.”

“On the contrary, my child, I want to know first how you feel about it.”

“What if I do suffer! Mamma will be even more unhappy.”

“I know what Elisa would say. I am thinking of you

now. A month ago I should not have needed to ask if it would grieve my little Marguerite to lose me. But since her great loss has so overwhelmed her that nothing else seems valuable to her, I even doubt if she could grieve for me now."

"O Mademoiselle! would this make you accept?"

"It would be one less reason for refusing."

"Then, Mademoiselle, you had better believe it. But I love you all the same; but then M. de Veilles loves you, and he is so good. He is rich too, and you could rest, and do so much good to the poor. Then you would have your own children, who would love you so dearly." But I choked and could not continue. Mademoiselle replied:

"You plead well for M. de Veilles, Marguerite, and seem very much interested in his happiness."

"And in yours too, Mademoiselle. Do you not like M. de Veilles?"

"He is very good, very kind and generous."

"But is he not a little too old for you? He is more than thirty-six years old."

"That is not exactly old age," said Mlle., smiling. "But enough of this. Since you are so brave, Marguerite, I can tell you my decision at once."

"Oh no, Mademoiselle; that is, I promised—"

"Well, my child, I *persist in my refusal*."

I forgot Mme. Louis, and wanted to throw my arms around her, then I remembered M. de Veilles, and cried:

"Do not say so, Mademoiselle. Think how unhappy M. de Veilles will be. You are too good to want to make any one so unhappy."

"Marguerite, your mother would be unhappy too, and I cannot give her up for any one. However much I may desire M. de Veilles' happiness, I cannot sacrifice to him

the affections of all my life. But, Marguerite, tell me now at once, simply and truly, as in the presence of God, who hears all we say, do you feel no regret, or are you hiding it from me?" I laid my head on Mademoiselle's shoulder, crying:

"Oh, why do you ask me that?" and then began to sob as if my heart would break.

Mademoiselle kissed and soothed me, and said at last:

"Now, Marguerite, let us understand each other. I have the greatest respect and admiration for M. de Veilles, and can imagine that his wife might well be happy, but, my dear child, I love you and your mother as I shall *never* love any one else. For the present I have all I desire, and for the future my trust is in Him who is sufficient for all."

"O Mademoiselle, I am so happy! But Mme. Louis will not think I have urged you as I ought."

"I shall write to her, Marguerite, and tell her you were a faithful messenger; but I can only repeat my refusal, although I hope most earnestly that M. de Veilles may forget me, and be happy without me."

"He will never forget you, Mademoiselle; I am sure, and I am very sorry for him. But for myself—O Mademoiselle, I never believed I could feel so happy again without Marie!"

Mademoiselle pressed me in her arms, saying tenderly:

"Let me try to console you, Marguerite, for what you have lost, and now since you do not think me so old, treat me henceforth not only as a mother, but a *friend*. I will set you the example, and for the future we will drop all formality, and you shall call me *Caroline* instead of *Mademoiselle*."

“ Oh, you are too good, too good ! ” I cried, while I covered her with kisses, saying softly to myself all the time, “ Caroline, Caroline, ” for I could hardly believe it.

So God has changed all my fears into happiness. How grateful I ought to feel ! Mademoiselle has forbidden me to speak to mamma at present about M. de Veilles, and so she is only pleased to see how affectionate I am once more with Mademoiselle, my *friend*.

*Thursday, October 6th.*

At last I have been able to go to the grave of my dear Marie, as I have wished so long to do. But it makes me sad to think how long it must be before I can be there again. As we return to France we shall stop at Bourbon to take the coffin of our dear baby, and then I shall be able to pray once more beside Marie's tomb. While we are in Pondicherry Mme. Vintimil and M. de Veilles have promised to care for the little tomb, where for the present we must leave our darling baby. Caroline and I decided quite suddenly on Tuesday to make our sad journey to Sainte Suzanne. The time for our leaving Bourbon was fixed for the 15th, and we felt that during the last days of our stay we should be too hurried to make such a visit with satisfaction. Mamma did not go with us, for she felt that she must reserve all her strength for her last visit to her little one.

How sad a drive it was ! My mind and heart were full of thoughts of Marie ! It was six months before that Mademoiselle and I had driven over that same road with beating hearts, as we hastened to Marie after her accident. Now we were going to Marie again, but how differently ! I felt as if it must all be a terrible dream ; but as I said so to Mademoiselle, she replied sadly :

“ Ah, Marguerite, these are dreams from which we never awake.”

When we reached the cemetery we left the carriage at the gate, and, guided by a poor old negro, walked through the centre walk which runs from the gate to the sea. The cemetery seems very much neglected, many of the crosses were overthrown, and the grass was growing over them and over the paths.

I trust that Marie's cross will always stand erect, for how dearly she loved it! She asked to have a cross alone placed over her grave, with the simple words "Spes Unica" carved upon it. Often, in reading the beautiful hymn of the Passion, Marie has said to me:

"Oh, how I love those words! The cross is indeed our *only hope!*"

Marie's grave is quite at the end of the walk, for she lies between her mother and father, and M. de Laval had asked to be buried near to the sea, which, as a sailor, he had loved so dearly. The waves come rolling up almost to their feet; and the beautiful ocean, stretched out before us in all its grandeur, as we knelt beside Marie and remembered how she had always loved and admired it, how quiet and calm it was! There were no sounds but the rustling of the leaves and the soft wash of the water on the beach. One felt as if they could stay forever, and I said to myself, "If it were not for dear mamma, I would pray to be laid beside Marie." It was very hard to tear myself away, but I begged Mademoiselle to let me stop the next day at the cemetery on her return to Saint Denis; and when she consented, I felt I was not really saying good-by.

We went from Sainte Suzanne to see Mme. Dumont, where we spent the rest of the day. The next morning she kindly sent us to Champ-Borne, as we wanted to say adieu to M. and Mme. de la Caze. It was very, very sad to me at Badamier—everything reminded me so constantly of dear



Marie. M. and Mme. de la Caze welcomed us most kindly, and M. Adrien said to me, with tears in his eyes: "We seem to have our dear Marie very near us when we see you, Marguerite." Poor Jeanne came to meet us with streaming eyes. How much she has lost in Marie, mother and sister at once! She will go to school as soon as they think her strong enough. Marianne is now at Badamier, having remained at home until Jeanne could go back with her. Jeanne has a very child-like nature, and will soon recover her spirits amongst new faces, but I am sure she will always remember Marie. She told me, with sobs, that they had just had a letter from poor Alberic addressed to Marie.

I wanted to go and see poor Barabbé, so both Mademoiselle and Jeanne went with me. How strange it seemed, as we walked through the plantation, to see everything so unchanged. The birds sang as gayly, the stream ran as merrily through the leaves and grass, as when Marie and I had made our visits to Barabbé, and now how different it seemed to me! I could not keep back my tears, as I pointed out to Mademoiselle the different places where Marie and I had walked and talked so happily together.

Poor old Barabbé seemed very sick, and I do not think he can live very long. At first he did not seem to remember me, but when I told him I was Marie's sister, he replied: "Oh, I know! I know!" Mademoiselle talked very kindly to him, and seemed to comfort him very much. I think he feels that his troubles and sufferings will soon be over.

We went to see the little Marguerite too, who is now six months old, and growing nicely. M. de la Caze says he will remember Marie's wishes for the child, and will liberate her and her mother as soon as he can.

In parting, M. de la Caze made me a present, which is



more precious to me than anything I possess. He gave me the crucifix which consoled my dearest Marie in her last moments, saying, as he did so:

“My dear little Marguerite, I know how precious this relic will be to you, and for this reason we give it up, although it is sacred to us. We can kneel before our dear child’s grave, as you kneel before this cross. Do not forget us in your prayers.” I could hardly thank him, for my tears and sobs choked my voice.

M. de la Caze has promised to come to Saint Denis to accompany us on board the “Jean Bart.”

On our return, Caroline and I stopped again at the cemetery, and I stood again beside Marie’s grave. But when I had to leave it, I tried to be brave, and took some of the white roses which grew near her, feeling, with a bitter pang, that these flowers, a lock of hair, and the cross were all that was left me of Marie. But in the cross I shall find my consolation.

*Friday, October 7th.*

To-day I am twelve years old, and have entered my thirteenth year! Ah, if Marie were here, what a happy day it would be! But I communed this morning, and will not indulge in complaints, for I feel so much nearer Marie.

I do not feel like a child now, and indeed every one says I seem older now, that I am so grave and sad. I have been reading over my Journal during the last few days, and how strange these first pages seem! How many things there are to remind me of my dear Marie, our first meeting at catechism, our long talks, her grandfather’s death, our voyage together, our happiness here in Bourbon. How glad I am that I have written my Journal so faithfully; it is so full of memories of Marie.

I had a long conversation yesterday with Mademoiselle—

no, Caroline—in preparation for the communion, and my heart is full now of the good resolutions for the future, which her words gave me. I *will* strive to be more unselfish, more thoughtful for the happiness of others, less occupied with myself. I will not ask God to let me die and be with Marie; but I will pray to Him to help me to *live* and be a comfort to those I love. First of all, I shall try to be a friend and companion to my dear mamma, although she has not lost her Caroline. Then I shall struggle to be patient and forbearing with my little sisters, and teach them to come to me for advice and help. Some day, I trust, I shall be with Gustave again, and can then show him what a sister ought to be. May God, who has been so merciful to me in the years past, bless me in the future, and guide me always till the end.



1875.

1875.



# G. W. CARLETON & Co.

## NEW BOOKS

AND NEW EDITIONS,

RECENTLY ISSUED BY

G. W. CARLETON &amp; Co., Publishers,

*Madison Square, New York.*

The Publishers, upon receipt of the price in advance, will send any book on this Catalogue by mail, *postage free*, to any part of the United States.

All books in this list [unless otherwise specified] are handsomely bound in cloth board binding, with gilt backs, suitable for libraries.

### Mary J. Holmes' Works.

Tempest and Sunshine.....	\$1 50	Darkness and Daylight.....	\$1 50
English Orphans.....	1 50	Hugh Worthington.....	1 50
Homestead on the Hillside.....	1 50	Cameron Pride.....	1 50
'Lena Rivers.....	1 50	Rose Mather.....	1 50
Meadow Brook.....	1 50	Ethelyn's Mistake.....	1 50
Dora Deane.....	1 50	Millbank.....	1 50
Cousin Maude.....	1 50	Edna Browning.....	1 50
Marian Gray.....	1 50	West Lawn.....(new)	1 50

### Marion Harland's Works.

Alone.....	\$1 50	Sunnybank.....	\$1 50
Hidden Path.....	1 50	Husbands and Homes.....	1 50
Moss Side.....	1 50	Ruby's Husband.....	1 50
Nemesis.....	1 50	Phemie's Temptation.....	1 50
Miriam.....	1 50	The Empty Heart.....	1 50
At Last.....	1 50	Jessamine.....	1 50
Helen Gardner.....	1 50	From My Youth Up.....(new)	1 50
True as Steel.....(new)	1 50		

### Charles Dickens—15 Vols.—"Carleton's Edition."

Pickwick, and Catalogue.....	\$1 50	David Copperfield.....	\$1 50
Dombey and Son.....	1 50	Nicholas Nickleby.....	1 50
Bleak House.....	1 50	Little Dorrit.....	1 50
Martin Chuzzlewit.....	1 50	Our Mutual Friend.....	1 50
Barnaby Rudge—Edwin Drood..	1 50	Curiosity Shop—Miscellaneous..	1 50
Child's England—Miscellaneous.	1 50	Sketches by Boz—Hard Times...	1 50
Oliver Twist—and—The Uncommercial Traveller.....	7 50		
Great Expectations—and—Pictures of Italy and America.....	1 50		
Christmas Books—and—A Tale of Two Cities.....	1 50		
Sets of Dickens' Complete Works, in 15 vols.—[elegant half calf bindings]..	60 00		

### Augusta J. Evans' Novels.

Beulah.....	\$1 75	St. Elmo.....	\$2 00
Macaria.....	1 75	Vashti.....	2 00
Inez.....	1 75	Infelice.....(new)	2 00

**Miriam Coles Harris.**

Rutledge.....	\$1 50	The Sutherlands.....	\$1 50
Frank Warrington.....	1 50	St. Philip's.....	1 50
Louie's Last Term, etc.....	1 50	Round Hearts, for Children.....	1 50
Richard Vandermarck.....	1 50	A Perfect Adonis.—(New)....	1 50

**May Agnes Fleming's Novels.**

Guy Earlscount's Wife.....	\$1 75	A Wonderful Woman.....	1 75
A Terrible Secret.....	1 75	A Mad Marriage.....(new)....	1 75
Norine's Revenge. (In press)....	1 75		

**Julie P. Smith's Novels.**

Widow Goldsmith's Daughter ..	\$1 75	The Widower.....	\$1 75
Chris and Otho.....	1 75	The Married Belle.....	1 75
Ten Old Maids.....(new).....	1 75	Courting and Farming. (In press).	1 75

**Captain Mayne Reid—Illustrated.**

The Scalp Hunters.....	\$1 50	The White Chief.....	\$1 50
The Rifle Rangers.....	1 50	The Tiger Hunter.....	1 50
The War Trail.....	1 50	The Hunter's Feast.....	1 50
The Wood Rangers.....	1 50	Wild Life.....	1 50
The Wild Huntress.....	1 50	Osceola, the Seminole.....	1 50

**A. S. Roe's Select Stories.**

True to the Last.....	\$1 50	A Long Look Ahead.....	\$1 50
The Star and the Cloud.....	1 50	I've Been Thinking.....	1 50
How Could He help It?.....	1 50	To Love and to be Loved.....	1 50

**Charles Dickens.**

Child's History of England.—Carleton's New "School Edition." Illustrated..	\$1 25
--	--------

**Hand-Books of Society.**

Habits of Good Society.—The nice points of taste and good manners.....	\$1 50
Art of Conversation.—For those who wish to be agreeable talkers or listeners....	1 50
Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking.—For self-improvement.....	1 50
New Diamond Edition.—Small size, elegantly bound, 3 volumes in a box.....	3 00

**Mrs. Hill's Cook Book.**

Mrs. A. P. Hill's New Cookery Book, and family domestic receipts.....	\$2 00
---	--------

**Famous Books—"Carleton's Edition."**

Robinson Crusoe.—An elegant new 12mo edition, with characteristic illustrations by ERNEST GRISET.....	\$1 50
Swiss Family Robinson.—An elegant new 12mo edition, with characteristic illustrations by MARCEL.....	1 50
The Arabian Nights.—An elegant new 12mo edition, with characteristic illustrations by DEMORAINE.....	1 50
Don Quixote.—An elegant new 12mo edition, with characteristic illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ.....	1 50

**Victor Hugo.**

Les Miserables.—An English translation from the original French. Octavo.....	\$2 50
Les Miserables.—In the Spanish Language. Two volumes, cloth bound.....	5 00

**Popular Italian Novels.**

Doctor Antonio.—A love story of Italy. By Ruffini.....	\$1 75
Beatrice Cenci.—By Guerrazzi. With a steel engraving from Guido's Picture....	1 75
Manfred.—By the Author of "Beatrice Cenci." Translated by Luigi Monti.....	1 75

**M. Michelet's Remarkable Works.**

Love (L'amour).—English translation from the original French.....	\$1 50
Woman (La Femme).....Do.....Do.....Do.....	1 50

**Popular Novels, from the French.**

She Loved Him Madly.—Borys.....	\$1 75	So Fair Yet False.—By Chavette.....	\$1 75
A Fatal Passion.—By Bernard....	1 75	Through Thick and Thin.—Mery.....	1 75
Led Astray.—Octave Feuillet....	1 75		

**Johnny Ludlow.**

A clever and amusing collection of capital New English Stories.....	\$1 50
---	--------

**Artemus Ward's Comic Works.**

A New Stereotype Edition.—Embracing the whole of his writings, with a Biography of the author, and profusely illustrated.....\$2 00

**Charlotte Bronte.**

Shirley.—By the author of "Jane Eyre." With an illustration.....\$1 75

**Ernest Renan's French Works.**

The Life of Jesus.....\$1 75	Life of Saint Paul.....\$1 75
Lives of the Apostles.....1 75	Bible in India.—By Jacolliot.....2 00

**Geo. W. Carleton.**

Our Artist In Cuba.—Pictures.....\$1 50	Our Artist in Africa. (In press.)..\$1 50
Our Artist in Peru— Do. ....1 50	Our Artist in Mexico. Do. ..1 50

**Fanny Fern's Works.**

Folly as it Flies.....\$1 50	Caper-Sauce.....(new).....\$1 50
Gingersnaps.....1 50	A Memorial.—By James Parton....2 00

**Josh Billings' Comic Works.**

Josh Billings' Proverbs.....\$1 50	Josh Billings' Farmer's Almanax, 25 cts.
Josh Billings on Ice.....1 50	(In paper covers.)

**Verdant Green.**

A racy English college story—with numerous comic illustrations.....\$1 50

**Algernon Charles Swinburne.**

Laus Veneris, and Other Poems.—An elegant new edition.....\$1 50  
 French Love-Songs.—Selected from the best French authors.....1 50

**Robert Dale Owen.**

The Debatable Land Between this World and the Next.....\$2 00  
 Threading My Way.—Twenty-five years of Autobiography.....1 50

**The Game of Whist.**

Pole on Whist.—The late English standard work.....\$1 00

**Mother Goose Set to Music.**

Mother Goose Melodies.—With music for singing, and many illustrations.....\$1 50

**M. M. Pomeroy "Brick."**

Sense—(a serious book).....\$1 50	Nonsense—(a comic book).....\$1 50
Gold-Dust Do. ....1 50	Brick-Dust Do. ....1 50
Our Saturday Nights. ....1 50	Life of M. M. Pomeroy.....1 50

**Joseph Rodman Drake.**

The Culprit Fay.—The well-known fairy poem, with 100 illustrations.....\$2 00  
 The Culprit Fay. Do. suberbly bound in turkey morocco. 6 00

**Richard B. Kimball.**

Was He Successful?.....\$1 75	Life in San Domingo.....\$1 50
Undercurrents of Wall Street....1 75	Henry Powers, Banker.....1 75
Saint Leger.....1 75	To-Day.....1 75
Romance of Student Life.....1 75	Emilie. (In press.).....

**Celia E. Gardner's Novels.**

Stolen Waters—(in verse).....\$1 50	Tested.....(in prose).\$1 75
Broken Dreams Do. ....1 50	Rich Medway's Two Loves Do. 1 75

**Mrs. N. S. Emerson.**

Betsey and I are Out—And other Poems. A Thanksgiving Story.....\$1 50

**Louisa M. Alcott.**

Morning Glories—A beautiful juvenile, by the author of "Little Women.".....\$1 50

**Geo. A. Crofutt.**

Trans-Continental Tourist from New York to San Francisco.—Illustrated . \$1 50



**Miscellaneous Works.**

How to Make Money; and How to Keep It.—By Thomas A. Davies.....	\$1 50
Tales from the Operas.—A collection of Stories based upon the plots.....	1 50
New Nonsense Rhymes.—By W. H. Beckett, with illustrations by C. G. Bush..	1 00
Wood's Guide to the City of New York.—Beautifully illustrated.....	1 00
The Art of Amusing.—A book of home amusements, with illustrations.....	1 50
A Book About Lawyers.—A curious and interesting volume. By Jeaffreson....	2 00
A Book About Doctors. Do. Do. Do. ....	2 00
The Birth and Triumph of Love.—Full of exquisite tinted illustrations.....	1 00
Progressive Petticoats.—A satirical tale by Robert B. Roosevelt.....	1 50
Ecce Femina; or, The Woman Zoe.—Cuyler Pine, author "Mary Brandegee." ..	1 50
Women and Theatres.—A bright and readable book by Olive Logan.....	1 50
Souvenirs of Travel.—By Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert.....	2 00
Woman, Love and Marriage.—A spicy little work by Fred Saunders.....	1 50
Shiftless Folks.—A brilliant new novel by Fannie Smith.....	1 75
A Woman in Armor.—A powerful new novel by Mary Hartwell.....	1 50
Female Beauty and the Art of Pleasing.—From the French.....	1 50
Transformation Scenes in the United States.—By Hiram Fuller.....	1 50
The Fall of Man.—A Darwinian satire. By author "New Gospel Peace.".....	50
The Chronicles of Gotham.—A modern satire. Do. Do. ....	25
The Story of a Summer.—Journal Leaves by Cecelia Cleveland.....	1 50
Phemie Frost's Experiences.—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.....	1 75

**Miscellaneous Novels.**

A Charming Widow.—Macquoid.\$1 75	Four Oaks.—Kamba Thorpe.....\$1 75
True to Him Ever.—By F. W. R. .... 1 50	Maurice.—From the French..... 1 50
The Forgiving Kiss.—By M. Loth. .... 1 75	Purple and Fine Linen.—Fawcett. .... 1 75
Loyal Unto Death..... 1 75	Faustina.—From the German.... 1 50
Bessie Wilmerton.—Westcott..... 1 75	Adrift with a Vengeance..... 1 50
Cachet.—Mrs. M. J. R. Hamilton... 1 75	Adrift in Dixie.—Edmund Kirke .. 1 50
Mark Gildersleeve.—J. S. Sauzade. 1 75	Among the Guerillas.— Do. .. 1 50
Crown Jewels.—Mrs. Moffat..... 1 75	Among the Pines.— Do. ... 1 50
Avery Glibun.—Orpheus C. Kerr.... 2 00	My Southern Friends.— Do. ... 1 50
The Cloven Foot.— Do. .... 1 50	Down in Tennessee.— Do. ... 1 50
Romance of Railroad.—Smith..... 1 50	Ebon and Gold.—C. L. McIlvain... 1 50
Fairfax.—John Esten Cooke..... 1 50	Robert Greathouse.—J. F. Swift. 2 00
Hilt to Hilt.— Do. .... 1 50	Warwick.—By M. T. Walworth.... 1 75
Out of the Foam.— ..... 1 50	Lulu.— Do. .... 1 75
Hammer and Rapier.— ..... 1 50	Hotspur.— Do. .... 1 75
Kenneth, My King.—S. A. Brock... 1 75	Stormcliff.— Do. .... 1 75
Heart Hungry.—M. J. Westmoreland 1 75	Delaplaine.— Do. .... 1 75
Clifford Troupe.— Do. .... 1 75	Beverly.— Do. .... 1 75

**Miscellaneous Works.**

Beldazzle's Bachelor Studies.....\$1 00	Northern Ballads.—Anderson,....\$1 00
Little Wanderers.—Illustrated.... 1 50	O. C. Kerr Papers.—4 vols. in 1... 2 00
Genesis Disclosed.—T. A. Davies.. 1 50	Victor Hugo.—His life..... 2 00
Commodore Rollingpin's Log.... 1 50	Beauty is Power..... 1 50
Brazen Gates.—A juvenile..... 1 50	Sandwiches.—Artemus Ward.....25 cts.
Antidote to Gates Ajar.....25 cts.	Widow Spriggins.—Widow Bedott. 1 75
The Snoblance Ball Do. ....25 cts.	Squibob Papers.—John Phoenix.... 1 50

**Miscellaneous Works.**

Bill Arp's Peace Papers.—Full of comic illustrations.....	\$1 50
A Book of Epitaphs.—Amusing, quaint, and curious. (New.).....	1 50
Ballad of Lord Bateman.—With illustrations by Cruikshank (paper).....	25 cts.
The Yachtman's Primer.—For amateur sailors, T. R. Warren (paper).....	50 cts.
Rural Architecture.—By M. Field. With plans and illustrations.....	2 00
What I Know of Farming.—By Horace Greeley..	1 50
Twelve Views of Heaven.—By Twelve Distinguished English Divines.....	1 50
Houses Not Made With Hands.—A juvenile, illustrated by Hoppin.....	1 00
Impending Crisis of the South.—By Hinton Rowan Helper....	3 00



# CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

## A New Edition.

Among the many editions of the works of this greatest of English Novelists, there has not been until now *one* that entirely satisfies the public demand.—Without exception, they each have some strong distinctive objection,—either the form and dimensions of the volumes are unhandy—or, the type is small and indistinct—or, the illustrations are unsatisfactory—or, the binding is poor—or, the price is too high.

An entirely new edition is *now*, however, published by G. W. Carleton & Co. of New York, which, it is believed, will, in every respect, completely satisfy the popular demand.—It is known as

### “Carleton's New Illustrated Edition.”

COMPLETE IN 15 VOLUMES.

The size and form is most convenient for holding,—the type is entirely new, and of a clear and open character that has received the approval of the reading community in other popular works.

The illustrations are by the original artists chosen by Charles Dickens himself—and the paper, printing, and binding are of an attractive and substantial character.

This beautiful new edition is complete in 15 volumes—at the extremely reasonable price of \$1.50 per volume, as follows:—

- 1.—PICKWICK PAPERS AND CATALOGUE.
- 2.—OLIVER TWIST.—UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.
- 3.—DAVID COPPERFIELD.
- 4.—GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—ITALY AND AMERICA.
- 5.—DOMBEY AND SON.
- 6.—BARNABY RUDGE AND EDWIN DROOD.
- 7.—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
- 8.—CURIOSITY SHOP AND MISCELLANEOUS.
- 9.—BLEAK HOUSE.
- 10.—LITTLE DORRIT.
- 11.—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
- 12.—OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
- 13.—CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—TALE OF TWO CITIES.
- 14.—SKETCHES BY DOZ AND HARD TIMES.
- 15.—CHILD'S ENGLAND AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The first volume—Pickwick Papers—contains an alphabetical catalogue of all of Charles Dickens' writings, with their positions in the volumes.

This edition is sold by Booksellers, everywhere—and single specimen copies will be forwarded by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price, \$1.50, by

G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers,  
Madison Square, New York.

# THREE VALUABLE BOOKS,

All Beautifully Printed and Elegantly Bound.

## I.—The Art of Conversation,

With Directions for Self-Culture. An admirably conceived and entertaining work—sensible, instructive, and full of suggestions valuable to every one who desires to be either a good talker or listener, or who wishes to appear to advantage in good society. Every young and even old person should read it, study it over and over again, and follow those hints in it which lead them to break up bad habits and cultivate good ones. \*.\* Price \$1.50. Among the contents will be found chapters upon—

ATTENTION IN CONVERSATION.—SATIRE.—PUNS.—SARCAISM.—TEASING.—CENSURE.—FAULT-FINDING.—EGOTISM.—POLITENESS.—COMPLIMENTS.—STORIES.—ANECDOTES.—QUESTIONING.—LIBERTIES.—IMPUDENCE.—STARING.—DISAGREEABLE SUBJECTS.—SEL-

FISHNESS.—ARGUMENT.—SACRIFICES.—SILENT PEOPLE.—DINNER CONVERSATION.—TIMIDITY.—ITS CURE.—MODESTY.—CORRECT LANGUAGE.—SELF-INSTRUCTION.—MISCELLANEOUS KNOWLEDGE.—LANGUAGES.

## II.—The Habits of Good Society.

A Handbook for Ladies and Gentlemen. With thoughts, hints, and anecdotes concerning social observances, nice points of taste and good manners, and the art of making oneself agreeable. The whole interspersed with humorous illustrations of social predicaments, remarks on fashion, etc. \*.\* Price \$1.50. Among the contents will be found chapters upon—

GENTLEMEN'S PREFACE.  
LADIES' PREFACE.—FASHIONS.  
THOUGHTS ON SOCIETY.  
GOOD SOCIETY.—BAD SOCIETY.  
THE DRESSING-ROOM.  
THE LADIES' TOILET.—DRESS.  
FEMININE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.  
MANNERS AND HABITS.  
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ETIQUETTE.  
MARRIED AND UNMARRIED LADIES.  
DO DO GENTLEMEN.  
CALLING ETIQUETTE.—CARDS.  
VISITING ETIQUETTE.—DINNERS.  
DINNER PARTIES.

LADIES AT DINNER.  
DINNER HABITS.—CARVING.  
MANNERS AT SUPPER.—BALLS.  
MORNING PARTIES.—PICNICS.  
EVENING PARTIES.—DANCES.  
PRIVATE THEATRICALS.  
RECEPTIONS.—ENGAGEMENTS.  
MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.  
INVITATIONS.—DRESSES.  
BRIDESMAIDS.—PRESENTS.  
TRAVELLING ETIQUETTE.  
PUBLIC PROMENADE.  
COUNTRY VISITS.—CITY VISITS.

## III.—Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking.

An exceedingly fascinating work for teaching not only the beginner, but for perfecting every one in these three most desirable accomplishments. For youth this book is both interesting and valuable; and for adults, whether professionally or socially, it is a book that they cannot dispense with. \*.\* Price \$1.50. Among the contents will be found chapters upon—

READING & THINKING.—LANGUAGE.—WORDS, SENTENCES, & CONSTRUCTION.  
WHAT TO AVOID.—LETTER WRITING.—PRONUNCIATION.—EXPRESSION.—TONE  
RELIGIOUS READINGS.—THE BIBLE.—PRAYERS.—DRAMATIC READINGS.—THE ACTOR & READER.—FOUNDATIONS FOR ORATORY AND SPEAKING.—WHAT TO SAY.—WHAT NOT TO SAY.—HOW TO BEGIN.—CAUTIONS.—DELIVERY.—WRITING A SPEECH.—FIRST LESSONS.—PUBLIC SPEAKING.—DELIVERY.—ACTION.  
ORATORY OF THE PULPIT.—COMPOSITION.—THE BAR.—READING OF WIT & HUMOR.—THE PLATFORM.—CONSTRUCTION OF A SPEECH.

*These works are the most perfect of their kind ever published; fresh, sensible, good-humored, entertaining, and readable. Every person of taste should possess them, and cannot be otherwise than delighted with them.*

A beautiful new miniature edition of these very popular books has just been published, entitled "THE DIAMOND EDITION," three little volumes, elegantly printed on tinted paper, and handsomely bound in a box. Price \$3.00. \*.\* These books are all sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, by

G. W. CABLETON & CO., Publishers, Madison Square, New York.

# MARY J. HOLMES' WORKS.



- |                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1.—TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE.  | 8.—MARIAN GRAY.          |
| 2.—ENGLISH ORPHANS.       | 9.—DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT |
| 3.—HOMESTEAD ON HILLSIDE. | 10.—HUGH WORTHINGTON.    |
| 4.—LENA RIVERS.           | 11.—CAMERON PRIDE.       |
| 5.—MEADOW BROOK.          | 12.—ROSE MATHER.         |
| 6.—DORA DEANE.            | 13.—ETHELYN'S MISTAKE.   |
| 7.—COUSIN MAUDE.          | 14.—MILLBANK.            |
|                           | 15.—EDNA BROWNING.       |

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Mrs. Holmes' stories are universally read. Her admirers are numberless. She is in many respects without a rival in the world of fiction. Her characters are always life-like, and she makes them talk and act like human beings, subject to the same emotions, swayed by the same passions, and actuated by the same motives which are common among men and women of every day existence. Mrs. Holmes is very happy in portraying domestic life. Old and young peruse her stories with great delight, for she writes in a style that all can comprehend."—*New York Weekly*.

"Mrs. Holmes' stories are all of a domestic character, and their interest, therefore, is not so intense as if they were more highly seasoned with sensationalism, but it is of a healthy and abiding character. Almost any new book which her publisher might choose to announce from her pen would get an immediate and general reading. The interest in her tales begins at once, and is maintained to the close. Her sentiments are so sound, her sympathies so warm and ready, and her knowledge of manners, character, and the varied incidents of ordinary life is so thorough, that she would find it difficult to write any other than an excellent tale if she were to try it."—*Boston Banner*.

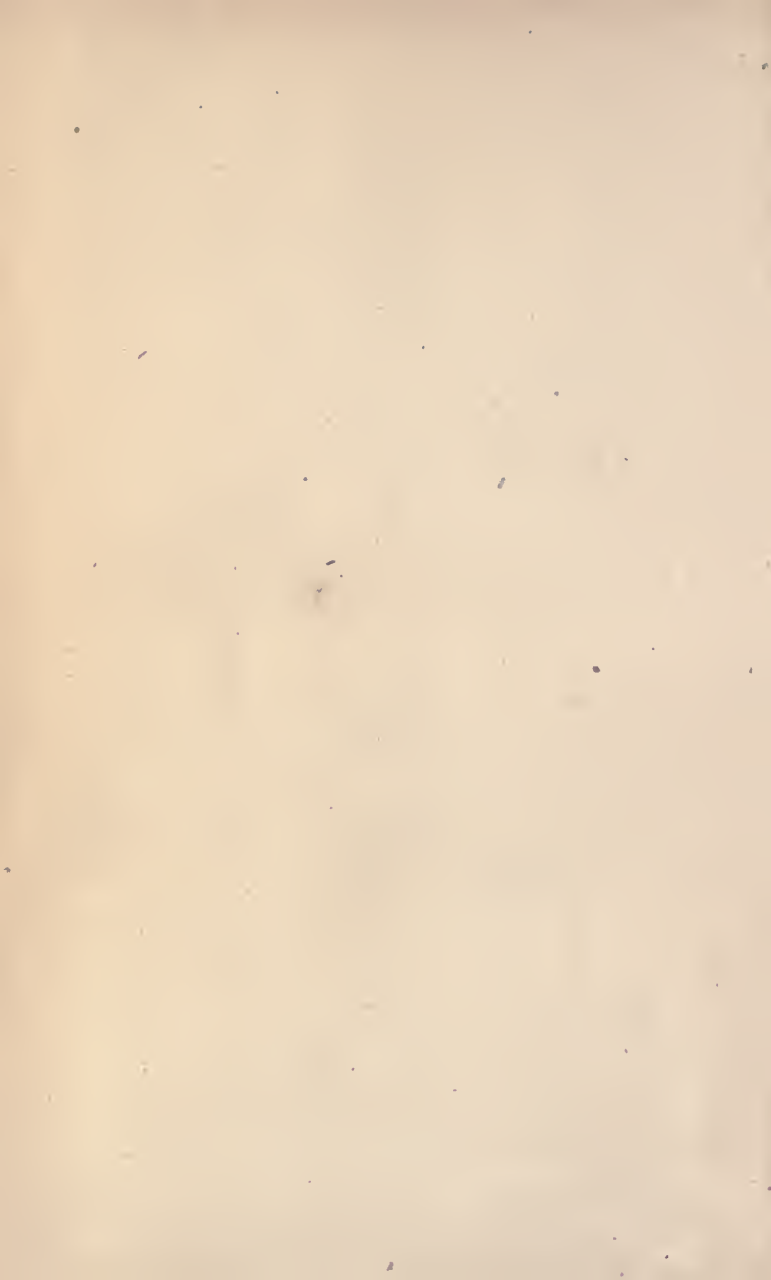
"Mrs. Holmes is very amusing; has a quick and true sense of humor, a sympathetic tone, a perception of character, and a familiar, attractive style, pleasantly adapted to the comprehension and the taste of that large class of American readers for whom fashionable novels and ideal fantasies have no charm."—*Henry T. Tuckerman*.

The volumes are all handsomely printed and bound in cloth, —sold everywhere, and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price [\$1.50 each], by

G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers,  
*Madison Square, New York*











UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LU-UKB  
QL JAN 12 1976  
OCT 31 1976

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 041 403 7

